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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE BOHO 'ZINE

WAS (NOT WAS)
THE CLASH
BILL NELSON
BLUE ORCHIDS

Alto-egos

JAMES CHANCE

Over-saxed, overwrought and over here . . .

James Chance pic: Joe Stevens. Small pic: Wardell Gray (left) and Dexter Gordon.

The Hip Hiker's Guide To JAZZ

The faces, the names, the instruments . . .

inkl. moms
369 2610 50

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**BEING WITH YOU**	**Smokey Robinson (Motown)**	5	1
2	9	MORE THAN IN LOVE	Kate Robbins (RCA)	3	2
3	3	FUNERAL PYRE	The Jam (Polydor)	3	3
4	8	ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE	Michael Jackson (Motown)	3	4
5	15	GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS	Odyssey (RCA)	3	5
6	7	WILL YOU	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	3	6
7	5	HOW 'BOUT US'	Champagne (CBS)	4	5
8	2	STAND AND DELIVER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	7	1
9	4	YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	2
10	12	THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	5	10
11	12	ALL STOOD STILL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	11
12	16	DON'T LET IT PASS	UB40 (Dept Int)	4	12
13	19	AIN'T NO STOPPING	Enigma (Creole)	4	13
14	23	SPELLBOUND	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	14
15	10	STARS ON 45	Starsound (CBS)	8	1
15	14	ALL THOSE YEARS AGO	George Harrison (Dark Horse)	4	9
17	—	TEDDY BEAR	Red Sovine (Starday)	1	17
18	17	TOO DRUNK TO FUCK	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	3	15
19	18	BETTE DAVIS' EYES	Kim Carnes (EMI)	6	7
20	25	FOLLOW THE LEADERS	Killing Joke (E.G.)	3	20
20	13	CHEQUERED LOVE	Kim Wilde (RAK)	6	2
22	—	NEW LIFE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	22
23	—	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	23
23	11	SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	7	5
25	26	IF LEAVING ME	Phil Collins (Virgin)	2	25
26	20	THE SOUND OF THE CROWD	Human League (Virgin)	6	11
27	—	MEMORY	Elaine Paige (Polydor)	1	27
28	28	THROW AWAY THE KEY	Linx (Chrysalis)	2	28
29	—	TAKE IT TO THE TOP	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	1	29
30	—	YOUTH OF NATION ON FIRE	Bill Nelson (Mercury)	1	30

UB40 — from the top, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	3	**PRESENT ARMS**	**UB40 (DEP Int)**	2	1
2	2	STARS ON 45	Starsound (CBS)	5	1
3	1	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	3	1
4	13	DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	4	4
5	5	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	30	1
6	6	WHA'PPEN?	The Beat (GoFeet)	6	2
7	18	QUIT DREAMING AND GET ON THE BEAM	Bill Nelson (Mercury)	4	5
8	8	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	7	7
9	4	HEAVEN UP THERE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	2	4
10	10	THEMES	Various (K-Tel)	3	10
11	23	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	2	11
12	—	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	10	3
13	28	SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND	George Harrison (Dark Horse)	2	28
14	16	LONG DISTANCE VOYAGER	Moody Blues (Threshold)	4	8
15	—	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	12	2
16	—	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX	Au Pairs (Human)	4	10
17	17	HIGH INFIDELITY	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	7	9
18	—	VIENNA	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	15	2
19	15	COMPUTER WORLD	Kraftwerk (EMI)	7	9
20	19	PUNKS NOT DEAD	The Exploited (Secret)	6	10
21	21	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	3	11
22	30	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	13	4
23	10	THE FOX	Elton John (Rocket)	2	10
24	26	NIGHTCLUBBING	Grace Jones (Island)	3	24
25	27	KILIMANJARO	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	5	19
26	20	EAST SIDE STORY	Squeeze (A & M)	4	17
27	—	WHAT'S THIS FOR	Killing Joke (Mercury)	1	27
28	—	I AM THE PHOENIX	Judie Tzuke (Rocket)	4	17
29	9	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	5	9
30	—	THE DUDE	Quincy Jones (A & M)	4	19

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1) **Too Drunk To Fuck** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
2 (7) **New Life** — Depeche Mode (Mute)
3 (3) **Don't Let It Pass** — UB40 (Dep Int)
4 (2) **I Want To Be Free** — Toyah (Safari)
5 (4) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** — Pigbag (Y)
6 (5) **Go For Gold** — Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
7 (11) **Our Swimmer** — Wire (Rough Trade)
8 (6) **The Resurrection EP** — Vice Squad (Riot City)
9 (9) **Candy Skin** — Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
10 (8) **Number 11** — Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
11 (10) **Why** — Discharge (Clay)
12 (14) **Rebecca's Room** — Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
13 (19) **Nagasaki Nightmare** — Crass (Crass)
14 (21) **Four Hours** — Clock DVA (Fetish)
15 (—) **Forget The Dawn** — Wah! (Eternal)
16 (—) **Hobby For The Day** — Wall (Fresh)
17 (—) **Teddy Bear** — Red Sovine (Star Day)
18 (13) **Dogs Of War** — The Exploited (Star Day)
19 (16) **Demystification** — Zounds (Rough Trade)
20 (17) **Charm** — Positive Noise (Static)
21 (12) **Slates** — The Fall (Rough Trade)
22 (18) **Dole Age** — Talisman (Recreational)
23 (—) **Wikka W Rap** — The Evasions (Groove)
24 (25) **You** — Au Pairs (021)
25 (26) **Rebel Without A Brain** — Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
26 (29) **The Complete Disorder EP** — Disorder (Disorder)
27 (15) **Chance Meeting** — Josef K (Postcard)
28 (—) **Dreaming Of Me** — Depeche Mode (Mute)
29 (27) **Seven Minutes To Midnight** — Wah! Heat (Inevitable)
30 (23) **Children Of The Sun** — The Misunderstood (Cherry Red)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (1) **Playing With A Different Sex** — Au Pairs (Human)
2 (3) **Present Arms** — UB40 (Dep International)
3 (2) **Anthem** — Toyah (Safari)
4 (4) **Punks Not Dead** — The Exploited (Secret)
5 (5) **Heart of Darkness** — Positive Noise (Statik)
6 (11) **Odyshape** — Raincoats (Rough Trade)
7 (12) **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
8 (7) **He Who Dares Wins** — Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
9 (6) **To Each** — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
10 (10) **Lubricate Your Living Room** — Fire Engines (Accessory)
11 (8) **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
12 (14) **Provisionally Titled Singing Fish** — Colin Newman (4AD)
13 (18) **Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
14 (13) **Prayers On Fire** — Birthday Party (4AD)
15 (9) **Mesh And Lace** — Modern English (4AD)
16 (17) **Dirk Wears White Sox** — Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
17 (15) **Stations Of The Crass** — Crass (Crass)
18 (20) **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
19 (—) **Kangeroo!** — Red Crayola (Rough Trade)
20 (28) **Thirst** — Clock DVA (Fetish)
21 (22) **Toyah Toyah Toyah** — Toyah (Safari)
22 (—) **Blue Meaning** — Toyah (Safari)
23 (23) **Pindrop** — Passage (Object)
24 (27) **In The Flat Field** — Bauhaus (4AD)
25 (25) **Nothing Here But The Recordings** — William S Burroughs (Industrial)
26 (26) **Live** — Misty in Roots (People Unite)
27 (—) **Inflammable Material** — Stiff Little Fingers (Greensleeves)
28 (21) **How The West Was Won** — Rankin' Toyan (Greensleeves)
29 (16) **Concrete** — 999 (Albion)
30 (—) **Sheep Farming In Barnet** — Toyah (Safari)

REGGAE

1 **Another One Bites The Dust** — General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
2 **Let Me Go** — Norman Star Collins (Venture)
3 **Reasons** — Black Harmony (Cool Rockers)
4 **Wide Awake In A Dream** — Barry Biggs (Dynamic)
5 **To The Foundation** — Dennis Brown (Music Works)
6 **Don't Say Goodbye** — Blood Sisters (Sound City)
7 **Love Is What You Make It** — The Investigators (Inner City)
8 **I've Got To Let Him Know** — Lorraine (Pinky) (Mass Media Music)
9 **Woman** — Rudie Thomas (Soferno B)
10 **All Night Jamming** — Sowell Radics (Dread At The Controls)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W.2

FUNK

1 **I'm In Love** — Evelyn King (RCA)
2 **Back To My Roots** — Odyssey (RCA)
3 **Shake It Up Tonight*** — Cheryl Lynn (Columbia)
4 **Dancing On The Floor** — Third World (Island)
5 **Pull Up To The Bumper** — Grace Jones (Island)
6 **Gonna Get Over You*** — France Joli (Prelude)
7 **Do Me*** — Mona Raye (Park Place)
8 **Wikka Wrap** — The Evasions (Groove)
9 **Dragonfly** — Morrisey/Mullen (Beggars Banquet)
10 **Let Somebody Love You** — Kenni Burke (RCA)

*Denotes import

Chart by Tim Palmer at Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1

INTERNATIONAL

UNITED STATES

U.S. LONG PLAYERS

1 **Hi Infidelity** — REO Speedwagon (Epic)
2 **Mistaken Identity** — Kim Carnes (EMI)
3 **Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap** — AC/DC (Atlantic)
4 **Paradise Theater** — Styx (A&M)
5 **Fair Warning** — Van Halen (Warner Bros)
6 **Hard Promises** — Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Backstreet)
7 **Arc Of A Diver** — Steve Winwood (Island)
8 **Face Value** — Phil Collins (Atlantic)
9 **Zebop** — Santana (Columbia)
10 **Being With You** — Smokey Robinson (Tamla Motown)

U.S. SINGLES

1 **Bette Davis Eyes** — Kim Carnes (EMI)
2 **Medley: Stars on 45** — (Radio Records)
3 **Sukiyaki** — A Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
4 **Being With You** — Smokey Robinson (Tamla Motown)
5 **A Woman Needs Love** — Ray Parker Jr. & Raydio (Arista)
6 **Living Inside Myself** — Gino Vannelli (Arista)
7 **All Those Years Ago** — George Harrison (Dark Horse)
8 **America** — Neil Diamond (Capitol)
9 **Take It On The Run** — REO Speedwagon (Epic)
10 **Sweetheart** — Franke & The Knockouts (RCA)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Silly Love Songs** — Wings (Parlophone)
2 **Combine Harvester** — Wurzels (EMI)
3 **You To Me Are Everything** — Real Thing (Pye International)
4 **Tonight's The Night** — Rod Stewart (Riva)
5 **Jolene** — Dolly Parton (RCA)
6 **Fernando** — Abba (Epic)
7 **Let Your Love Flow** — Bellamy Brothers (Warner Brothers)
8 **No Charge** — J. J. Barrie (Power Exchange)
9 **My Resistance Is Low** — Robin Starstedt (Decca)
10 **This Is It** — Melba Moore (Buddah)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep** — Middle Of The Road (RCA)
2 **I Did What I Did For Maria** — Tony Christie (MCA)
3 **Banner Man** — Blue Mink (Regal Zonophone)
4 **Lady Rose** — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
5 **I'm Gonna Run Away From You** — Tammi Lynn (Mojo)
6 **He's Gonna Step On You Again** — John Kongos (Fly)
7 **Knock Three Times** — Dawn (Bell)
8 **I Am I Said** — Neil Diamond (UNI)
9 **Don't Let It Die** — Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
10 **Co-Co** — Sweet (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Paperback Writer** — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **Strangers In The Night** — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
3 **Monday Monday** — Mamas And Papas (RCA)
4 **Sunny Afternoon** — Kinks (Pye)
5 **Don't Answer Me** — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6 **River Deep — Mountain High** — Ike and Tina Turner (London)
7 **Nobody Needs Your Love** — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
8 **When A Man Loves A Woman** — Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
9 **Promises** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
10 **Sorrow** — Merseys (Fontana)

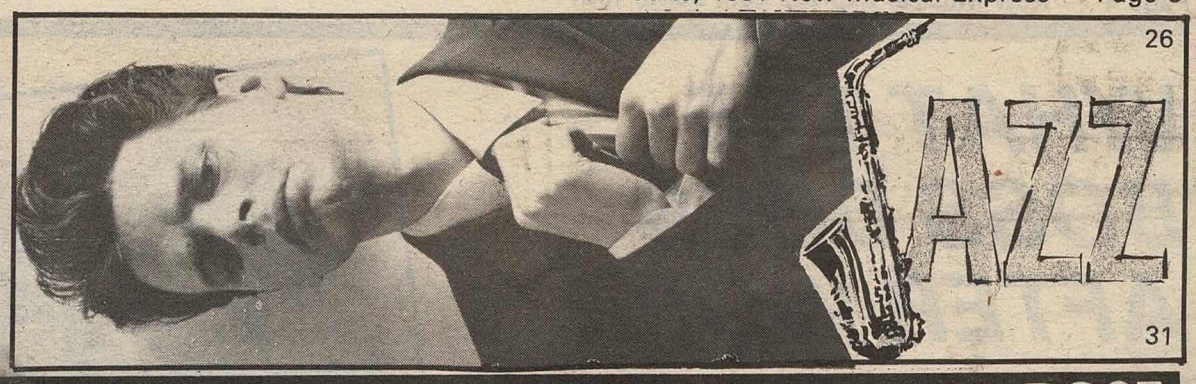
TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Runaway** — Del Shannon (London)
2 **Surrender** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Temptation** — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
4 **Pasadena** — Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
4 **But I Do** — Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
6 **Hello Mary Lou** — Ricky Nelson (London)
7 **Half Way To Paradise** — Billy Fury (Decca)
8 **Little Devil** — Neil Sedaka (RCA)
9 **Frightened City** — Shadows (Columbia)
10 **A Girl Like You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NME

MIDSUMMER SPECIAL

STRAIGHT FROM THE FRIDGE, DADDY-O



26

JAZZ

31

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

More Specials outdoors

THE SPECIALS have confirmed another Saturday open-air concert, their third in as many weeks. It's in Rotherham at the Herring Thorpe Playing Fields on June 27 — but while the other two are Anti-Racism events, this is a straight-forward free concert organised (to their credit) by the local council for the enjoyment of local residents.

Linton Kwesi Johnson is to compere The Specials' show this Saturday (20) at Coventry Butts Athletic Stadium, where the music is scheduled to run from 1.20 to 9.15 pm — and the running order is Aching Tongue, The People, The Reluctant Stereotypes, The Bureau, Hazel O'Connor and The Specials. As reported, the band's other outdoor concert is at Leeds Potternewton Park on July 4, with Aswad and The Au Pairs.

Clock DVA clock off

CLOCK DVA have split into two, with three members leaving to form a new band. Adi Newton (vocals) and Turner (bass) will continue to function as Clock DVA, and have added three new musicians to the line-up — John Carruthers (guitar), Paul Browse (sax) and DP (drums). The departiing members — Charlie Collins (sax), Paul Widger (guitar) and Roger Quail (drums) — have now formed a new outfit called The Box, along with Terry Todd (bass) and Ken Bingley (vocals).

New Feelgood

DR FEELGOOD have undergone a personnel change, with lead guitarist Gypie Mayo leaving after more than four years, to be replaced by Johnny Guitar who was formerly with The Count Bishops. Mayo's departure is understood to be strictly for personal reasons, and the split is described as "entirely amicable". Johnny Guitar was offered the job after over 50 hopefuls had been auditioned, and he made his debut with them at the TT rock shows in the Isle of Man last week.

Mayo can be heard with the band for the last time on a live album, recorded in Manchester, for release in the near future.

THE SNAX are a five-piece band emerging from the ashes of Eddie & The Hot Rods, who split up three months ago. Singer Barrie Masters and drummer Steve Nicol have got together with ex-Reaction guitarist George Page to form The Snax — bringing in rhythm guitarist Mick Oliver and bassist Jerry Cunningham.
They start gigging this weekend with dates at Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday) and Herne Hill Half Moon (Saturday) followed by Fulham Golden Lion (June 28) and Canning Town Bridge House (30).

HRH gig confirmed

IAN DURY & The Blockheads will revert to their old show of a few years back for their special Royal Wedding concert, now officially confirmed for London Hammersmith Odeon on the day of the event — Wednesday, July 29 (8 pm). Said a spokesperson: "It's going to be a fun show, and Ian will be returning to his earlier style of flag waving, pearly king outfits and chucking crisps at the audience."

Tickets for the concert are on sale now priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 — but, contrary to earlier expectations, Dury will not be doing a second night at Hammersmith. And promoters Straight Music have abandoned their original plan to present a string of Royal Wedding gigs at that venue, deciding instead to concentrate on the one show.

STOP PRESS

FELA FAMILY FUN

FELA KUTI — the Nigerian-born singer, pianist and trumpeter — comes to Britain with his full Africa 70 band of musicians, singers and dancers to play a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Palais on Monday, July 13. Promoters are Straight Music and tickets are £4.

Kuti, acknowledged as the leader of the Afro-Beat culture, is equally renowned as a revolutionary and freedom fighter — and has just formed his own political party in Nigeria, where he is to stand in the next elections.

This will be his third visit to Europe, and it follows the recent release of his album 'Black President' on Arista, with whom he has just signed on exclusive deal.

Chapman witness in parcel bomb scare

AS THE TRIAL of John Lennon's assassin Mark Chapman gets closer, new and dramatic developments occur almost daily.

Reports from the US that one of the defence witnesses had been sent a parcel bomb in an attempt to discourage her from testifying on Chapman's behalf have now been confirmed. It appears that she is an old friend of several years' standing and is due to testify about Chapman's mental state during the time that she knew him. Both the prosecution and defence attorneys have agreed not to name any of the defence witnesses — as Chapman's attorney Jonathan Marks had received death threats along with some of the witnesses. Chapman's first lawyer, it will be remembered, quit after he and his family received similar death threats.

Chapman is currently being held in a secure wing on Riker's Island, America's largest penal colony, situated just 100 feet north of New York's La Guardia Airport runway. There he shares a whole cell block with another infamous killer, Craig Crimmins, known as The Phantom of the Opera, who has just received a 15 years to life sentence for the murder of one of the female musicians in the New York Orchestra. Crimmins and Chapman used to watch TV and eat meals together — until recently when, according to reliable sources, Crimmins told his family that Chapman was a nut. This got back to Chapman and now they don't even speak to each other.

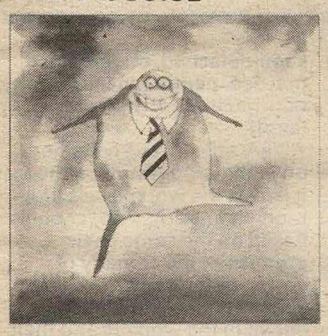
The most recent development in Chapman's case is that he has told the prison authorities that he now intends to plead guilty. This was mentioned in Court on June 10 — and prompted Chapman's attorney to apply for a new "competency hearing" — one which would require further psychiatric tests to determine whether or not Chapman was competent to understand the charges against him and defend them adequately. The prosecution are due to answer this notion on Thursday, and depending on their reply the jury selection, due to start on Monday, may yet again be adjourned to a later date.

The actual trial itself is predicted to start about three weeks after the jury selection begins — though if a competency hearing proves for the defence it may well be a battle of the psychiatrists.

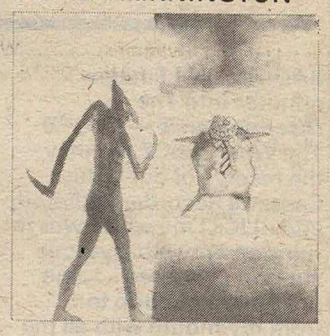
JOHN MICHAEL

Mark Chapman

THE DISGUISE



MARK FAIRNINGTON



THE SKOLARS

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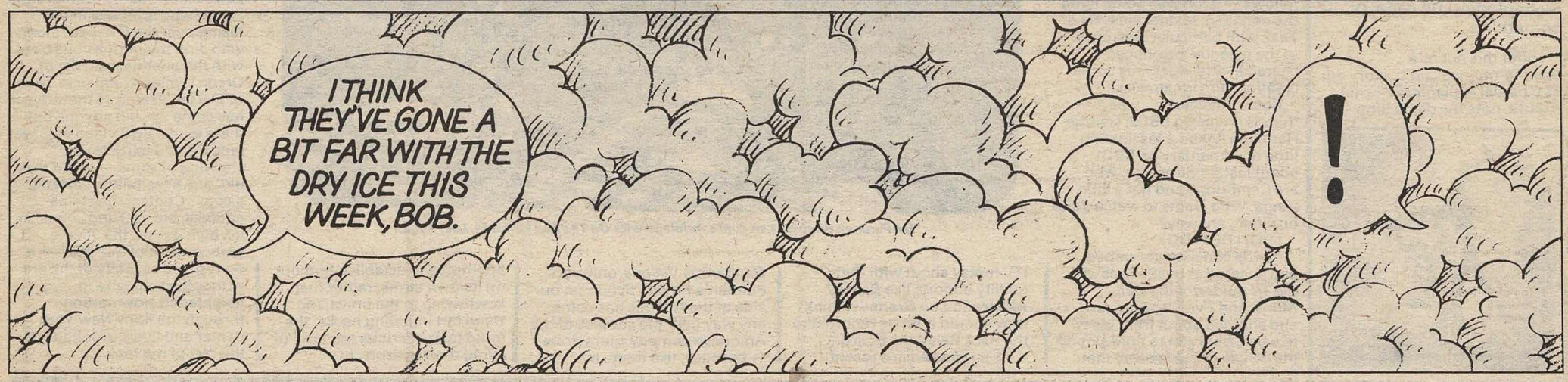

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WHAT THE BOSS DOES AFTER WORK

THE BOSS — and we're not talking about Ron Greenwood here — played the man about town on his last night in London at the end of his wildly successful British tour last week.

The evening after his final UK show in Birmingham, Bruce Springsteen took time out to catch U2 at the Hammersmith Palais before zipping through the backstreets to the plush Embassy Club, where the bill featured The Flying Padovanis plus Vaughn Toulouse-tipped hotshots Bananarama.

But Broocie — casual and relaxed in a beige bomber jacket topped off by a woollen beret almost identical to the titfer he wears on the 'Born to Run' sleeve — was given little time to sample either act. He was besieged by Asbury afficionados in the Embassy's downstairs bar.

He rapped enthusiastically with the fans but firmly waved away a bunch of more parasitic hangers-on who aggressively demanded a round of drinks for having attended one of his Wembley shows: *"Whaat!? I worked my ass off for you for three hours!!! Shouldn't it be you buying me one?"* Too right!

Asked about the British dates, his face cracked into a grin as wide as the New Jersey Turnpike.

"It's been incredible! Where have all these people come from? There's all these young kids who couldn't have even heard of me last time I was over and then there's all these people into their thirties. It's right across the board."

Although his current faves are U2, Bruce also cites The Clash and Members as two of the new British groups who have impressed him.

Pic: Bruce Scorce

"The great thing for me is that a lot of the new English bands who come over to the States So I get to see quite a few of them. I probably know more about the new English bands than I do about what's happening in New York!

"But I still listen to all sorts of music. Anything from Hank Williams to U2. It's really bad to just limit yourself to one sort of music."

As to his fifth LP 'The River', Springsteen explains that he was attempting to combine the best aspects of his two previous sets, mixing the gleaming excellence of 'Born To Run' with the more harrowing introspection of 'Darkness On The Edge of Town'.

"There was something about 'Born To Run', the sound or the production, that still makes it a *special* album for me. 'Darkness' was the one where we deliberately left off all the fun rock'n'roll songs. But I don't think a lot of the songs on 'Darkness' were fully realised. On some of them, the production wasn't quite *there*.

"But for 'The River', I didn't want to neglect the rock'n'roll songs, so we put them all on as well as the slower stuff. Those kinda songs are good to do. I think there's a lot of songs on 'The River' that are better live than on the album, stuff like 'Ramrod' and 'Rocker'. I guess I'll finally get around to making that live album for stuff like that one day.

"I don't want to make records like the '50s or '60s. There's always got to be some '80s in there too."

The accounts of his English dates have shown him maintaining the E-Street tradition of never playing the same set twice.

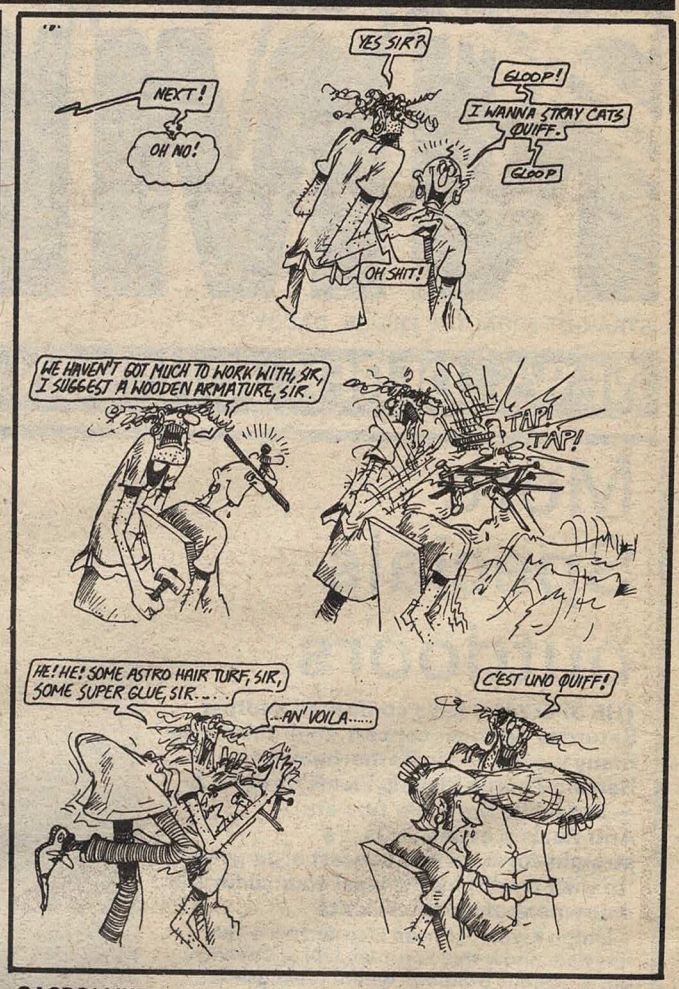
"Yeah, you've got to change the set around or you're just like a human robot. We've done 120 shows in the last year. When you're doing that many shows, you've got to change things around from night to night. I like slipping in a few surprises too — to keep the band on their toes."

So when can his fevered British following expect to witness the boss cat's return?

"Hard to say, but you can bet it won't be as long as five years this time . . ."

The sooner the better, Bruce. Sooner the better.

ADRIAN THRILLS


YES SIR?
NEXT!
OH NO!
GLOOP!
I WANNA STRAY CATS QUIFF.
GLOOP
OH SHIT!
HE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TO WORK WITH, SIR, I SUGGEST A WOODEN ARMATURE, SIR.
TAP! TAP!
HE! HE! SOME ASTRO HAIR TURF, SIR, SOME SUPER GLUE, SIR. . . .
. . . AN' VOILA. . . . .
C'EST UNO QUIFF!

GASPO! LIKE, erk alors. Th' Lone Groover, counter-cultural hero and creation of cartoonist Tony Benyon, has got it together and turned into a book — *Th' Lone Groover's Little Read Book*, t'be precise, available from June 25 through Eel Pie Publishing, price £1.95.

Ninety-two pages long, this veritable millstone in the history of literature traces the further adventures of Benyon's masked marauder: a knowing innocent and a perpetual has-been whose encounters with the passing obsessions of rock'n'roll have graced the pages of *NME* since 1973. In the *Little Read Book* we see the codpieced crusader struggling to preserve his meagre ration of sanity against that whole cast of crooks, pseuds, posers and charlatans — even the occasional rock journalist — who populate his twilight world.

Tony Benyon, now 86 and quite mad, describes el Groover's role as passive observer of "temporary attitudes", debunking rock fashions and pretentions from within, as opposed to merely laughing at it from outside: "You don't need to be cynical to see that there's a cycle at work in rock. And it's important to see that nothing is sacred." The artist's own affection for his character ("the losers are far more interesting than the winners") was shared by Pete Townshend, leading to Eel Pie's link-up in the present venture.

With a record and now a book under his belt, what next for our hero? Well, plans are in hand for a made-in-Australia *Lone Groover* feature film. Clint Eastwood, Benyon says, is being considered for the title role . . .

Lowry

"GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH - HIS TEUTH GOES MARCHING ON!!!"
"THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"
"ELVIS PRESLEY HAS LEFT THE BUILDING!!"
"ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING!!"
CHOMP! CHOMP!. CH
4P! CHOMP!!
"CORRECTION TO THE LAST ANNOUNCEMENT, LADIES & GENTLEMEN – ELVIS PRESLEY HAS ATE THE BUILDING!!!. . . ELVIS HAS ATE THE BUILDING!!!"
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!. CHOMP! CHOMP
SCREAM!
ARRGHHH!!

BAD TIMING! Fifteen minutes into ***The Disappearance*** — Film Of The Week, BBC2, Sunday — the resolve of our Video Cassette Recorder withered, and CLICK! my world was in ruins and my biorhythmic support shattered . . . the post-midnight drip torn from my mouth with all the irrational malice of a murderous '40s *film noir* protagonist. That last episode of ***Private Schulz*** must have exhausted its technological rib cage, or something.

I offer this not as a tears-in-my-beer s.o.b. story but as a partial explanation — not *excuse*, note the distinction —

DANGEROUS VISIONS

IAN PENMAN hails Taxi

for any lack of 'flesh' in what follows — what was going to be the definitive textual analysis of ***Taxi***, with particular reference to the recently introduced character and ingenious comic creation, Jim Ignatowlski.

But . . . instead . . . well, there's tennis on BBC2, George Hamilton IV and a fascinating little documentary on BBC1 about Instant Sunshine, who are Cambridge and not a little fringe. Who wants to watch *Taxi* on video, anyway?

I DO! I DO! I DO!

Taxi is consistently sniped and sneered at by the likes of the TV guides of the *Daily Mirror* and *Evening Standard* and shuttled about from week to week, time slot to time slot by the BBC in the same way that ITV footsy about with their quality imports like ***Barney Miller*** and ***Lou Grant*** — I think they should both be reported to the Race Relations Board.

As suggested in a recent *Dangerous Visions*, only Jack Pulman's *Private Schulz* on our side of the Atlantic has come any way near the success of the American comedy triumvirate — because, like them, it attempted to establish humour on its *own* terms, rather than kowtowing to the prevailing trend (art imitating hacks: the inherently hilarious scenario of living room entropy in semi-detached, middle-aged, married, penny-pinching, petty bourgeois TV scriptwriter land!).

Ian Penman discusses sit com semiology with On The Box Editor M. Levi Smith.

Very little *Taxi* driving goes on in the programme; although it leaves the workplace a little more than *Barney Miller* but is based on the same basic premise — the comedy of errors, differences, companionship and collusion between the workers and their worries.

Elaine is a divorcee with two kids, Bobby a struggling young actor, Tony a struggling young boxer, Alex a wise old cabbie, Latke a bewildered immigrant, Louie (who is increasingly taking over the limelight along with Jim) the pugnacious boss with the pristine morality of Orson Welles' Quinlan in *Touch of Evil* (er, seeing as the subject has come up: did anyone out there with a VHS video recorder tape BBC1's fairly recent showing of same — and if they did, any possibility of arranging a copy? Contact me at this address, etc . . .) and Jim is, in his own words, the "living embodiment of the '60s" — a corrugated casualty of the era who walks and talks in heightened slow motion through the lippy New York banter and lively brouhaha of the rest of the rank.

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

PETE WYLIE
of Wah!

"Valid until 20 June 1981"

RECORDS (to divert from real influences . . .)

Searching For The Young Soul Rebels — **Dexys Midnight Runners**
Boy/11 o'clock Tick Tock — **U2**
Complete Control — **The Clash**
I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself — **Dusty Springfield**
China Girl — **Iggy Pop/David Bowie**
I'm Beginning To See The Light — **Velvet Underground**
You Keep Me Hanging On — **The Supremes**
Song For Europe — **Roxy Music**
First Doors LP
Jungleland — **Bruce Springsteen**
Treason (original version) — **The Teardrop Explodes**

FILLUMS

On The Waterfront
O Lucky Man
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
Midnight Cowboy
Eraserhead
Pyscho
The Man Who Fell To Earth
Cat On A Hot Tin Roof
Young Frankenstein
Look! No Staples (porno film, just for the title)
Guys And Dolls
Chinatown
West Side Story

READING

Catcher In The Rye — **J. D. Salinger**
Gaelic Dubwise (a pseudonym)
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest — **Ken Kesey**
Catch 22 — **Joseph Heller**
Phone books
The Room — **Hubert Selby Jnr.**
Crosswords in the music press (for Wah! namechecks)
Darkness At Noon — **Arthur Koestler**
On The Road — **Jack Kerouac**

TELEVISION

Corrie (*not* Corro)
The Riordans
Give Us A Clue
Taxi
Cannon & Ball
'Venus' off 'Marquee Moon'
Rising Damp
Tiswas
Outer Limits
Last Of The Summer Wine
What The Papers Say

WHATEVER-HAPPENED-TO

Ron Elvis Presley (lorry driver)
Patti Smith
Singer in Pavlov's Dog
Me and Mac . . .

PET HATE

Rubric cubes

"Just like that . . .!" Pete Wylie

Pix: Pennie Smith

The Reverend Jim — to give him his full title (God knows what his faith is) — is the classiest and most complex comic character(isation) on TV, next to Michael Elphick's Schulz, and indeed shares traits with the indefatigable Private (HEY, fella, there's not enough on your own trait maybe?). He's perpetually perplexed, a paragon of forgetfulness, a saviour of advanced aphasia, and a dyed in the barstool hedonist (fond of nine-day weekends).

Christopher Hudson — for this is the actor's name — is yet to appear on *The Muppet Show* (although you can catch him in the first few minutes of Bob Rafelson's less than riveting *Postman Always Rings Twice* remake given a lift to Jack Nicholson) but the gorgon-like face is popular on that programme already — long and droopy, elastic, yet seemingly carved out of chalk, topped off with a gravity-defying cow lick. His protracted swagger is also somewhere between hangover stiff and India rubber ridiculous . . .

Jim regards everything with a dazed contemplative gaze such as might issue from a Zen apprentice halfway through a bottle of tequila gold: the trouble is *everything* makes sense most of the time. It comes as no shock to him, for instance, that a race horse he has liberated from the bondage of bourgeois decadence has been sleeping for two days *with his legs in the air.* Bobby breaks the bad news to him during a classic scene in Jim's (condemned) apartment, which Bobby, Alex, and Tony are seeing for the first time . . . Jim offers the three chums walnuts, and when Alex asks for a cracker Jim points him to a cable drum which appears to have pride of place in the centre of the room.

"What, you mean the table?" speculates Alex reasonably enough.

Jim pauses and contemplates the object in question. "By golly . . . I guess you could use that as a table."

El's ghoulish goulash song

REPORTS THAT Elvis Costello was parading 'Gloomy Sunday' as part of his repertoire at the 'Fundamental Frolic' charity gig, sent our resident cobweb-head into a touch of the grade one hab-dabs. For the song has long been number one in the hex parade and the bringer of no good to anyone who wants it.

The story began in 1933 when a couple of goulash-bashers named Laszlo Javor and Rezo Seress threaded together their delightful little death-ditty in downtown Budapest.

Some three years later, one Sam M. Lewis provided a set of English lyrics which included such lines as *"Little white flowers will never awaken you / Not where the black coat of sorrow has taken you"* and *"But death is no dream, for in death I'm caressing you / With the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you"* — sentiments which caused many who caught the song on radio and disc to immediately toss themselves out of the nearest high window. Such was the furore caused, that some radio stations immediately banned what had become known as "the Hungarian suicide song', while some vocalists refused to sing it following reports that ill-luck had befallen several of those who had initially promoted the dirge in the USA.

Nevertheless, Billie Holiday recorded 'Gloomy Sunday' in 1941 and even had a minor hit of sorts — and her life, though hardly laughter-filled, continued till 1959. So it seems likely that Elvis will be around for some time to come — though he did state at the concert that "It might be me next!" *(Or Lydia Lunch, who got to the song before him, on last year's 'Queen Of Siam' LP — The Grim Proof Reader.)*

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SIAM
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b/w
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FOR LONDON
CINEMA GUIDE
See page 47

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BLUE ORCHIDS

WHEN REALITY REARS ITS Orchidacious HEAD

By LYNN HANNA

Blue Orchids, Bramah second from left. Pic: David Corio (centre)

THERE ARE Greek symbols painted on Martin Bramah's guitar.

"They mean light in extension, white light." Martin leans forward and suddenly snaps his fingers. "The Truth. D'you get the feeling?"

Martin's long, thin frame is folded in a chair backstage at The Venue where Blue Orchids have been supporting DAF. His slight physique and frail face give him an unworldly air that seems misplaced in this expensive London showcase, just as Blue Orchids' idealism seems a fragile flower in the hedonists' garden of pop.

"There's always been a true line, and that's what I identify with, that's what I want to perpetuate. I want to develop the things that have really mattered to me without regurgitating clichés," says Martin.

Blue Orchids' pop is as exotic as their name. With a harsh note struck amongst the swirling melodies by Bramah's discordant voice, their sound is emotive yet economic, the effect subtle and striking.

Tonight has been something of a shambles, with broken strings meaning improvised instrumentals and drummer Toby playing with the group for the first time. Even so, the experience hasn't left Blue Orchids unduly upset.

"I'd hate to be in the position where we'd cruise on through," says Basil Marshall, keyboards player of five weeks, "All the best music is built on tension anyway."

With Blue Orchids' former keyboards player Una Baines and bassist Rick Goldstraw, Martin formed part of the original Fall. They left two years ago when he felt it had become a dictatorship.

"I thought it was a bit self-indulgent, a bit negative, and a lot of the original aims went out of the window. I actually like The Fall, but I couldn't be in it. I wanted to do something more real."

Blue Orchids were subsequently based on a progression of the punk ideal — although Martin sees punk as essentially the same as '60s hippiedom.

"It had the same values. It was based on love but hating the crap that had built up around the hippy philosophy. It was healthy because it was caring. But punk doesn't mean anything now."

Blue Orchids' own aim is an ambitious attempt to reflect the way they try to live — "which is idealistic, hopefully without being naive."

'The Flood' is about the struggle to recognise reality and keep a clear head, while their second single 'Work', predictably enough on Rough Trade, has nothing to do with offices, factories or demolishing the ethics of same.

"It's about working on yourself before you can do anything else, attaining values and a conscience. Stripping down the illusions of life without being negative or flowery. It's very hard to do," he adds.

The group are further fuelled by a fairly widespread contempt for their musical contemporaries who, they feel, steal the styles of major influences like The Doors, Iggy Pop ot Velvet Underground without grasping the content.

"Some of them look very pretty," says Martin sternly, "but they'd never change *my* life. It's just so tired. Whereas later I got into other things that changed my way of thinking, initially it was music like Iggy Pop's."

PRE LAUNCH

arab high weapon

Sign Of The Star
Congo Aohantie
Roy

LIVITY
PRINCE FAR I

Reality is the key-word to Blue Orchids conversation and the main aim of their music.

"It's positive but not necessarily all the time. Above all we're not escapist. I'd rather be a doom-monger than escapist, because times are bad. The way society is structured at the moment, it's founded on illusion, not reality. There are no real values there.

"I try to make it so that if you heard the music without the lyrics you'd get the same feeling. It's beyond a doctrine, it's more a state of mind, which is political anyway because it's an attitude towards life."

And what do they recognise as the true life line?

"Knowing you can trust yourself. Other people can trust you because they know you're honest, and you can believe in yourself. That gives you the confidence to do and to feel things."

"It's trying to always express your true feelings, and what is real," adds Basil. "Hopefully you can deal with other people on a level which is just a bit deeper than 'What are you wearing tonight?' "

Do you get the feeling?

PHONE CALLS TO THE DEAD!

GOD CRAZY (40p) is a "teenage edition of Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, I and II Timothy", whose editor confesses that "doing a parody of a tacky pamphlet you often get so close that you *end up* with a tacky pamphlet!"

Like the world, ***God Crazy*** was created in six days by editors Slim Smith and Chris Furby — and it contains lots of hints for the heathen about what religion has to offer ("a good believer is always popular"), how to tell one religion from another and how to pray with false teeth, as well as the 'Makers of Modern Fashion' series, which includes both the Pope ("dress based on Zandra Rhodes' autumn line") and the Ayatollah ("Fundamentalist Foundations"). From: 2 Castell House, Deptford Church St, London SE8.

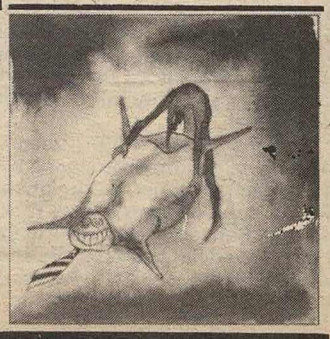
CYNTHIA ROSE dials alternative print UK

Sticky Thigh comics, on t'other hand, doesn't exactly live up to its evocative moniker, though its chapter-by-chapter strip on The Scrotunes (including a review of their debut LP, 'The Last Echo Of The Verdant Unbound') is moderately *amusant*. But why is there only Mableen's Problem Page to make up the rest of the issue? Contributions, criticisms, theatrical props, and styrofoam sculptures are solicited for No. 2, which will be called ***Hot Groin*** comics. 20p from 12 Stretton Rd, Shirley, Solihill, West Midlands.

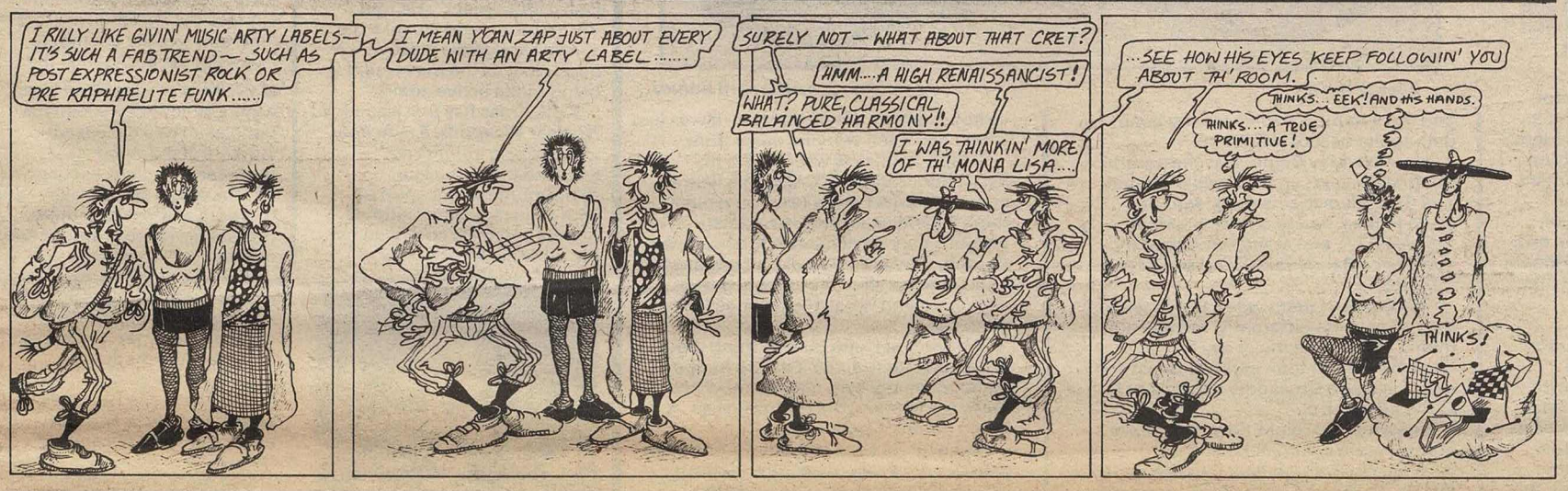
In a more serious vein, but certainly one all of its own, comes ***Out To Lunch 1***, a stream-of-consciousness style, semi-poetic 'history of punk'. Sounds terrible, but in fact genuinely original moments of incisive, individual writing shine forth among the ironic confinements of the topic. Well worth a perusal at 50p + 20pp P&P from 29 Glossop St, Leeds LS6 2LE — if you yourself are interested in the truly out to lunch.

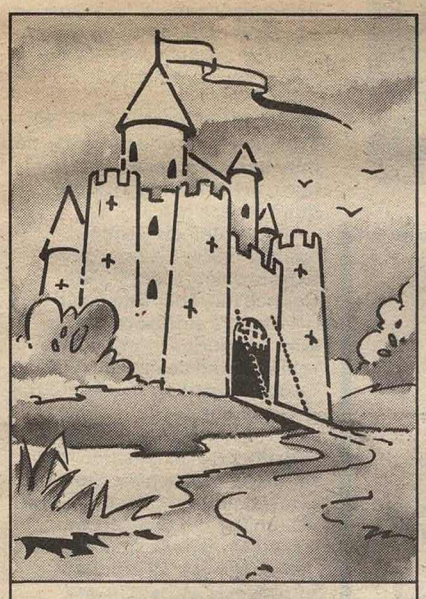
Born Yesterday's debut issue offers few surprises (elephantine conversazione with Orange Juice; small talk with The Delmontes, Shock and Midget Submarines) except for its biog of Veronica Lake (for Bryan Gregory fans a must!) But its format, layout and WWII ads make nice tight visuals which alone will probably carry its fairly modest asking price of 40p; from 385 Kilmarnock Rd,

■ *Continues over*

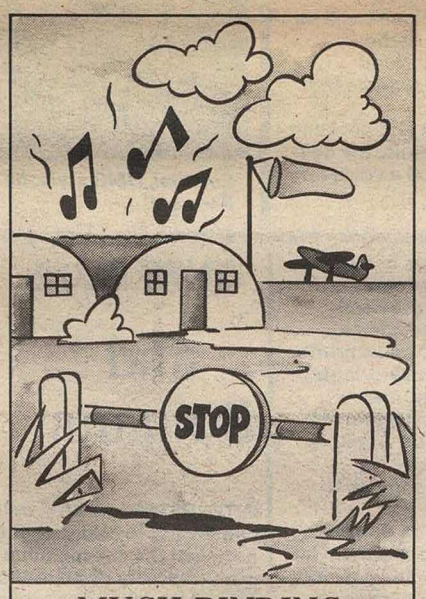


THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON

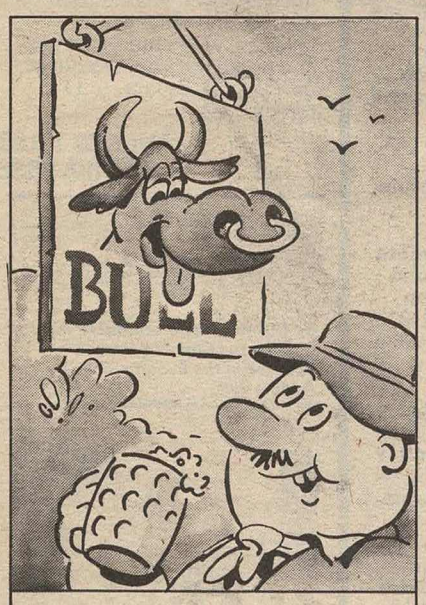

I RILLY LIKE GIVIN' MUSIC ARTY LABELS— IT'S SUCH A FAB TREND— SUCH AS POST EXPRESSIONIST ROCK OR PRE RAPHAELITE FUNK.....
I MEAN Y'CAN ZAP JUST ABOUT EVERY DUDE WITH AN ARTY LABEL.....
SURELY NOT— WHAT ABOUT THAT CRET?
HMM....A HIGH RENAISSANCIST!
WHAT? PURE, CLASSICAL, BALANCED HARMONY!!
I WAS THINKIN' MORE OF TH' MONA LISA...
...SEE HOW HIS EYES KEEP FOLLOWIN' YOU ABOUT TH' ROOM.
THINKS... EEK! AND HIS HANDS.
THINKS... A TRUE PRIMITIVE!
THINKS!



CAMELOT.



MUCH-BINDING-IN-THE-MARSH.



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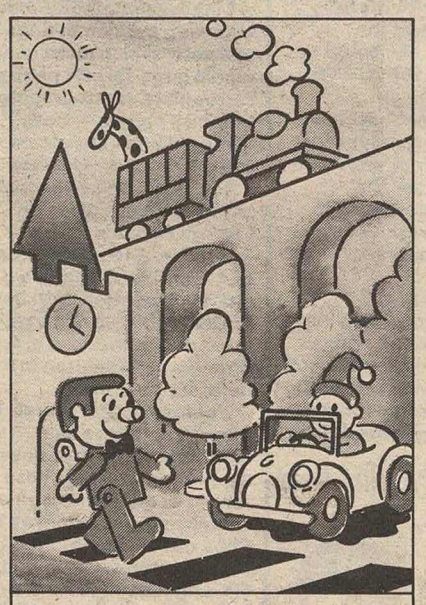

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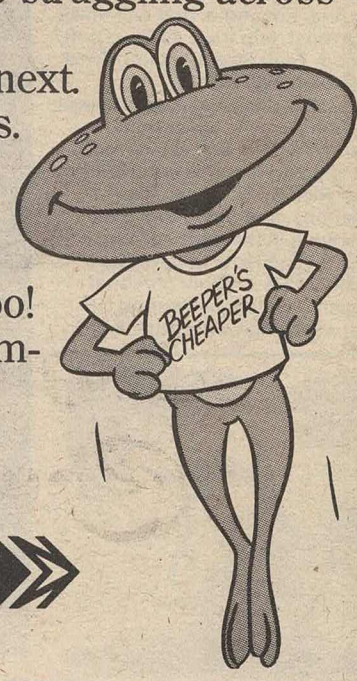
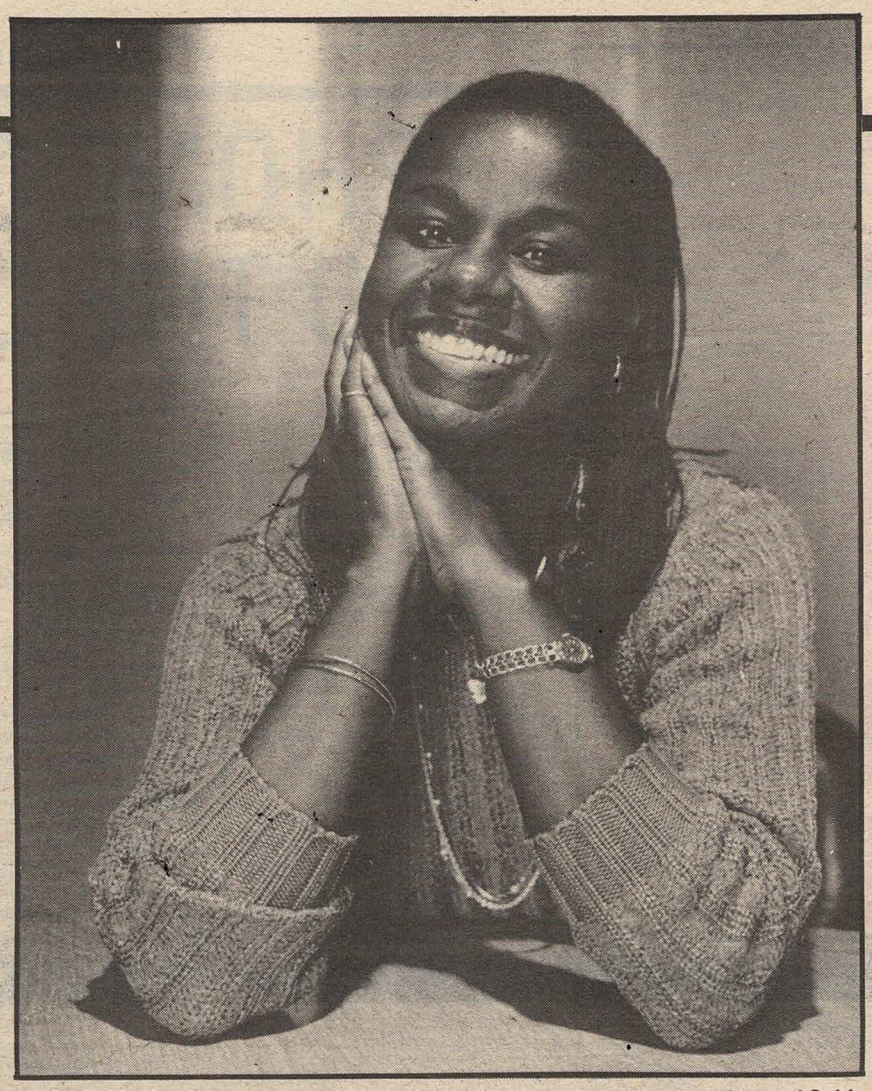


HOP OFF WITH NATIONAL EXPRESS

Q: What's the difference between Randy Crawford and Richard the Lionheart?

A: He wanted to be a Crusader ...



Randy the C *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

SIX MONTHS AGO at the Royal Albert Hall, on a bill topped by The Crusaders, Randy Crawford put on a show that could have brought familiar stirrings to a Trappist monk or a tear to the eye of General Patton.

So sweet and soft and sugar and spice was she that an awful lot of punters didn't return from the interval until she was back on stage — after an hour of the headliners! — for the 'Street Life' finale. One critic even dusted off that hoary old cliche "soft and yielding", because so she appeared — but underneath all that is a lady who is sick and tired of being pushed around.

A counter-productive standpoint for someone who woke up one morning to international stardom via The Crusaders' single 'Street Life' and her 'solo' album 'Now We May Begin' that they arranged, wrote, produced and played on. The Crusader deals were a culmination of many years of doing what someone else said, and be it Felder, Sample and Hooper or Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, it was just one too many.

It all began back in 1972, when Veronica Crawford was signed by John Levy (then manager of Cannonball Adderly) as she sang in New York with George Benson. After a spell in Canada, Levy moved her to L.A. where she kicked around before landing a Warner Bros. contract. After two so-so albums, she finally began to find her feet on 'Raw Silk' — and that in turn led to the (at the time) off-the-boil Crusaders and an association which, although it made her a very bankable household name, in some ways put her back to square one. With mixed feelings, she takes up the story . . .

"Contrary to what a lot of people thought, it was never designed for me to be a member of The Crusaders when 'Street Life' came about. It seemed like a very good break, as being just a talent and not a name, I hadn't exactly been getting the best of treatment.

" 'Now We May Begin' was the natural thing to do next; again it was a hit, and The Crusaders themselves, who had more to lose, had to come up with a follow-up LP, and at the same time try and oblige Randy for having sung on 'Street Life'.

"Each one of them was a producer and they all saw me differently, so between them I didn't have much say in it. Basically, rather than a Randy Crawford album it was a Crusaders album that I could not control."

Big name she might now be, but like Frankenstein's monster it had its drawbacks. The Crusaders had gained a temporary respite from oblivion, yet Ms Crawford's independent career prospects were taking a tumble.

"I was so proud of 'Raw Silk' as I had selected the songs, and done them mostly live in the studio, which meant all my feelings came out on them. With 'Now I May Begin' they wrote the material and said 'Here'. A lot of the songs I was more excited about in their rawer form, but after the strings and stuff were mixed in I got to feeling that I wasn't as important as the production. It was just what I had been working away from.

"I think what was wrong with my association with The Crusaders was a series of honest mistakes. You would think that because they are adults, because they have been in the business so long, they would have had a chance to overcome certain insecurities, but we're all human and we all make those kinds of mistakes.

"I'm very grateful for everthing they have done for me, but it's time for me to stand up on my own two feet now and make my career work for me just as I was doing before 'Street Life'."

However, in spite of a one-to-one basis with the producer of her new album 'Secret Combination', the Crusader episode may have set her back further than she admits. Randy has set a standard now, and revenue levels will be expected to be maintained. At the moment at least, 'You Might Need Somebody' looks set to consolidate her position.

She's going to "fight back and not keep quiet" in the future, so hopefully the next one . . . as it's much too good a voice for Las Vegas.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Art against missiles

■ LAST MONTH saw the encouraging fusion of Artists for Nuclear Disarmament, with their wide-ranging and well-received joint exhibit of works at London's Acme Gallery.

Some of the more striking contributions were from Peter Kennard, the photomontagist who designed those new and — since October's demonstrations — well-known CND logos with the human hand crushing a Cruise and the peace symbol halving a missile. Kennard came to execute the CND posters through his work in "several different areas of the Peace Movement". He told *Thrills* he wanted "to take the symbol and make it active again, just as the movement is being made active again."

Pluto Press has just issued *No Nuclear Weapons,* a slim and very striking volume of Kennard's anti-nuclear photomontage art, coupled with selected commentaries, quotes and facts compiled by Ric Sissons. Meanwhile,

Survival, HMG style, by Peter Kennard

Kennard's contributions to the Acme show can now be seen at the South Yorkshire Photo Project (173 Howard Road, Walkley, Sheffield) for the month of July.

A separate and new exhibition of the material contained in Kennard and Sissons' book will be on view at London's ICA from July 7 - August 9 (The Mall, London SW1), after which it travels to Edinburgh's First of May Bookshop (43 Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh) for a stint during the Festival there: August 27 - September 12.

Kennard's art is impressive and uplifting, inspiring action and real choice in the great traditions of political photomontage, from John Heartfield to Klaus Staeck. "It does go back to Heartfield," says Kennard, "and it also goes back to the fine art thing of people like Goya, who tried to express the potential horrors of their time vividly enough to make people act against them."

■ BRITISH Nuclear Fuel last week paid out £96,000 to the families of two deceased workers at the Windscale reprocessing plant — cut down by leukaemia and cancer — and to a man still working there, despite his kidney tumour and other severe maladies.

BNF in fact admit not a shred of culpability. They claim it is "impossible" to establish the source of the men's troubles and that they made the payments — just two days before the cases were due in court — because BNF is a "good employer" and because of "doubt".

Had the issues reached court, the settlements might well have been less than £96,000 but what BNF have neatly sidestepped is a judgment demanding they make very much more costly safety improvements.

■ THE GOVERNMENT'S £7bn Trident submarine programme may be on the skids. That, at least, is the feeling in some quarters at CND.

"The political coalition against Trident is now quite extraordinary," says CND Council member Dan Smith.

"And it's almost certain to win. It includes many in the military who see the cost of Trident throttling the rest of the defence budget."

If it's a complete distillation of the official CND position that's required, then a new 40p booklet authored by MP Frank Allaun is a fair tactical bet. Called *Questions And Answers About Nuclear Weapons,* it effortlessly slithers in and around all the familiar territory — NATO; unilateral and/or multilateral disarmament; nuclear power yes/no; civil defence and other grand fallacies; won't Russia come and bomb the asterisks out of us if we disarm first, and so forth and so on.

— ANDREW TYLER
— CYNTHIA ROSE

BUS worker Steve Strange risked serious injury when he tried to save vehicles from a massive fire at a council depot.
The 35-year-old father-of-three jumped into a blazing breakdown truck and attempted to drive it

So this is how he 'conducts' himself outside the Club For Heroes. Spotted in the Evening Echo by Angela Ellis.

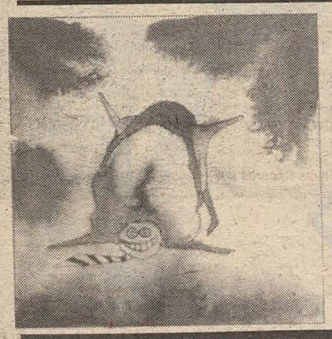
ZINES UK

■ *From previous page*

Newlands, Glasgow G43 2JA.

Same for ***Ludds Mill,*** a weird and robust little 'zine which seeks "poetry, fiction and artwork" of a "direct / bizarre / erotic / psychedelic / jaggedy" nature and does proud by it — albeit in very small print. I personally relished the (translated) tale of Sedgwicke de Slousse, founder of the world's first Marzipan Museum — in Louisiana. Also: poetry, J. Cooper Clarke, Devo, cartoons, 'expressive drawings', an 8000-word piece on Jack Kerouac, and ABSOLUTELY THE MOST DEFINITIVE SET OF ALTERNATIVE PRINT BIBLIOGRAPHIES you are likely to find. For some, that will make it a must. 60p from 44 Spa Croft Road, Teall Street, Ossett, West Yorkshire WF5 0HE.

Last and least comes ***homage*** (to what one is never made privy), whose first issue retails at 60p and features contributors like Richard Strange, The Lemons, and Biddy and Eve. Early on in the page-turning a short visual arts review states that "Art is a highly personal fetish", which may sound OK for a few moments but is hardly enough to let this you - scratch - my - back - I'll - scratch - yours product off the hook. Yes, it's another instance of friends assuring each other they're fashionable through the media of 'fashion shots', poems, free verse, fiction and an embarrassing number of spelling errors. Writing by folks who labour in the modern mode of relying on juxtaposition and quotations to do their thinking for them *and* sell the thing to you. From: Top Floor Studio, 6-8 Roseberry (isn't that Rosebery?) Ave, London EC1.



Left: the Domus girl and, in colour, the Soldes girl. Bring on the NME girl ...

ZINES EEC 1

Italy does the new pose

EVEN THE Sunday supplements have finally caught up with what English art students have known for years: when it comes to getting *serious* about style and design, Italy is the nation most likely to. Tri-lingual fashion mag *Donna* and architecture mag *Domus* have long had an important effect on UK publications and now it's about to be capitalised on by *Domus Moda* — the latter periodical's glossy EEC fashion offshoot due out in a matter of days.

The English editor of *Domus Moda* is Ferry Zayadi — editor and co-founder of England's resilient arts journal *VIZ*. And the first 'UK section' has been photographed by Tim Simmons, whose work is well-known to rock fans via press and record sleeve art. He's come up with some sharply original pix of those over-exposed (many would add over-priced) designers so tied to the English 'rock image' of today: PX, Melissa Caplan, Anthony Price and the more maverick Paul Dart. By including each designer as part of the *mise en scene* he or she is selling, new life is injected into a trend that has been nodding off outside the precincts of the press itself.

Simmons has included a preview of these *Domus* prints, along with other rock-oriented stuff, fashion shots, and "purely experimental things I did for myself" in a free public show called 'Uneasy Situations'. It's the fourth to take place in London's 3½-month-old John Shelley Gallery: the idea of a chap who enterprisingly opened a gallery to augment his camera shop and photo library at 11 Albemarle Street, London W1.

"I just happened to be shopping there with my folio," says Simmons, "and the proprietor asked if he could have a look. Next thing I knew, he was offering me an exhibition. It's great because it's difficult for contemporary people to show their work and get exposure; either the galleries are booked years in advance, or the work doesn't sell and that's what most galleries are after."

Pop along to 'Uneasy Situations' any time from 9-5 pm Mondays through Fridays until July 2 — and give this new venue a chance, whilst keeping those eyeballs peeled for the first issue of *Domus Moda* in its UK edition.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

ZINES EEC 2

... and Belgium

INTERESTED in a little or large something to bridge that gap between the conspicuous purchasability of Warhol's *Interview* and the convoluted contents of *Semiotext (e)?* Find *WET* and *The Face* good on looks but low on cutting prose?

May I recommend *Soldes* — a beguiling Belgian bi-lingual quarterly which gives over whole large-format pages to cartoonists, photographers and graphics people — both common and conceptual — as well as interviewing them ...

The latest issue has that now extinct beast, a piece on Factory Records *with an interview!!!* (and a great photo of ACR in Manhattan), a good sick conversation with John Waters & Divine and loads of good pin-up modern(e) fashion. Sign the subscription form here, art groupies!

***Soldes* say that Rough Trade are giving them a trial distribution run (but doesn't *everybody* say that these days?) — otherwise you could actually contact them at 1041 Chee d'Alsemberg, 1180 Bruxelles-Brussels, Belgium. Oh, and if anyone from *Soldes* is reading — I'd love to have a copy of the issue which contains a piece on Lizzy Mercier Descloux.**

— IAN PENMAN

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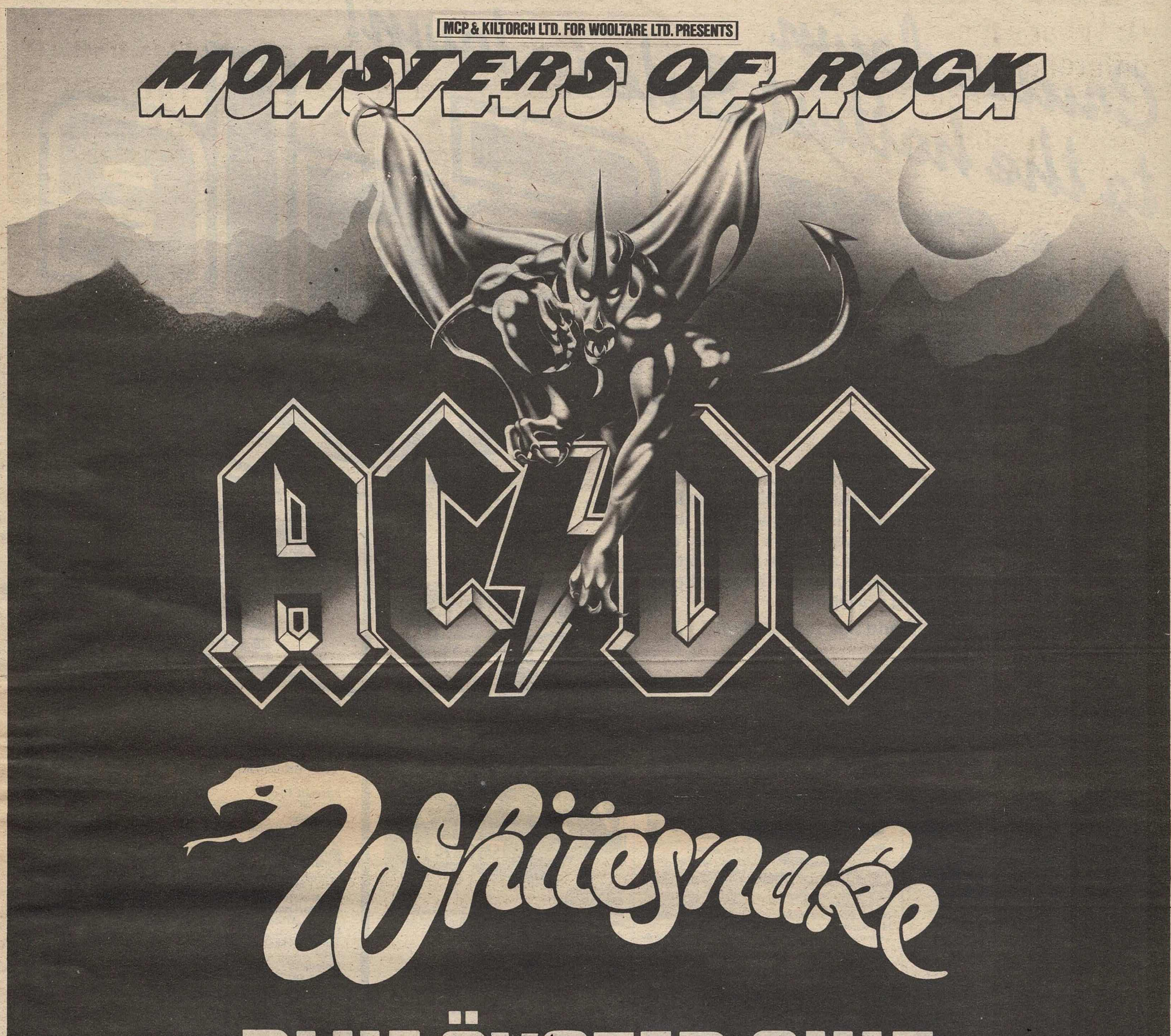
MONSTERS OF ROCK



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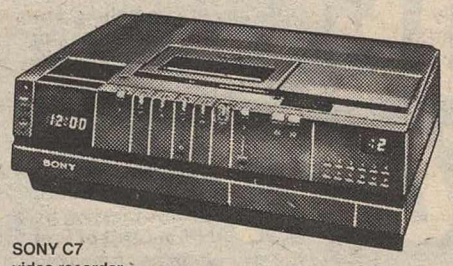

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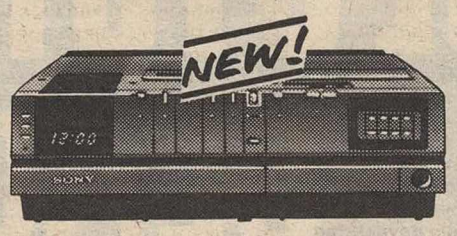

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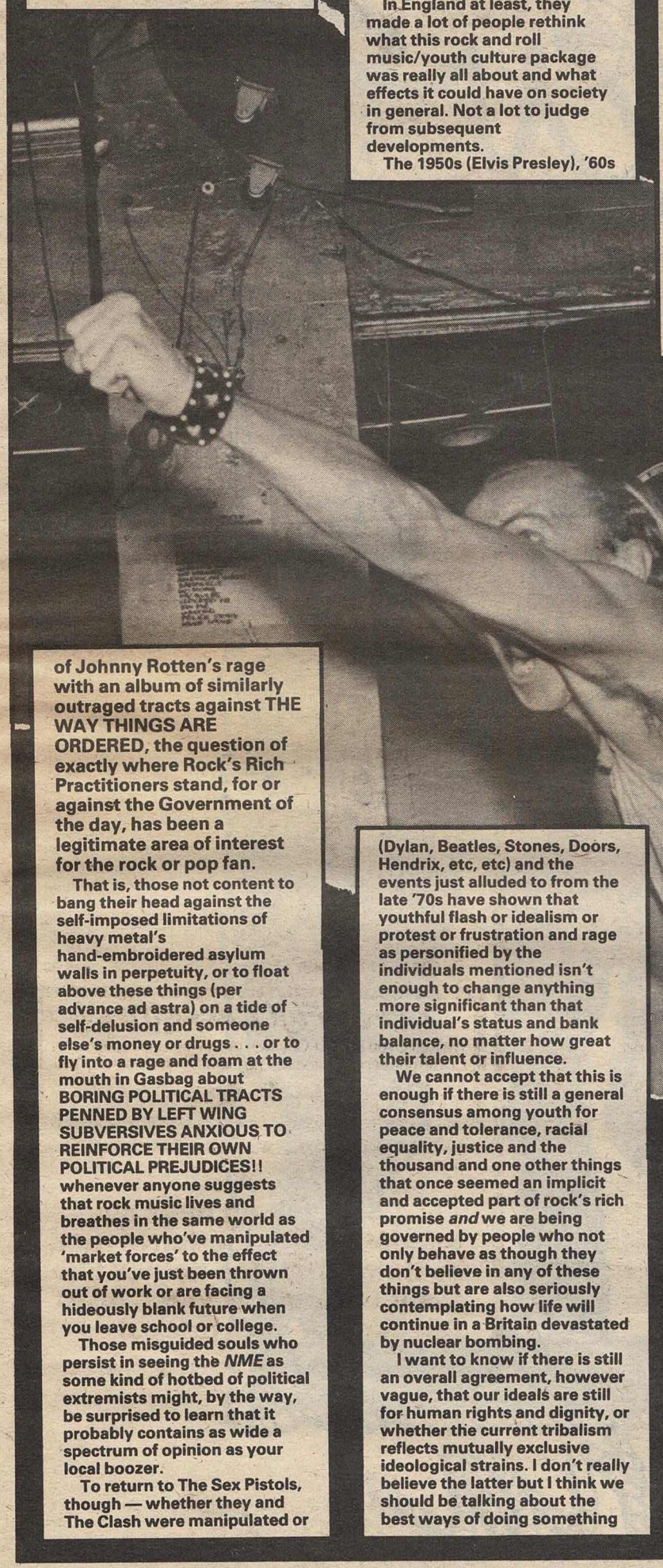
TITANIC REFLOATED

By RAY LOWRY

"We are now hopelessly divided. We should admit something's gone wrong and look for ways to prevent them going wronger."



EVER SINCE 1976/77 when The Sex Pistols brought out the unequivocally anti-establishment/anti-monarchy tirades 'Anarchy In The UK' and 'God Save The Queen' and The Clash tidied up the frayed edges of Johnny Rotten's rage with an album of similarly outraged tracts against THE WAY THINGS ARE ORDERED, the question of exactly where Rock's Rich Practitioners stand, for or against the Government of the day, has been a legitimate area of interest for the rock or pop fan.

That is, those not content to bang their head against the self-imposed limitations of heavy metal's hand-embroidered asylum walls in perpetuity, or to float above these things (per advance ad astra) on a tide of self-delusion and someone else's money or drugs . . . or to fly into a rage and foam at the mouth in Gasbag about BORING POLITICAL TRACTS PENNED BY LEFT WING SUBVERSIVES ANXIOUS TO REINFORCE THEIR OWN POLITICAL PREJUDICES!! whenever anyone suggests that rock music lives and breathes in the same world as the people who've manipulated 'market forces' to the effect that you've just been thrown out of work or are facing a hideously blank future when you leave school or college.

Those misguided souls who persist in seeing the *NME* as some kind of hotbed of political extremists might, by the way, be surprised to learn that it probably contains as wide a spectrum of opinion as your local boozer.

To return to The Sex Pistols, though — whether they and The Clash were manipulated or coaxed into making those early records by McLaren and Rhodes respectively or whether they were their own inspiration and believed in what they were saying 100% — they precipitated a hiatus that, in many ways, marked the end of rock's age of innocence.

In England at least, they made a lot of people rethink what this rock and roll music/youth culture package was really all about and what effects it could have on society in general. Not a lot to judge from subsequent developments.

The 1950s (Elvis Presley), '60s (Dylan, Beatles, Stones, Doors, Hendrix, etc, etc) and the events just alluded to from the late '70s have shown that youthful flash or idealism or protest or frustration and rage as personified by the individuals mentioned isn't enough to change anything more significant than that individual's status and bank balance, no matter how great their talent or influence.

We cannot accept that this is enough if there is still a general consensus among youth for peace and tolerance, racial equality, justice and the thousand and one other things that once seemed an implicit and accepted part of rock's rich promise *and* we are being governed by people who not only behave as though they don't believe in any of these things but are also seriously contemplating how life will continue in a Britain devastated by nuclear bombing.

I want to know if there is still an overall agreement, however vague, that our ideals are still for human rights and dignity, or whether the current tribalism reflects mutually exclusive ideological strains. I don't really believe the latter but I think we should be talking about the best ways of doing something constructive with our good intentions before it's too late or before they sour completely or are changed into hate and resentment and intolerance.

In the milder climates of the '50s and '60s, rock's special promise seemed to be that it really COULD change things and a sense of rebellion was always an important part of the rock and roll and rock and pop consciousness.

If that's no longer tenable, the music scene and the music press can at least still provide a forum for ideas and discussion and I think that we ought to start some serious talking about real and serious issues or admit that the circus left town years ago, the music doesn't matter anymore and that we're participating in an empty charade the values of which are best exemplified by the mindlessness of Radio One and *Top of the Pops*.

The lack of any real attempt to focus all that energy and idealism of the '60s and '70s seems to have left us helpless and hopelessly divided at the start of this most ominous decade, and I believe that we should admit that something's gone wrong and look for ways to prevent things going *wronger*.

We must believe that we can affect the shape of our future if we try hard enough — and that's got to be more constructive than passively watching the endless parade of increasingly unappetising painted poltroons strut their appointed hour in these pages before being shuffled off into the dim twilight of their obscurity. Really, when all the talk is of outmoded or constricting rock structures, the idea that there is some important new band or individual flashing across the firmament each week justifying the cover treatment and a page or three of his, their, or the reporter's worldview is the most outmoded and old-fashioned of the lot, to me.

Our symbolic Titanic was supposed to have been sliding gracefully beneath the waves just before a fight broke out in 1976 and Mr Rotten seized the bridge. What I want to know, now, is whether anyone saw it go?

Are we holding fancy dress parties in the lifeboats or are we all drowned and nodding in Davy Jones' locker? Has anyone anything useful to contribute?

I'm particularly interested in the musicians themselves. Have any of rock's practitioners, old or new, anything to say to us all about the mess we're in beyond what they choose to — or feel that they have the freedom to — say via their recordings?

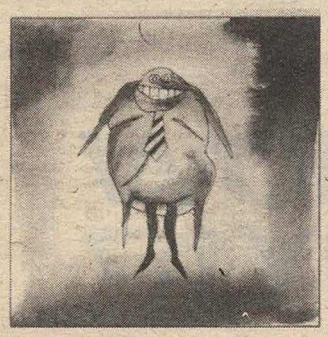
Is the old rock aristocracy even aware that conditions are deteriorating rapidly for the rest of us out here in Blunderland; or did they put up their mental shutters for good in 1976? Do they have a single worthwhile political or Political thought in their heads or is it all too boring, maann, when you've spent the last decade and a half picking off your remaining brain-cells on the pharmaceutical shooting ranges in the company of other rich and beautiful puddings?

Do any of The Rolling Stones, or remaining Beatles or Led Zeppelin, have anything they care, or dare, to say to the present generation of rock fans concerning matters a little more important than their immediate recording plans or their next boring film venture? Anyone feel like tackling Bob Dylan on the subject of Ronald Reagan when he comes over here? Has John Lydon anything more important to contribute than a sneer?

Have Malcolm McLaren and Bernard Rhodes any practical ideas that don't have to be confined to a small group of Situationist money coiners or Alternative Capitalists? Have Robert Elms and The Royal Ballet any views about anything other than the width of their trousers? What do you homemade lager brewers, prolecats and Gandalf's gardeners think? Aren't you concerned about reports of increasingly authoritarian measures being proposed by government and police spokespersons on one side and increasingly irrational shootings and bombings worldwide on another side being used as the justification for further curtailment of civil liberties?

The idea of rebelling against anything more important than sartorial standards or drug laws might have seemed unnecessary or self-indulgent or might just not have occurred to most of us growing up under successive post-war governments — *"What can a poor boy do, 'cept sing for a rock and roll band, 'cause in sleepy London town there's just no place for a street-fighting man"* etc. — but surely things have got serious enough now for us to start considering who is offering a workable alternative?

The perfect postcript: this morning's mail brings a note bitterly reacting to my review of The Cure's latest album and going on to inform me that 'Primary' is "actually about undemonstrativeness." UNDEMONSTRATIVENESS!! If we've come all the way from the goddam 'Memphis Flash' through the psychedelic '60s and The Sex Pistol-whipped '70s to wind up celebrating UNDEMONSTRATIVENESS then it's time that some of us started getting very DEMONSTRATIVE indeed!



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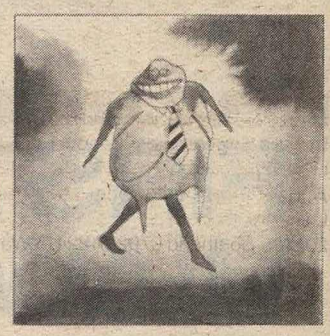

THREE MEMBERS of Stoke punk band Discharge are faced with a £600 fine after the Department of Health and Social Security discovered that last year while working for Clay Records they were also claiming Supplementary Benefit. Though he's since left the group, old drummer Tez also has to pay the fine but his replacement Bambi is exempted.

Group manager Mike Stone, head of Clay Records, claimed they were only earning £4 a week at the time, but their failure to declare the earnings and expenses means they are obliged to pay the fines. Advised to plead guilty by legal aid, the Discharge members were also told by the judge that £600 was light punishment

It is hoped that royalties due on their indie chart-topping album 'Why' and a support slot on the upcoming Exploited tour will be sufficient to pay the fine.

THE Belle Stars

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THE CLASH OF THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN INSULTS

BAD-MOUTHING The Clash might be something of a national pastime for the post-punk hordes — but what would happen if Joe, Mick, Paul 'n' Topper were given the chance to answer back for a change?

To see the sparks fly, we asked the country's youth to hurl their seven most cutting condemnations at the group — with the proviso that our most magnificent insulter would then be summoned to put their abuse to the City Rockers in person. The incentive was an expenses-paid week in New York to enable our winner to rub salt in the band's wounds while watching them open their summer season on Broadway.

But is it still possible to insult the last gang after all these years? Surely it has all been said before. Not according to our scurrilous Scottish tauntress Louise Bolloton, who won that week in the States (for both herself and her flatmate Liz) by drawing her dagger, dipping her pen in poison and coming up with seven slices of slander.

Although we've seen more vitriolic venom in a lunchtime *Watch With Mother*, The Clash themselves reckoned Louise's seven slaggings were the hottest hateful hatful in the *NME* mailbag and judged her the winner. To twist the knife a little harder, here they are again:

1. I've seen wounds better dressed than Topper.
2. Joe's face has more wrinkles than an elephant's anus.
3. Joe's teeth are so bad that Porton Down could use them for germ warfare.
4. Paul is so puny he makes a starving Biafran look obese.
5. Mick bears more than a passing resemblance to Marty Feldman.
6. Their physical defects would be tolerable if they had a modicum of talent.
7. There's not much wrong with them that plastic bags wouldn't cure — they'd be improved by sudden death.

So how did the fellas take abuse like that? Were the girls dumped in the east river? Tossed from the top of the Empire State strapped to Stowaways playing a 'Sandinista!' tape loop? Read on to see how The Clash rode the rib-tickling ribbings . . .

How I Called Joe Strummer A Prat — And Lived to See His Lullaby On Broadway

Joe Strummer shows Louise what The Clash do to people who insult them.

By LOUISE BOLLOTON

The winner of NME's Insult The Clash competition spills the sordid secrets of her week with the band to ADRIAN THRILLS

THE GREAT AMERICAN CLASHBURGER!

DOWN THE AVENUE so fine they came, they saw and now they are back to tell the tale.

The tale of a week on Broadway with the Clash City Rockers, seen through the eyes of *NME's* twenty-year-old magnificent insulter Louise Bolloton and her Edinburgh flatmate Liz Farnworth.

The two Scottish lasses Lou and Liz arrived back at *NME* Central last week, jaded, jobless and jetlagged. Still sporting their 'Sandinista!' T-shirts, they were full of anecdotes from their eight-day stay in New York City, where they saw The Clash successfully negotiate the first six nights of their three-week stint at Bond's nightclub in Times Square and a lot more besides.

This is their story. These are their views . . .

ON THE CLASH AS PEOPLE

"I'D SPOKEN to Joe once before," says Lou, who has followed the group since the White Riot tour in 1977. "But Mick and Paul were probably the friendliest towards the two of us. Topper spoke to us a couple of times, but he seemed to be out of his brain most of the time. They seemed to be exhausted (Erhem! — Jaded Ed) a lot of the time. Mick was saying that he was going to take a long holiday as soon as all the dates were done.

"Their whole operation just seems to be run on chaos all the time. But you get the feeling that nothing would actually get done if things weren't chaotic all the time. I think Kosmo Vinyl (Clash personal assistant, press officer and loudmouth) helps to keep the whole thing together. A lot of the time he seems really out of it, but he is really on the ball all the time."

ON THE CLASH AS THE CLASH

"I THINK a lot of the stick they get from the punks in Britain is really unjustified. "They have stuck to a lot of their principles, like not doing *Top Of The Pops* and stuff like that. A lot of people think they've sold out, but when they tour in Britain, every night is always completely packed.

"They probably get an older audience than they used to, but that's fair enough. They can't go on playing 'White Riot' for the next twenty years. I think 'Sandinista!' is really good. A lot of people don't like it, but it is really different from anything they have done before. They've branched out and experimented and you're lost unless you are willing to change like that. It would be boring if they didn't change. I don't think Joe really wants to end up like Francis Rossi.

ON NEW YORK CITY

"IT WAS GREAT," says Liz. "It's a very fast city. You can go out any time of day and there will be something going on. We spent a bit of time with Don Letts while he was whizzing around town filming for a documentary he's doing on the city, so we saw quite a lot that way.

"We didn't feel that much of *the heaviness*, but we nearly got beaten up once, on Broadway. We were taking photos of some buildings, but this black guy thought we were photographing him! He started screaming his head off, so we just whizzed off down the street. Paranoia set in for about thirty blocks after that!"

The girls even ventured up into Harlem, the place where every white face is an invitation to robbery.

"The Clash's road manager, who is black, took us up there in the car. There were just no white faces there at all. He didn't take us in any further than about six blocks. It was really grim. The state are putting no money into it, so most of the blocks of houses are just decaying.

"But the whole city is pretty seedy, apart from the uptown area where all the expensive shops are. The roads are all in a terrible state and there's rubbish lying all over the place, piles of trashcans in the road."

ON THE NEW YORK CLASH AUDIENCE

"THEY ARE nowhere near as wild as an English or Scottish audience," says Louise. "And their attitude to the support groups was crap, really very bad. The Clash were really pissed off because a lot of their support groups went down really badly.

"The Clash were upset. A lot of the audience were obviously pretty racist and a lot of them were really thick too.

"There were also a lot of liggers back in the dressing room after the show. At least when people go into the groups' dressing rooms in Britain, they are not afraid to talk to the band and even tell them that the show was crap.

"But in New York, they just giggle and look embarrassed, drink the dressing room beer and don't even bother to go and talk to them. The only people that talked to the group backstage were the road crew and their girlfriends."

ON CLASH MANAGER BERNIE RHODES

"THE FIRST night that we were in New York, Bernie took us out to a club, the Peppermint Lounge, and also on a mystery tour along Broadway, by the *scenic* route. He was really obnoxious to us, gave us a real grilling.

"None of the road crew seem to like him much either. It seems the only people who really like him are Strummer and his girlfriend Gabby."

ON THE SLITS

LOUISE WAS left totally unimpressed with the show put up by The Slits on the two nights on which they provided the main support act.

"They were just abominable!

"I remember seeing them about four years ago when they couldn't play, but they gave out a really good feeling. They were shit hot then. But now Ari Up is just thoroughly obnoxious.

"And she's really condescending to black people when she calls herself a Rasta. Rasta is a black people's religion, based on Africa being the spiritual home of the black race, and that has got nothing to do with her. She is white and half-German! I find her attitude really objectionable."

ON THEIR SAFE EUROPEAN HOME

BACK HOME in Edinburgh, Louise and Liz get out to local gigs when they can, in between trying to find work. So what do they think of musical happenings back home?

"Things are very diverse at the moment," says Liz, who follows The Ruts, Gen X, funk and Spandau Ballet. "But the New Romantic thing is getting really boring. There are a few kids in Edinburgh who dress really well, but most of them are just copyists."

So are the pair keen to get back out to Manhattan again sometime?

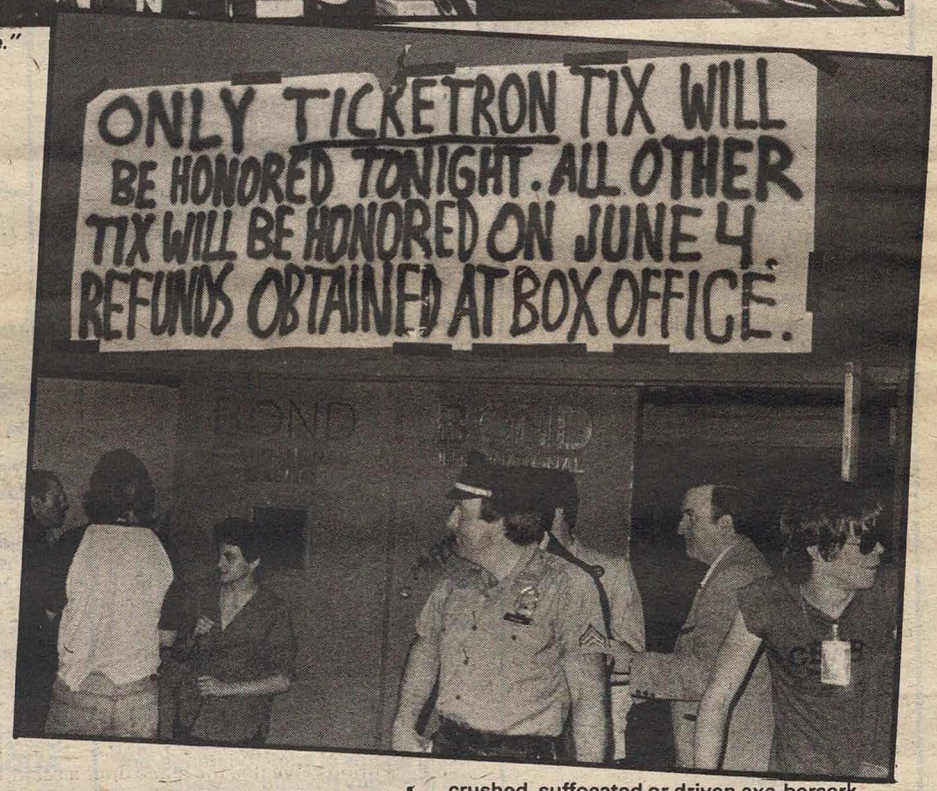
"I'd love to. I don't think I'd want to see many other places in the States, but as soon as I've got enough money, I think I'd like to go back out to New York.

"I could probably even live there . . . for two years anyway. After that I'd want to come back home."

Hank Hanks (second left), runner-up in the insult The Clash comp, reminds Paul Simonon of his Magnificent Insult. "Blow it our your ass, limesucker."

● *Overleaf: Mick Farren sees The Clash take on the cowboys*

Clash at Bonds press conference. L-R: Kosmo, Joe, Paul, Nicky, Mick. "Uh, sorry Yoshi — no funnies please." Right: Tix pic courtesy of Topix.



How The Clash Fed The Wonderbread Generation, Made The Mountain Come To Mohammed — And Other Miracles

KOSMO VINYL shoots both fists heavenward, for all the world like a man who had just scored for West Ham at Wembley.

"I got the news on every channel! I got the news on every channel! I conned them all. I told them all that they were going to get an exclusive and then I stitched them all up!"

Bernie Rhodes may be back as The Clash's manager, but Kosmo is their conscience and one of their greatest psychic protectors. Right at this particular moment Kosmo is ecstatic over the fact that each of New York's seven major TV channels has run a substantial Clash item on their early evening news shows. The fact that, at the moment in question, The Clash may not be able to play in New York at all doesn't cause him a second's pause. There's nothing Kosmo likes better than the reckless danger of being a rock and roll Indian on the cowboys' own turf. Jerking the electronic media seems a fine prank.

In fact, The Clash are jerking around the whole of New York. They have arrived in the middle of a mini-British invasion. PiL, The Jam, U2, Teardrop Explodes and The Fall have all been through town in roughly the same timespace, but nobody has made anything like the same impact. The others are just rock and roll bands. The Clash, by a sweet combination of ignorance, arrogance, deviousness and plain blind luck, have become, if not a cause, at least a major talking point.

For a while, it seemed as though no British band was going to be able to top the PiL outrage of being bottled off the stage of the Ritz and then asked to play a return engagement. Then the Clash turned up in town, created two mini riots on Times Square, got themselves four solid days of saturation media coverage and, by the time the band has finished its New York stint, they will have played to some 32,000 punters.

The original idea was for The Clash to play an extended US tour. The usual gruelling round of 32 cities in 34 days or what have you. Unfortunately Epic, the band's massively corporate US label, refused, for their own reasons — reasons they don't want to reveal — to underwrite the tour financially.

The only other alternative was to play an extended season in a city like New York. Instead of taking the show to the fans, it was decided to bring the fans to the show. As Joe Strummer put it at the very first press conference before all the trouble started, "It's like the fans are going on tour instead of us, the mountain's coming to Mohammed."

The venue chosen for this Clash spectacular was a place called Bonds International Casino. Up until a few months ago Bonds had been a predominantly gay disco with lavish lighting effects, dancing fountains and a Flash Gordon staircase that bombards anyone walking up or down it with a frenzy of lights and tweeting sub-Eno electronics.

The main problem about Bonds is that the place is situated slap in the middle of Times Square, which is pretty much America's epicentre of vice, vulture shock, sleaze and dark doorway vampirism.

Bonds' initial intention was to add a couple of thousand star spangled funksters to the midnight mess.

Unfortunately, it didn't quite work out that way. When disco failed, Bonds tried to stay in business by turning to live rock and roll. They ripped out the more lavish effects. The dancing fountains went and a stage was erected in their place. The first attempts were fairly modest, Burning Spear and The Dead Kennedys' New York debuts. Crowds increased when they presented The Ramones and later The Plasmatics with their exploding car. Booking The Clash for eight days straight looked, on the surface, like a move that would not only fit exactly with the band's needs but also put Bonds firmly on the map as one of the pre-eminent rock joints in the city.

What The Clash didn't know was that New York was in the midst of a rock club war. Over the past 18 months, far too many people had the bright idea that the way to make a million dollars was by opening a rock nightspot. Everyone except those involved knew the tide had to turn.

Since the start of the year, attrition has set in. The cavernous Heat, the chic and trendy Rock Lounge and the Anglophile and long-established Hurrah have all closed. Others will undoubtedly follow. None of the other owners and promoters wanted to see Bonds pulling huge crowds right in the middle of town.

The real physical capacity of the ex-disco is around 4,000. That's the number that can be crammed in without their either being crushed, suffocated or driven axe-berserk crazy. The legal limit is 1,750. That's the number of people who can get out of the place in the event of fire.

Like most other New York clubs, Bonds sold tickets for The Clash up to and probably beyond the real physical capacity. Unlike other clubs, though, Bonds got caught. During the opening show the Fire Department received an anonymous tip. The firemen arrived just before the end of The Clash's set. The fire chief wanted to pull the plugs on the band but relented when Kosmo pointed out that if he did, the crowd were highly likely to rip the place to bits.

The Clash were allowed one encore, then the lights came on and the nightclub was cleared. The following day Bonds was informed that if they exceeded the legal limit on one more occasion they'd be closed. On the day after that the Building Commissioner also got in on the act and for 24 hours Bonds was actually shut down. Then, in the full glare of the local media, a compromise was reached. The shows could go on but not to more than 1,750 punters.

Unfortunately, something in the region of 4,000 tickets had been sold for each of The Clash's eight shows. The band, finding themselves caught in the middle of all this nonsense, decided that there was only one ethical course. They would add enough dates so everyone who has a ticket will get a chance to see a show. This means they will play a total of 16 days at Bonds.

It's a rugged stint, particularly for Joe Strummer's voice, following on a European tour. Doubling their expenses also means they take a financial loss. In order to reschedule the extra dates, Bonds are forced to blow out a date by The Stranglers and Gary Glitter's US opening.

Pictures by JOE STEVENS

By MICK FARREN

The winner of NME's Flatter The Clash competition checks out the ramifications when an English band's world is at Bonds

IT SEEMS like everyone and their uncle now comes on stage to the strains of some stirring prerecorded tape. For The Clash in New York it's Hugo Montenegro's title theme from *For A Few Dollars More*. This spaghetti western opus is not only ironic, but for me it has the right touch of melodramatic, trashy bravado.

I figure if they had motorcycle gangs in the Soviet Union, The Clash are pretty much what they would look like. Jones is spiderlike in black, Strummer in a red, sawn-down Levi jacket, Simonon stone-faced in leather pants and a T-shirt, Topper stripped to the waist.

The particular show I'm talking about is the fourth into their NY stint. The opening night had been hot, crowded and, despite the fact that the audience had gone quite bananas, the band had been inclined to ernie about. At the end of normally taut, tight tunes they seemed unable to resist the temptation to fall into lengthy dub grooves, some of which were interesting, others just plain dull. Someone behind me whispered, "Jesus, they want to be The Grateful Dead when they grow up."

Four days in, though, The Clash are firmly on their feet. It's been a while since I've seen them, and the thing that's most noticeable is the stature they've gained. They've matured and they've acquired a definite authority. Where once they were enthusiastic but ragged and all over the place, they are now tight, tough and confident.

While Joe Strummer will never be a bel canto singer, he's learned to work extraordinarily well within his limitations and, when there's a danger of his faltering, he gets more than adequate vocal support from the other three.

Jones has become a passingly nifty guitar player with a pleasingly eclectic style that spans influences from JA to rockabilly as well as straight-ahead post-Chuck Berry knocking it out. In addition, he has gained a number of electronic toys including a pair of heavily gizmoed rototoms to keep us amused during the dub sequences. While Jones, with a mile-long guitar lead, leaps and bounces over the whole stage, Simonon, impassive as ever, sticks to his slot at stage right except when he fronts the band for the now topically prophetic (if slightly overstaged) 'Guns Of Brixton'.

The real surprise, though, is Topper Headon. Rock steady is a grossly overused cliche, but it fits so well. He lays down the foundation rhythm for The Clash with a dependability that can't be beat.

High points in the show include 'Ivan Meets GI Joe', the vintage 'Career Opportunities', the Vince Taylor classic 'Brand New Cadillac', Strummer's traditional 'Junco Partner' and the newie 'This Is Radio Clash'. It's a long show, just short of two hours, and after all the grief of standing in line, switching dates and exchanging tickets, the audience isn't stinted.

There's more, however, than just the sum total of the songs. I used the word authority earlier and figure it's still about the most descriptive. There's an air about the band, an aura if you like. The only bands that have it are the ones who, barring accidents and lame-brain screw ups, are destined to be very, very big.

CERTAINLY THE Yanks seem to feel this is true. They want The Clash in the worst possible way. It's mid-afternoon on the sidewalk outside Bonds and a young woman is complaining into a TV camera. She has come down from Boston only to find that her ticket is now good for a show some eight days later.

"I mean, I can't come back next week. I already spent over two hundred dollars so far, what with the drugs and everything."

A woman with matted frizzy hair, the kind of skimpy outfit that Rolling Stones tour groupies wore in 1975, is offering to strip in order to raise the money for a ticket off a tout. She's clearly on the verge of hysteria. There was a time when loud, demented, star-fucker obsessives were simply a part of the rock and roll tapestry, but since Hinckley and Chapman they are treated with a little more care.

Nonetheless, the combination of boobs and high emotion attracts both the cops and the TV crews who have been camped on the block ever since Bonds' troubles started. It is, after all, New York's biggest punk rock fiasco since Sid stuck the knife into Nancy. The woman shrieks into a proffered microphone: "I should have backstage passes for every show!"

Even inside the club there are elements of the kind of hysteria that used to be the preserve of The Rolling Stones. In the space of one session of hanging out after the show, I encounter a woman handing around a nifty little nitrous oxide inhaler; Pearl Harbour, who's been hired by The Clash to DJ their shows' is spiked with acid and has to be taken to Bellevue Hospital; I also have my tape machine stolen.

Part of the problem is that America seems to need a big, bold, badass rock and roll band. For some reason they're unable to produce one for themselves.

Basically, The Rolling Stones' old slot is going begging after they lost it by being too old, too tired and too disco dreary. The contenders are not impressive. Jim Carroll doesn't have what it takes; The Dictators never made it and were ugly to boot; Johnny Thunders was too low-rent and The Dead Boys couldn't hold it together. Not even in America are Ted Nugent's carnivore capers seen as anything but strictly for laffs. The slot is definitely open and, if not the whole of America, at least New York seems anxious to shoehorn The Clash into it.

Mick Jones is not altogether happy with the situation.

"A couple of years ago it was never even on the cards for us to come here."

The Clash are clearly not convinced about this eager US audience. The American kids seem into icons where the band is into iconoclasm. The American kids are, apart from a few sore-thumb loonies, docile and pre-programmed. From where The Clash are standing it's not only the band who has to prove itself. The crowd has to do it too.

So far the crowd hasn't done too good a job. By far the largest majority have come to see a hard rock show but they don't give a tinker's cuss about The Clash's leftist principles or third world connections. They have come for their money's worth and nothing more.

When pro-El Salvador leaflets cascade from the roof, the audience grabs for them eagerly only to discard them when they find out that they're not free gifts. As Strummer puts it, "We play music that, hopefully, not only gets people dancing but makes them think while they're dancing."

Unfortunately, America is not thinking. Already there have been displays of the Bonds audience's thick-ear conservatism. They've been given the support acts, mainly chosen by The Clash themselves, as hard a hard time as any opener at a brute ignorant HM fest. First and worst victims were Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five, one of the city's hottest rap acts. Their talkover funk interplay was clearly too much for three quarters of the crowd, white, Wonderbread-fed, post-Travolta kids from the suburbs. To them, rap is the anthem of the ghettos, the music of the kids with whom they fight in high school. The Furious Five flee the stage after a scant 15 minutes in a hail of garbage and Dixie cups. (Fortunately Bonds doesn't serve its over-priced beer in bottles.)

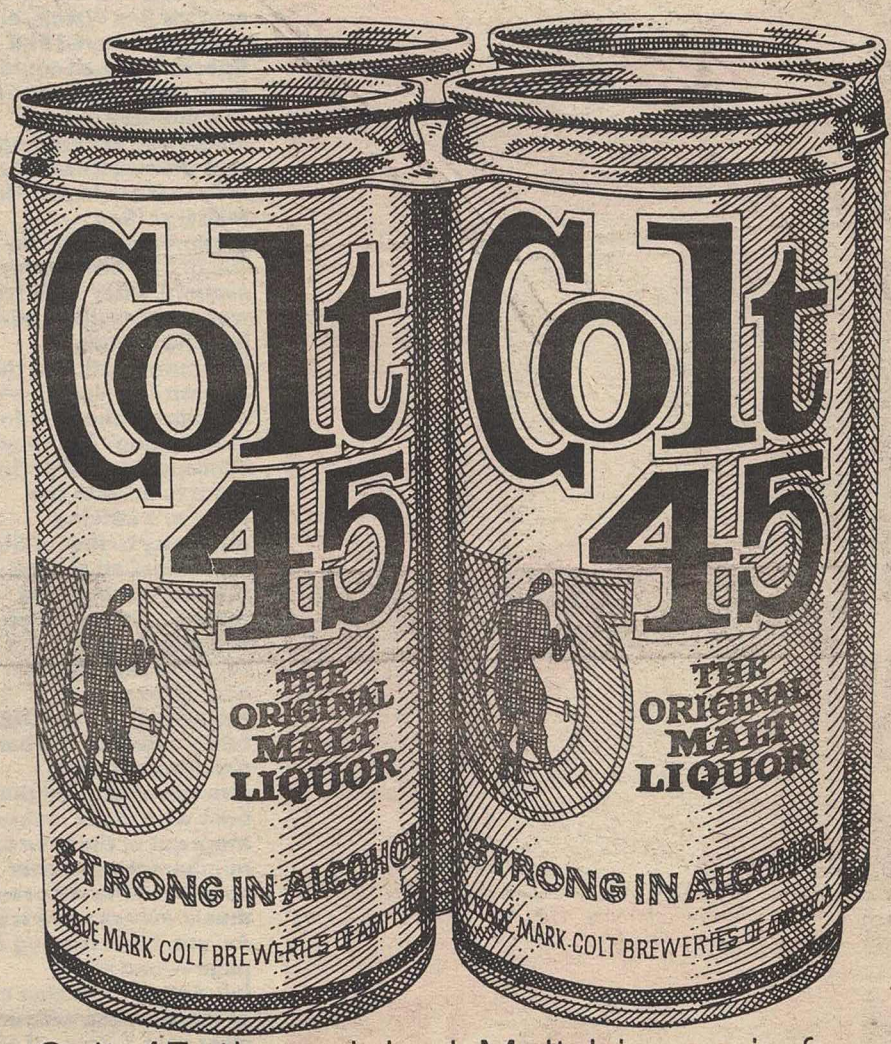
They have one final shot: "We've played a lot of places to a lot of faces, but we've never seen shit like this."

It was a similar incident to the one on the previous tour when toaster Mikey Dread was booed off the stage at the Palladium. Other support bands haven't fared much better. ESG, a multi-ethnic band from the South Bronx got the hook from the hooligans when they opened the Friday show, and even The Slits found themselves experiencing something of a negative response. Funkapolitan, on the other hand, despite doing rap material, were almost acclaimed. The final irony was that the most popular support with the mob turned out to be Siren, an all-female hard rock band not a million miles from heavy metal.

"It's disgusting, it's so fucking narrow-minded. I mean, it's an insult to us

● *Continues page 61*

The stars en famille: Joe and Gabriel, Mick and Ellen



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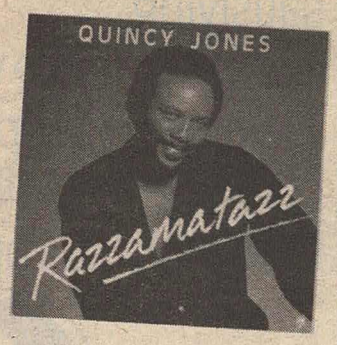
SINGLES

Before this week's column begins I want you all to shape and take stock of yourselves. Now then. Does it occur to you that in the list of hopeful 45 flotsam below there is every chance of there being another Beatles, another Sex Pistols, an as yet undiscovered Phil Spector? Indeed could it be that we're on the verge of stumbling onto an embryo so astounding that their success may eclipse that of even Pink Military? (See Monumental *NME* tip-offs 'Hats on The Cover', section). After all, is it not true that resulting from but one fleeting recommendation in this column The Negatives manager's phone didn't stop ringing? (Although, I concede this had perhaps more to do with the number's striking proximity to that of Star Cars Mini Cab service. On the first few calls the manager, in confusion, actually took his band round to the required addresses and, as requested, 'pumped up twice outside'. The band, unhappy with this arrangement, fired their boss who today makes more out of these wrong numbers than he ever could've done with rock music. Where were we?) As, yes. So in reading this page — and all its infuriating turns that one of these weeks will run clear past *T-Zers* — I ask you to make solid notes. If a record is recommended — buy it. If one is derided then physically attack anyone stocking such an item. You will find courts of law are very lenient on ABH cases that involve bad records. Right that's it — let's see what these monkeys are offering this week. . .



QUINCY JONES
Razzamatazz (A&M)

"Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me." So said William G. Wrapping shortly before the sign fell from outside W. H. Smith and crushed him to death. The lesson being that you can survive being christened Quincy and still become a millionaire. Well, here all the gang are assembled that so successfully made 'Off The Wall' the deca-platinum seller it became — the world's second largest island remaining mysteriously quiet — all except Michael Jackson. That may sound a bit like saying that the royal wedding went off without a hitch except for Lady Di's sudden asphyxiation, but no, because Quince has drafted in Patti Austin to vocalise and a jolly fine job she does too in assimilating the tone and phrasing of 'mad' Mick. (In fact it is she that duets with him on 'Falling In Love' on 'Off The Wall' and, even there, you can't hear the joins). 'Razzamatazz' is a great chart hit and I play it disgustingly regularly. So do/will the radios in Great Britain.

BITS & PIECES
Don't Stop The Music (Island)

This is not the Bits & Pieces who made the magnificent original of the tepid 'Stars On 45' chart smash hit bonanza. No, no. This is obscure, shy Sly Dunbar and Robbie 'burns' Shakespeare fooling around with the recent colossus from Yarborough & Peoples. (Slide rules and plumb-lines will be distributed to those who're having difficulties keeping up with this tangle). There is, of course, a vicious school of thought that maintains that Shakespeare has all his bass lines done for him by Sir Whoozit Bacon and that Rab is getting false credit here. Maybe so. But shouldn't we *really* be concerning ourselves with how good the drum effects are on side one and how powerful and loyal a version this is, having a firm grasp on the dynamics of the original whilst doing enough to establish it as an interpretation in its own right, rather than sling mud at a fine musician and utter cheap demeaning accusations about his relationship with a writer who's been dead this last three hundred years? OK, so side two is a dope-ridden bore of boring straight drumming, but at least they didn't do a *reggae* version did they? So let's forget gutter press gossip and all join together to (cont. at fifth upturned crate along Hyde Park Corner, Sunday week) . . .

ROBERT PALMER
Not A Second Time (Island)

There were two good tracks on his last album. This is the third single. A sordid HM version of the Beatles forerunner to 'I Will Survive' only worth hearing for a dynamic moment in the first chorus when Rob is required to sing the word 'wondering' in a note some four octaves above his normal hi-tension point. The resulting noise is akin only to that of pumice stone slipping through wet washing up gloves at speed.

PETER TOSH
Nothing But Love (Rolling Stone)

Tosh in the dictionary means 'rubbish' and there's an awful temptation to conclude that you can't fight city hall. The five minutes this twelve inch runs amount to one tremendous play out groove, free forming ad-libs and the musicians not quite knowing how far to take liberties with the tune. The drawback is that there ain't no tune to start with so everyone bounces about hoping to hit the same phrase twice and, recognising it, establish a chorus. This never happens. The track is a shambles. Moral: Write things down first.

BOBBY THURSTON
Very Last Drop (Epic)

Unable to follow up his excellent 'Check Out This Groove' Bob enters a George Benson territory in search of the charts. Sadly Bobby doesn't have Quincy 'Yeah that's my name, silly ain't it' Jones sitting on the other side of the recording console. Neither does he have Georgie's voice or style, nor Rod Temperton writing his numbers, nor his following. All in all, we can surmise that Bobby Thurston is not George Benson. (This may help the 'phone company when they mail out their bills). Vulgar lyrics too.

THIRD WORLD
Dancin' On The Floor (CBS)

Something about Third World's sound impresses me. Although they only ever have one tune — which is 100% more than some artists; see Tosh, Peter — their vocals are energetic enough to carry them through to the inevitable, but enjoyable, percussion breakdown sequence. The only reason this might hit though is if the public feel particularly nostalgic for 'Now That We Found Love' and settle for this as a touchstone. Futurists will pass seeing as this band represent a state some twenty-eight worlds ago.

THE GIFTED CHILDREN
Painting By Numbers (Whaam)

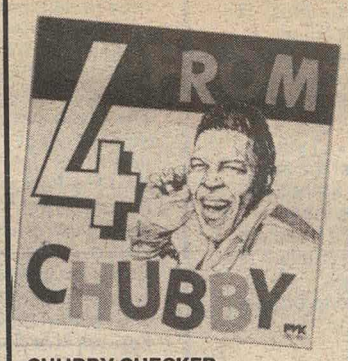
Dippy late sixties style lament produced on a shoestring and, possibly, by one.

LOVELY PREVIN
From A to B (Secret)

Lovely Previn is the daughter of conductor Andre. (All gags about lightning and bus routes are strictly low rent here). Andre obviously thought Lovely was a great idea for a name in the same way as Mr & Mrs Jones were mesmerised by the possibilities of Quincy. The single is a dated rock format — including, help, violin — that does just enough in production to qualify for being made in the last five years. From A to B and back again by the dull route.

HAMBI & THE DANCE
Too Late To Fly The Flag (Virgin)

We're definitely going back. No Teardrop Explodes records this week but The Gifted Children and Hambi here certainly wish there was. All sweet vocals and tinkling glockenspiels. Just gentle folk doing what they know best and making pretty music for you and me. Gyyuk! I have a theory about years that end in odd numbers that one day I shall explode on the world.



CHUBBY CHECKER
4 From Chubby (PVK)

Unremarkable reissue other than it includes a rotten version of 'Do The Hucklebuck' that prompted me to once again throw away my hucklebuck shoes. Chubby, of course, is far happier today as relaxed Bobby Thurston who, as science has proved, is not George Benson.

EYELESS IN GAZA
Invisibility (Cherry Red)

This is the sort of record I advised about in the preamble. Any judge worth his wig would impose but a meagre fine on any upstanding citizen provoked into assault by the sight of stores stocking this. A really hep JP would sentence the store manager. And Justice Hyram Widths, I know for a fact, would order the *band* detained at her Majesty's Pleasure. Let's hope we never get Eyeless on the wyless. (Last sentence entered for Eurovision Howler Festival. Placed 17th).

WAH!
Forget The Down! (Eternal)

A bombastic sound that appears to succeed because of the push and rush tactics it hammers at us. I'll never play it again. Interesting to see that their publishing company is called 'Call This Music' so the chaps must anticipate public uproar at this 'revolutionary' sound. It's just the sort of thing you'd expect if a clutch of modern musicians bundle into a studio. Wild, something to say, both eyes on being more left field than conventional pop while insisting that what they do is so commercial that the major companies deny kids access to it. It comes and goes. I'll never listen to it again.

DEPARTMENT S
Left Right (Stiff)

The S gets to stand for Stranglers as production rules the day in an otherwise drab song. Vaughn Toulouse will have to liven his vocals up a bit if this band are to be remembered for something other than stealing a Monty Python sketch title. (See 'Is Vic There' from 'Matching Tie and Handkerchief', Charisma CAS 1080).

BAD MANNERS
Can-Can (Magnet)

A Nightclub in Paris. Pierre entered the bar. Taking the onions from around his neck he settled into a seat where he could observe all. Onstage, Bad Manners were running through a pointless instrumental version of France's own 'Let's All Do The Conga'. They were to release it as a single. "They must be pushing their luck," he thought. Over in one corner sat De Gaulle and Piaff discussing the correct usage of the word 'weekend'. (De Gaulle thought it meant Thursday lunch time). Against the Mirror sat Degas infuriated that Magritte wouldn't turn round and face him. While over by the juke-box Toulouse stood angry. The *NME* had suggested he alter his vocal style. "The bastards . . ."

TANTRA
The Hills Of Katmandu (Automatic)

A moogy sub disco plod of the kind employed by any half-decent hair-spray or crumbly chocolate bar commercial with one eye on the 'teenage market'. Vocals possibly by Fenella Fielding.

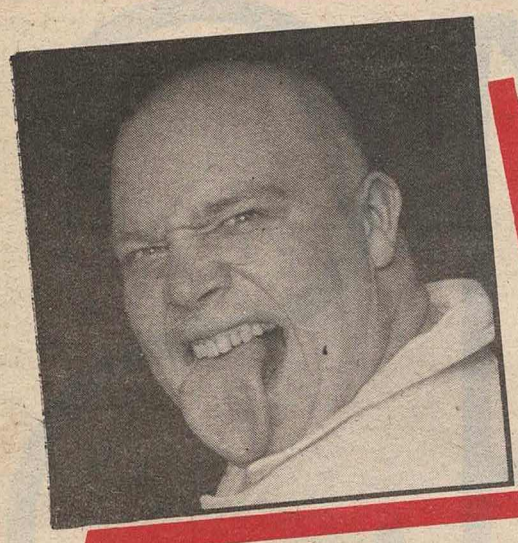
KLYMAXX
The Power Of A Woman (Solar)

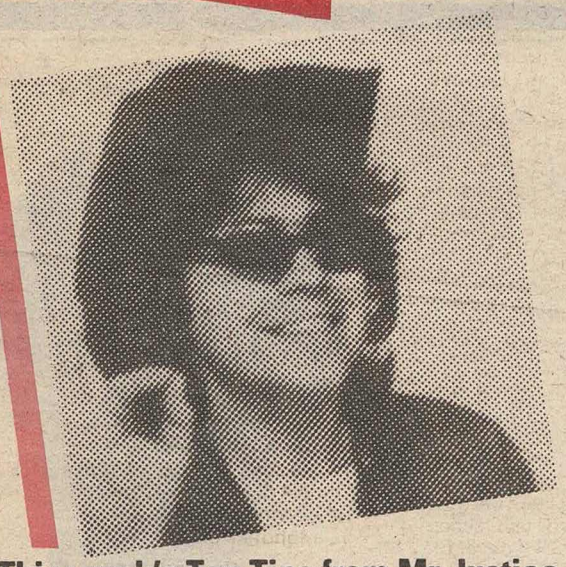
Solar, who probably have more hits than most larger labels, (probably), always fall flat when they allow groups a bit of freedom. As long as Leon Silvers and Dick Griffey are in command things are fine but whenever a band starts doing things themselves — Lakeside, Midnight Star and now Klymaxx — the results are ugly. This is an ugly funker. Like the name chaps — think of that one yourselves?

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS
Just For Tonight (Virgin)

Once more a rock band reaches back to a time when it thinks it understood the pop market — this time slow and epic Spector — hoping that the 'intelligent' singles buyer will recognise the references and buy sensibly. Well see here, there are no 'sensible' and 'intelligent' singles buyers, just us mug-punters hollering and belting about like chickens with our heads cut off. *We* make up the charts. Anyhow, Holly has one of the worst voices I ever heard and on this sounds like people do when they try and sing along with the headphones on.

Continued page 61

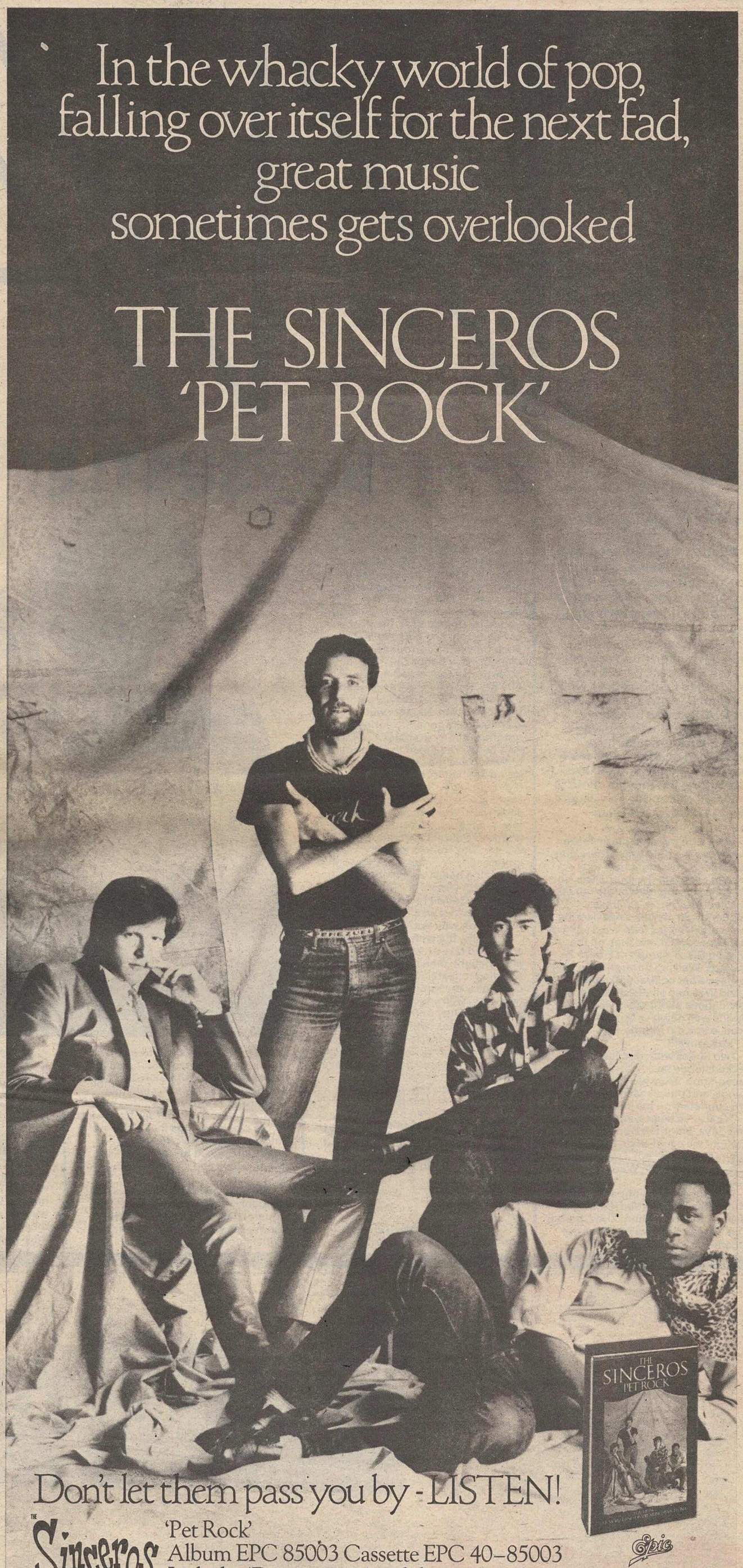




This week's Top Tips from Mr Justice (Danny Baker).

In the whacky world of pop,
falling over itself for the next fad,
great music
sometimes gets overlooked.

THE SINCEROS
'PET ROCK'



Don't let them pass you by - LISTEN!

THE Sinceros
'Pet Rock'
Album EPC 85003 Cassette EPC 40–85003
Includes 'Disappearing' and the new single 'Memory Lane'

Epic

WAS

A SUBTLE FABRICATION

NO TOYOTAS in this car park, bro'. Outside Detroit's Wolverine Raceway, Lincoln Continentals, Corvettes and Cadillacs, still imperially masive, oddly sculptured fetishes to European eyes, park in army formation. Present wheels! So many cars.

Walk through the turnstile, pick up your form and special Detroit Racetrack pencil, and head out to the horseflesh with Don and David Was of Was (Not Was). Now these boys are handling the situation pretty well: alien journalists have descended on their home town, and they've done nothing like this before. But they've dared to dream of this sudden onslaught of fame all of the 15 years they've worked together.

If you're in the right place, make sure it's at the right time. There may be no next time. Right now they have to entertain the journalists, so it's either the big fight or the horses.

Wheel Me Out, — a phrase frequently on my lips since hearing the seductive Was (Not Was) song of that name on 12" and then on the 'Mutant Disco' sampler LP from Ze Records. Walking through the crowd to place a bet on Brave Skipper — David Was had all the computer calculations about races won and bloods well down — Donald Was spots some old friends.

"Hey, guys!"

Two dudes with processed hair slicked lightly back, grin in recognition. They walk over, shake hands, and thump each other affectionately on the shoulders.

"Yeah, I've been wanting to see you guys, enthuses Donald. "I thought we could all go in the studio again. See — I've got a record deal now. Goin' through Warner Brothers."

The name had an impact at once. The dudes look startled, for a split second, envious. Then: "Hey, blood, that's great. Sure we're gonna get together." Pages are torn from form-books, numbers exchanged.

Donald is very glad to see those men. He recalls when they all worked together in '78; the dudes were half of what was claimed as "the only Black New Wave band in the world", The Niggers. The description comes from a handout issued by Donald Was, then known as Fagenson, and his partner Jack Tann (now the co-producer with them on their debut Ze LP). It advertised a tour called the Motor City Revue, featuring The Niggers ("trading off the explosive nature of their name, The Niggers will automatically generate curiosity, notoriety and excitement . . ."), The Pigs (who "redefined the boundaries of New Wave music") and a combo called The Traitors. Of the latter, the hand-out says: "Lead vocalist Prez Fagenson paces the stage like a caged lion, taunting his audience into a mesmerized frenzy . . . in the words of Detroit rock critic, David Weiss: 'The Traitors are the most emotionally draining and thoroughly entertaing band I've experienced in the last ten years'."

Former Detroit rock critic David Weiss was (not was) David Was of now. If not, why not?

Uneasily, but with resolution, Don and David take one step forward into the limelight, then two steps back, deciding to foster the illusion created by their music — that these two witty, well educated family men, sons of wealthy middle-class, cultured homes (white, Jewish) are actually black ghetto funksters whose suss, savvy and sass it strictly street wise. The old patriarchal slave name was the first thing to go — anyway, David's family name was Bially at the turn of this century when his granfather, an anarchist, fled the Tsar's anti-Semitic pogroms in Russia and arrived in America. Names are (should be) the kind of label tag that easily slip on and off.

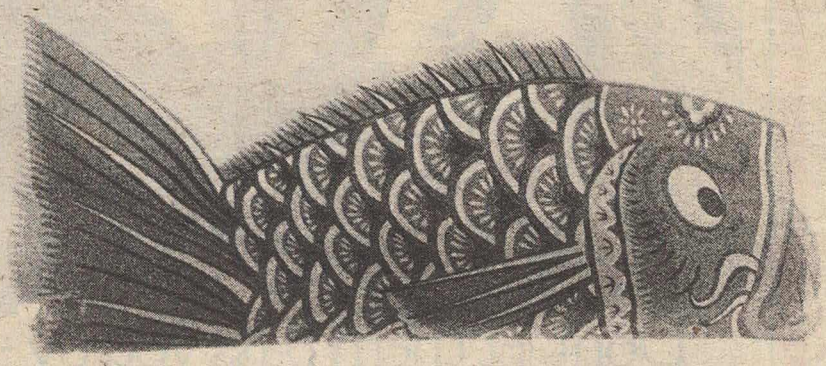
WAS (NOT WAS) are pretty funny guys, but it's the kind of humour that needs you to *be there* — off-the-cuff, lots of one-liners, a fair amount of schizo stuff, like David suddenly dead-panning into this incongruous rap while staring out of a car window at the passer-by: "A lot of the whacky things these kids are into — the long hair, the beads — that's all difficult for us to swallow. But this love and peace — we *go* for that!"

Time slip, persona slip — yes, you probably had to be there (or be square). I wish I'd been there when the Wases was in John Sinclair's White Panthers around the late '60s, early 70s. The time they painted their faces red, white and blue and stood outside their High School during the Vietnam Mortorium — when everyone was supposed to go on strike in protest against the war — yelling, Going to school today is like eating soldiers with Nixon!

Even then, their talents were defined: Don, the energetic entrepreneur of the two (David's the writer, Don's the main music man) had the *Washington Post* and the wire services down there, as well as the local press. Around the same time, they went in to see the Principal, and asked him to close down the school. He just wrung his hands and said, "I can't *do* that, boys!"

David Was: "The memory of that isn't so much the thrill of the theatre, as chickens with their heads cut off. Kids, not knowing how to have an impact. They had to participate somehow, but they weren't raised in an ideological fervour like Continental kids who really saw the progression of the Left . . . I think the toughest thing is to be political and American at the same time.

"We've enjoyed the grace of the



colin newman provisionaly entitled the singing fish 4ad

NOT WAS OF THE NORM

Imagine Vivien Goldman's surprise to discover that the brains behind Ze's hottest American soul act are not black but two nice middle class Jewish boys.

aftermath of the most fruitful period; raised in the post-war years, in the age of bounty, more housing than ever — what was it we had to rail against? It was definitely something to be raised in the '50s, with the mythology of the fall-out shelter — watching film strips about how much distilled water to have in the shelter, and to have a knife or two to fend off the neighbours when they come by, thirsty . . ."

Don: "The generation of people who grew up in the late '50s and early '60s had that Cold War thing. You really believed that any day the Russians were going to come over and bomb us . . ."

Apparently this early paranoia injection is still relevant: Don and Dave might have been goofing at the Survivalists' Convention in our Detroit Hotel, but nobody else was.

The Survivalists are people who predict an abrupt change in the social order very soon; in the face of the anticipated apocalype, extreme right wing representatives of the Moral Majority rub shoulders with dreadlocked, daishiki'd African Communists, with gentle long-haired hippies from communes in the mountains, burly types in army fatigues who look like squares are the last thing they'd want to bash. There's merchandising of all sorts, from water purifiers to camouflage T-shirts, British National Front pamphlets, a book called *Techniques Of Harassment Volumes 1-3* teaching you how to be your own mercilessly hounding FBI, *How To Kill Volume 1* by John Minnery, another book called *Quick Or Dead*, vegetarian health food cook books, and guns, guns, guns . . . all laid out you'd expect to see them at a Women's Institute sale.

As David had said the day before, "Things are falling apart a bit more than they were a decade ago, or last time there was talk of the Apocalypse. It looks like this one's for real. People are looking for the wilfully perverse, the twist. I think a certain indolence is over on people's part — in the last few years, something's crashed, and people look to music for a reflection . . ."

"Like little Michael on his motorcycle / With leather pants and a leather brain / He ain't never been the same since Vietnam / Keeps his heart locked up in a vest / And his eyes inside his shoes / doesn't ever want to lose them in a fight / You never know what might go down tonight . . ." — 'Out Come The Freaks'

WAS (NOT WAS) wrap round lots of cultures, climates and moods. Most of the songs were written over the phone between Detroit, and Los Angeles, where David had moved to work as a jazz critic for papers such as the *Los Angeles Herald*. There's a small hut where David shuts himself off and smokes lots of pot (it's just about legal there) to write these surreal words. As you might expect, Was (Not Was) quote Beckett, Ionesco and the Marx Bros as influences; those generation jumpers.

Was (Not Was) slot right into the Mutant Disco category; musically they're far from weird, encompassing heavy-duty funk, disco with heart — as you'd expect from a town such as Detroit with a history of heartfull music. Using some way-out free-soaring horns, and suitably lethal bass, Was (Not Was) have patently partaken of the dub feast — it's *forward* dance music, disparately put together with many overdubs by musicians (including ex-MC5er Wayne Kramer) who often never even met.

Since they were about 12 (they're both in their late 20s now), Dave and Don have been messing about with two-track; David jokes that Donald can plot his age on a graph in relation to the amount of tracks he's had access to. Thus, like Lee Perry and the early Flying Lizards, ingenuity replaces technology — Was (Not Was) used to scratch the head of the microphone instead of drums, for example.

Like Clinton's P-Funk, the Was (Not Was) album creates a wide-vista, ensemble sound expanse by lavish use of different voices — assertive choruses of women (including some Brides Of Funkenstein), dramatic declamations from men and women, all kinds of singing voices. On the original demo version of 'Wheel Me Out' (still illicitly circulating on cassette) the sound is pretty batty, definitely of the plinky-plonk experimental school. David's mad scientist German accent spooked folks at Ze so much that his mum, a radio actress, was called in to emote the weird words on the official release *(I am a former scientist now on wheels . . . and then I was discouraged by you . . .")*. Mrs Weiss sounds kinda kooky herself, but as the whole party package has been tidied up into orderly, if empassioned funk, that garageland gaga dada's gone, anyway.

But Was (Not Was) remain blessedly eccentric, notably on a song called 'Tell Me That I'm Dreaming' which opens with a cut-up of Ronald Reagan's Inauguration Speech: "Can we who man the ship of state deny that it is somewhat out of control" is cleverly cut to *Can we deny control . . ."* and tape-looped insanely.

David and Don both see it quite distinctly in the tradition extending from Bill Burroughs and Brion Gysin's cut-up explorations. But the man yelling *"The man likes milk, now he owns a million cows"*, another politely responsing *"Can you imagine all that milk?"* and yet another frenzied voice screaming *"IT'S NOT FUNNY!"* on top of afrodisifunk clattering with percussion — no, that's specifically a Was (Not Was) contribution. Possibly their greatest.

"Don't bring me help, I don't like it when you stare. What's wrong? Hot water's running everywhere, Even on my lawn. Don't ask me what's wrong, this is intentional. Blang. Blang. Blang. Blang. Who called the cops? I said I'd be alright . . ."
— 'Oh, Mr. Friction'

WAS (NOT WAS) are very sceptical about overt interaction between pop music and politics; they distrust The Clash's 'Sandinista', for example.

David says, "Even though there's urgency — so-called — behind the music, there's a basic disparity betwen playing music for people and giving it a contextual place. I think war will continue in the face of scarcity, no matter who hollers about it, not matter what details bourgeois youth find out about; their mark is going to be nil.

"I guess I'm just being pessimistic in thinking that alerting this inconsequential population to struggle is — popular history, a return to some form of balladry that makes heroes of zealots."

But Dave and Don can't simply what to dance — their hippy politico adolescence will keep pimpling out even in their most seamy, fantastical low-life romantic vignettes; it's an absurdist apocalypse of confusion and control.

David says, "To make a parallel with what we did with the White Panthers, the old term was 'guerilla theatre'. Today, no one would be so gauche as to use the term. We're trying an assault, while gathering enough people round the hearth to listen. Hopefully, we lurch out of the speakers now and again with something that's incendiary."

CRUISING round Detroit in a borrowed Caillac, wings chiselled like a film star's cheekbones. It's Saturday night; still, everything closes round 2 a.m. — not exactly New York time. The CB radio is crackling messages from other night cruisers rolling down the deserted boulevards. We park outside the Renaissance Centre, the skyscrapers of glistening mirror poles trying to distract your attention from the crumbling car industry of Detroit, the rocketing unemployment figures.

Inside, the fountains splash into moats, and trees are suspended in mid-air; the real Hanging Gardens of Babylon. The doorman doesn't want to let us in because photogrphaer Kate Simon in not properly dressed (she's wearing a sweatshirt, horror)!.

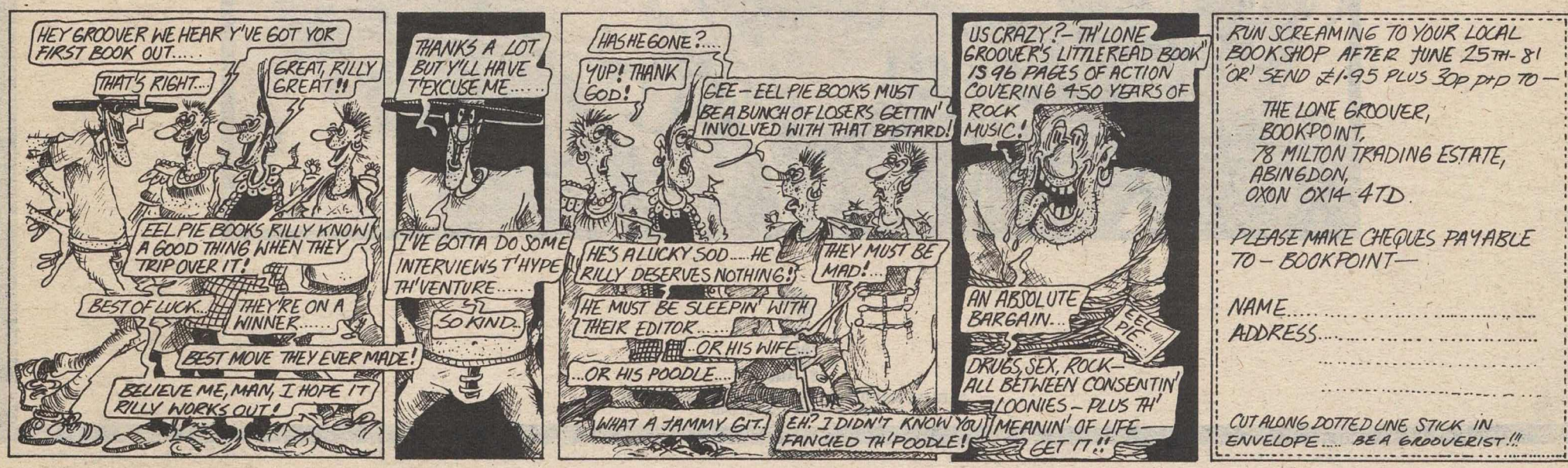
Back in the borrowed Cadillac, David grabs the CB microphone. Switching to his terse Teutonic accent, he snaps, "Anyone out there into Barthes?"

He switches to receive. There's nothing but squawks amid the crackle.

"Hey, have we got any *structuralists* out there?" wheedles David, in a sudden soft Southern accent. "any semiologists on the road?"

Snap, crackle, pop. David sighs.

"Bye, suckers," he carols cheerfully.


HEY GROOVER WE HEAR Y'VE GOT YOR FIRST BOOK OUT.....
THAT'S RIGHT...
GREAT, RILLY GREAT!!
EEL PIE BOOKS RILLY KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY TRIP OVER IT!
BEST OF LUCK...
THEY'RE ON A WINNER.....
BEST MOVE THEY EVER MADE!
BELIEVE ME, MAN, I HOPE IT RILLY WORKS OUT!
THANKS A LOT BUT Y'LL HAVE T'EXCUSE ME.....
I'VE GOTTA DO SOME INTERVIEWS T'HYPE TH'VENTURE.....
SO KIND.
HAS HE GONE?....
YUP! THANK GOD!
GEE — EEL PIE BOOKS MUST BE A BUNCH OF LOSERS GETTIN' INVOLVED WITH THAT BASTARD!
HE'S A LUCKY SOD.... HE RILLY DESERVES NOTHING!
THEY MUST BE MAD!...
HE MUST BE SLEEPIN' WITH THEIR EDITOR.....
...OR HIS WIFE...
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WHAT A JAMMY GIT.
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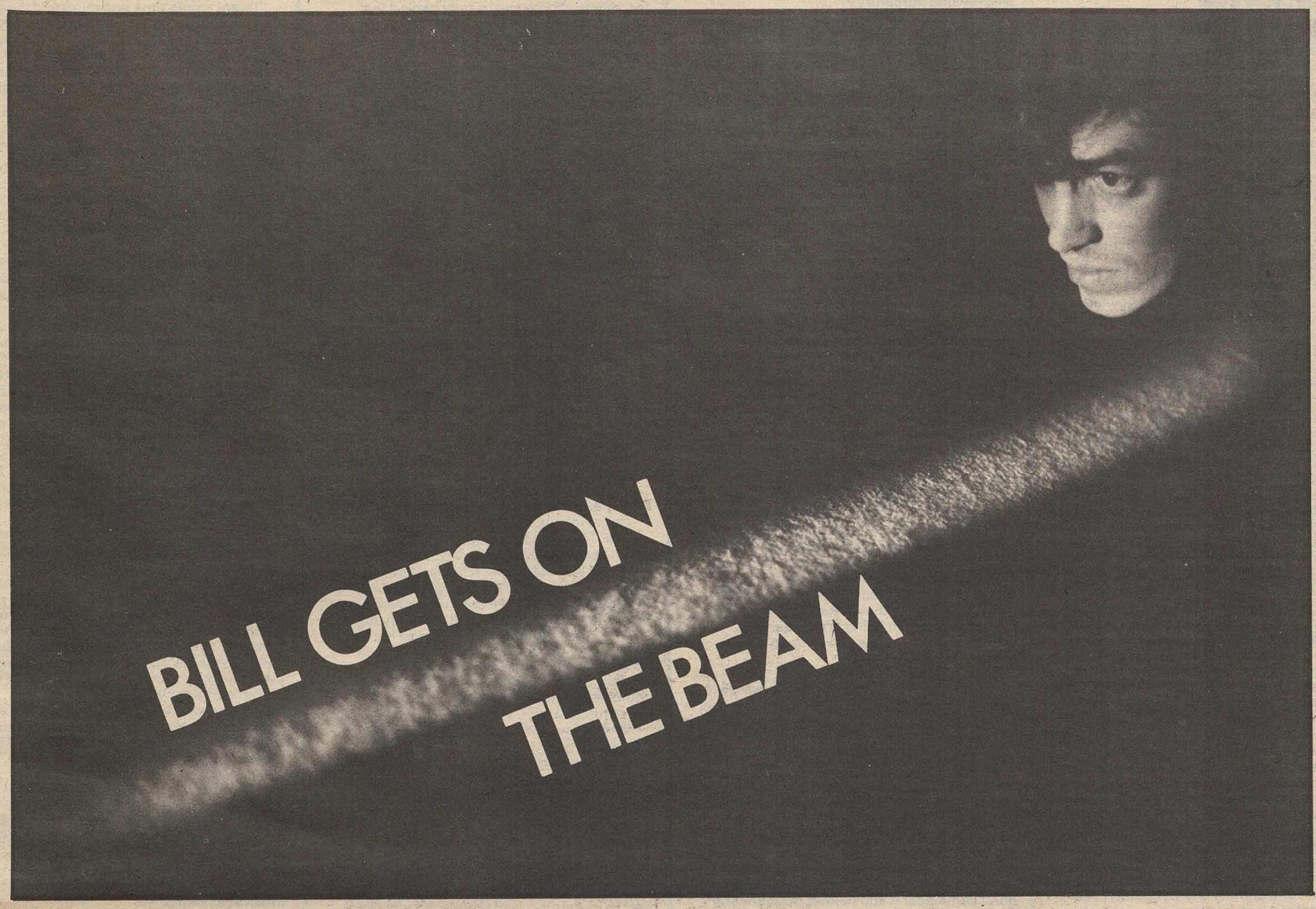


Five years ago Bill Nelson was a darling of the music industry as leader of Be Bop Deluxe. But now the 'rock biz' is trying to grab back what it gave to him and he's trying to fool them into letting him record another LP.

STORY: PAUL MORLEY PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

BILL NELSON relaxes on the expensively comfortable sofa perfectly positioned in the high and cool TV lounge of his beautiful Yorkshire home. There is no mess in this room: there is no place for mess. Nelson sips a vodka and orange, completely at home in the sumptuous surroundings.

A few hours earlier, late Saturday evening, he'd been sweating away at a scruffy Polytechnic, playing a compromised rock music, barely anxious to please. It doesn't suit Bill Nelson's gentle elegance and hard earned perspective for him to be still flirting with those echoes deep in the rock chasm, but Bill Nelson is not yet free of a prohibitive slavery.

"What I have to offer," he almost whispers between sips, "and I do think I have something to offer regardless of how long it's going to take — I think I've got a major contribution to make somewhere with . . . what we're involved in, that we think is special.

"I don't know if that contribution is going to take a long time or a short time. This includes all the foolishness, all the naivete, all the misplaced trust . . . I think if I lose that then in the end I won't achieve anything. I'll be all calculating. It has to feel right, there has to be a purpose. I stumble and in a way it's the stumbling that makes it worthwhile.

"Everyone hates a smartarse who thinks he knows it all. I don't know it all. I *want* to know it all. I do need to pay attention to the things you talk about. Discipline in terms of people . . . I find it hard to hurt people and you need to hurt people to get through sometimes. I admire people who can deal with the idiots who get in the way . . . I find it difficult . . . I put myself in their position, identify with the idiots!" Nelson laughs. A fair, self deprecating chuckle. Mild.

ON A ROMANTICALLY bright Sunday afternoon Nelson and I walk the grounds of his large home in Selby, just outside Wakefield. He paid £32,000 for the place. It would now be worth well over £100,000, but Nelson says no-one would buy it in this location.

The house sits pretty in the middle of sweet fields in the middle of what is a happy nowhere. We walk from the canal that acts as a boundary at the bottom of the garden, past the tennis court invaded by bush, toward the house. It's a millionaire's residence. Two ducks play queer games in a clean pond. There's a new Metro in the drive; a Rolls Royce in the garage.

"What am I doing with all this!" Nelson weakly chuckles, as if suddenly shocked at seeing all he has lit up by the Sunday sun, aware of the rich absurdity of the luxury and the peace. "I suppose it is all a fantasy and I just don't want to let go."

Nelson lives here with his miraculously patient wife Jan and his two children — baby Elliot and two year old Elle. He shows me Elle's nursery: perfectly decorated and equipped. How is she going to grow out of all this? Nelson rolls his eyes.

"I don't know. But you can see why I don't want to lose all this. Can you imagine what it would be like if suddenly she didn't have this?"

Nelson's house and its perfect contents is almost an illusion. It's the result of the years Be Bop Deluxe — precious, pioneer ArTeE rock cast — performed chained duties for the rock business. The Rolls is leased; his former management company advised him to do this as an investment. Nelson can't afford to run it. If he wants to sell it he has to pay the leasing company a set amount — a fee Nelson cannot get by selling the car at current prices.

It sits there, rusting, useless, in the garage, a strange symbol of past blunders and present burdens.

The house is on second mortgage. Nelson clings on, uncomplaining, faintly frightened, to what ROCK gave him and then tried to snatch back.

Because of management misjudgement, Nelson is still paying off debts from Be Bop Deluxe action four years ago. He is still chained: he doesn't whine. "I was an innocent abroad, abused and used by the people around me."

For two years he has not had a record contract. EMI dropped him after he formed the odd Red Noise; they refused to release a record he compiled in 1979 called 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam'. This year Phonogram released it, but adapted to their own base standards.

"It's been a difficult thing to handle. It's like being kicked in the gutter and then getting a helping hand out and you know not to trust the hand. But what do you do? Stay in the gutter?

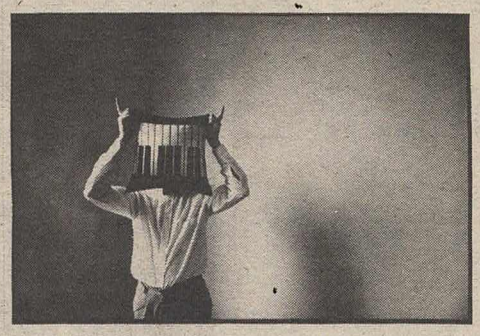
"I had a house like this to pay for — it's all in hock, I'm in debt up to here, and I've a family and everything . . . in some way I'm thinking more about them than I am myself. If I was 16 now . . . my life would be easier because there would be no risks involved. It takes more for a person with responsibility to take risks. For me to do what I really want to do — and with the next record I'm going to do exactly *that* because I'm fed up with being screwed around — that's taking a real risk because if it sank without trace and got totally criticised I'm taking my family down with me as well; the lifestyle that they've become used to and everything."

Are you just searching for a context where you feel you still have a freedom, where it seems you take risks?

"Excuses you mean. No, no. There is the whole world of difference between the position I'm in and the position somebody coming out of school has. Creatively I've got no responsibilities other than to myself, but as a human being I've got a damned sight more. I cannot separate one from the other."

BILL NELSON dresses with great care. He always looks attractive. For this Sunday a smart grey shirt is precisely tucked into cleverly ironed grey trews. He wears black Woolworth plimsolls and his hair is slicked down with grease. The effect is sleak, silver and pleasing. Bill Nelson obviously cares about little details.

"The one thing in the end is that it is all my fault, as much as any of those other people



whose presence during the time I've been working has obviously influenced me to compromise. What has happened in the last two years has bought me back to where I started, and that is the best thing that has happened in a period of considerable revaluation. I've had the time to re-discover what the whole purpose was in the first place. Why I started doing it."

Where did IT all go wrong?

"I don't know! It sounds like it was right to begin with and I don't think it was."

There must have been a time when you avoided the cruel world, for this is what you must do again as this is the best way to work. Within . . .

"I got sidetracked! I can't isolate a particular day and say that was the time I gave up the ghost because I never did as far as my ideals went. People told me that it was OK to soften this, change that, do the other. I went along."

Why oh why did you listen?

"I didn't know any better. I thought these people knew what they were doing."

Doing.

CONTINUES

NELSON
MORE COLUMNS

BILL NELSON talks very carefully, and is firm in a nervous kind of way. His accent is still proudly Yorkshire.

"There has to be a progression. I look upon the whole thing as a struggle."

The whole struggle as a thing.

"The thing that I'm moving towards, the mistakes, are a part of it . . . if I didn't make the mistakes, if I wasn't vulnerable enough to sort of try things and learn by error then it would undermine the whole process. If I was going to be that amazing from day one it would be valueless.

"I've no defence! At all. All I can say is that any weaknesses that were there weren't entered into with any conscious knowledge. It was naivete or ignorance. It's a sin but it's not a sin in a way.

"The only excuse I can give about that old image apart from myself and my mistakes is that I was surrounded by insensitives whose life and mine only crossed when money was involved.

"When we went to America we were stuck on with Ted Nugent and that was the first time I realised people were identifying us with that category. It was hideous."

Be Bop DeLuxe!

"I enjoyed the acceptance and attention for a while though that was never why I started to make music . . . I was educated at a secondary school, my parents were working class, living on a council estate, and once you get those starry things thrust at you it's very easy to be swayed. Not in a huge way, because it's not in my nature to be obnoxious. It is very nice to be accepted and thought of as special, but because of my background I recognised it as being a total lie and falsehood."

We must always seek to define quality, or at least reject the second rate. Intuition — this is important.

"I remember your review of 'The Best And The Rest' of the Be Bop DeLuxe and I'll remember it to my dying day . . . you said that Be Bop was five years of exquisite nothingness. I mean, it wasn't as if you were right or wrong and it wasn't five years, it was everything since I was 11 or 12 . . . but it was there in black and white, a summation of every bad thing and every good thing I'd done. It seemed to be such an absolute end to it all.

"I read it and literally cried. I couldn't see how a total stranger could say so much about what was so little and what was so much. How important is it anyway? Important enough that I care to do it. Who can put themselves up as judges?"

Is it not a deception that people consumed and adored your trials and errors — that you were selling immaturity?

"I did not knowingly perpetuate a deception. I made natural errors. I am not possessed of the kind of genius that makes incredibly potent statements from day one. I need to feel my way. Intuition, delving, looking back and being embarrassed. I have to be embarrassed about what I do before I change. I'm embarrassed by lots of things I did but when I did them I wasn't."

For Bill Nelson The Value is in the change — in the changes. Entertainment value is almost incidental. He offers information. Who wants to know? There is a great deal of trust.

"Anybody who makes personal statements through public channels does go through all kinds of changes.

"They just change and those changes and those statements are right for that particular time. I can't be judged by my past. It's ridiculous. I'm asked to defend Be Bop and it's undignified, and it's vulgar for people to expect me to reproduce those days. Reproduce something I felt five years ago. It's impossible. It's almost impossible to reproduce the 'Quit Dreaming . . .' LP."

Be Bop Deluxe.

"People come up to me and ask for advice about guitars and pick-ups and things, and when I say that I don't think it's relevant to ask those questions they get really insulted. They think I'm the worst guy they've ever met.

"A guy said to me that he thought a Be Bop guitar solo I played was the best thing that he'd ever heard and why didn't I play stuff like the old Be Bop days now? I said to him that I didn't listen to Be Bop DeLuxe records any more and he was ready to hit me. He didn't want to recognise that there must be change, or that any human being is capable of change . . . Everything has to be so rigidly fixed!"

Be Bop Deluxe!

"I suppose against all the negatives was the fact the group inspired new musicians. I'm as surprised as anybody to be honest."

Honest.

"It's not going to happen again . . ."

"If you want to talk about depth . . . there's a lot of other things you can listen to, but not rock. Regardless of the heroes I've had, I don't see anything of real stature, real depth or anything, in rock . . . I feel it is young people pretending. Art with a capital A? It wants knocking on the head with a heavy hammer. If you're talking about real suffering, real pain, I don't come near it and neither does anyone else I know."

". . . you wait and see."

BILL NELSON drives me through the tidy lanes and meadows of Selby, to show me his still home and buy some drink. At the village off licence the lady behind the counter tells Nelson she heard him on the radio the day before. "Very good too," she says. Bill blushes.

Later on when we sup a pre-lunch Sunday lager at the local pub Nelson tells me that the landlord really liked Be Bop Deluxe and wishes Nelson still played music like that. "I played some Be Bop in the pub last night," the landlord will tell Nelson, "and quite a few people asked me what it was. You could do well playing music like that!"

Red Noise?

"We lost our American contract through that. I said I was going to split the group and they said they still wanted to keep me as they thought the new thing was going to be millions of guitar solos. Ha! When they heard it! Apparently Richard Perry, head of A&R at Capitol Records, said to my ex-management that he thought I'd gone mad . . . there was no way they could put the Red Noise LP in the shop; it was an insult to the American public.

'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam'?

"I would have been very frustrated if it hadn't come out because a lot of work and care went into it and I was under a lot of pressure when I did it."

What kind of response do you hope to get for your music?

"I haven't got any music out at the moment that I desperately want a response to."

You're joking.

"No. There's nothing yet. Not yet."

Is it sad that you have to say this?

"No. It is a fact of life. What am I supposed to do? Sit here penniless for the rest of my life? Sod it. I've made a record no one wanted to release two years ago and now they do, so what do I do? Not release it because it's two years out of date? Go on the dole? Sell the house, have the kids poor? It's just not on. At the moment I'm surviving. The only way I could make a record on my own is to sell everything I've got. Why should I do that?

But what *would* be the ideal response?

"I would hope that a lot of people would take my music to their heart."

You've been doing this tour — a very rock orientated tour that drags up the old stereotypes and reminds or confirms people's attitude towards you — and your heart is certainly not in it. It's not the best thing to do to announce that you are no longer a slave.

"Two main reasons why I'm doing this tour: there is the faith of the dedicated, I'm afraid, that I'm rewarding, and there's the record company — and they think that I should do it. I want the record company to think that I love them and by my love for them they will put me in the studio so I can at last do what I really want to do. That's why I'm up there."

Not having a very good time.

"I want studio time and tours and those are the only things record companies understand. If I told them the ideas I've got for the next LP they would not give me studio time."

Yet you still think that it's worth wanting to survive in this chasm, that you can escape slavery.

"I want always to produce music that represents what I am thinking and feeling at that moment. 'Quit' is about what I was thinking and feeling two years ago, but not now!"

Why are you telling me these things?

"Intuition."

Certain things are instinctively right?

"Yes."

The instrumental LP that comes (slowly) free with 'Quit Dreaming' is the purest music, the least compromised, that you've recorded. Is it some kind of justification?"

"Yes, I feel better about 'Quit Dreaming' now there's the free LP. The reason 'The Ritual Echo' came out has a lot to do with Vini Reilly. He used to write me loads of letters pestering me to put it out . . . I sent him a tape for his own amusement and he said that he was convinced that there were people out there who would want to hear it. Getting that encouragement was a real strength."

You are 33. Themes running through 'Quit Dreaming' include despondency, despair . . . and age. Was it a shock to find yourself worrying about your age?

"I was 30 and Be Bop DeLuxe was coming to an end and a writer from *Record Mirror* said to me what about your age? I was insulted. I said I don't give a sod. I went away and I thought I actually do care. I suppose it is because people make something out of it. It's not that it means anything in itself, there are people two, three times my age who are offering things. But as soon as you realise that the media you work in places so much emphasis on number of years, it's quite frightening. How long can you physically get away with it? I think it's a wrong attitude. It's taken me this long to get close to making whole personal statements. . . if it takes someone sooner then fair enough, it's their good fortune."

"It's not going to happen again . . ."

"I find it easy to take the mickey out of what I say before anybody else . . . but I am the only person who has the right to destroy or uphold what I say. There are things that I mean very seriously that I take the mickey out of to other people and they laugh, but if they laugh too much I get angry."

". . . . you wait and see."

I'd like to think Bill Nelson is not as nice as he seems.

"It's not going to happen again," he says softly, thinking of a few too many years of exquisite nothingness. "You wait and see . . ."

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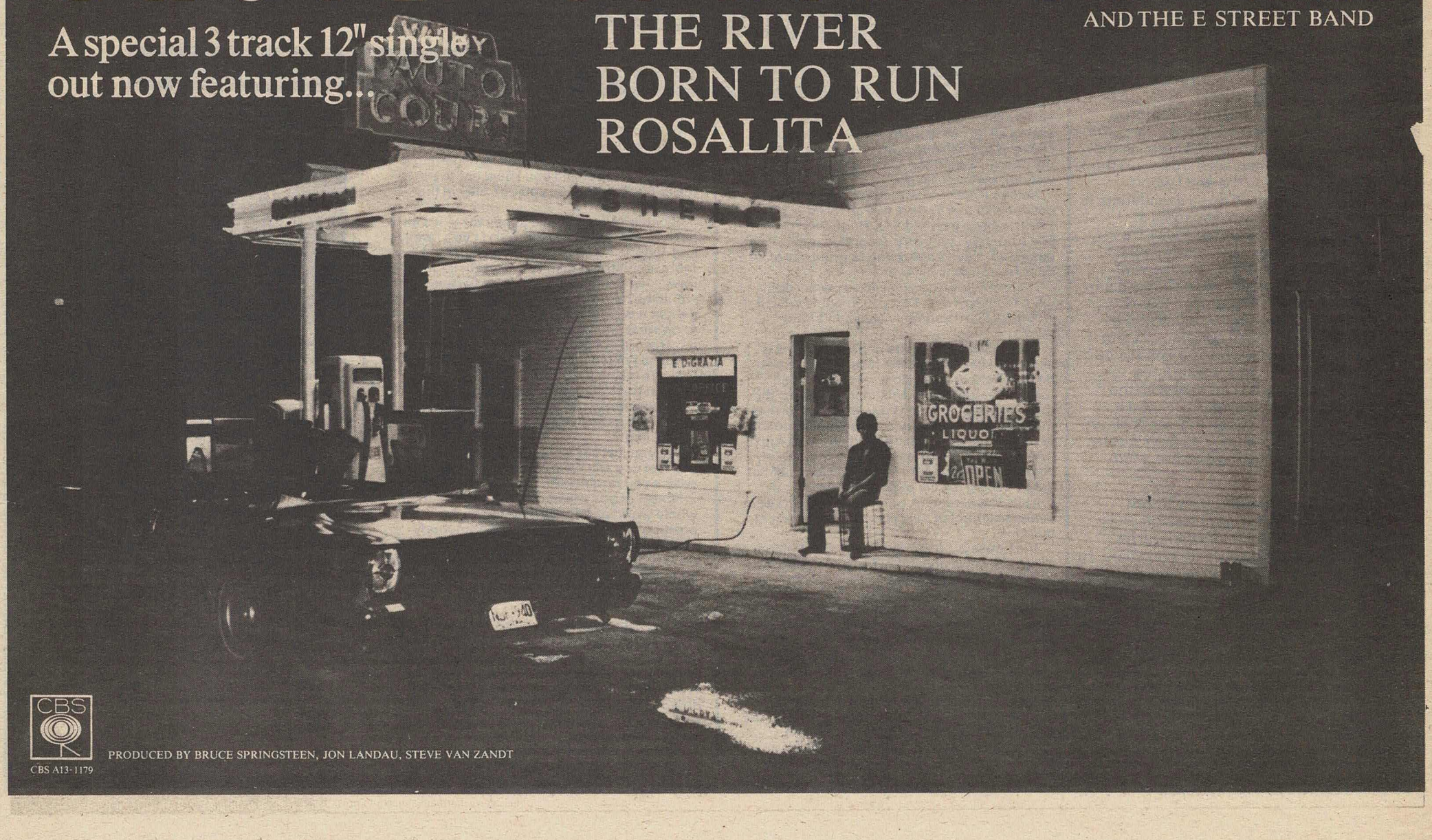

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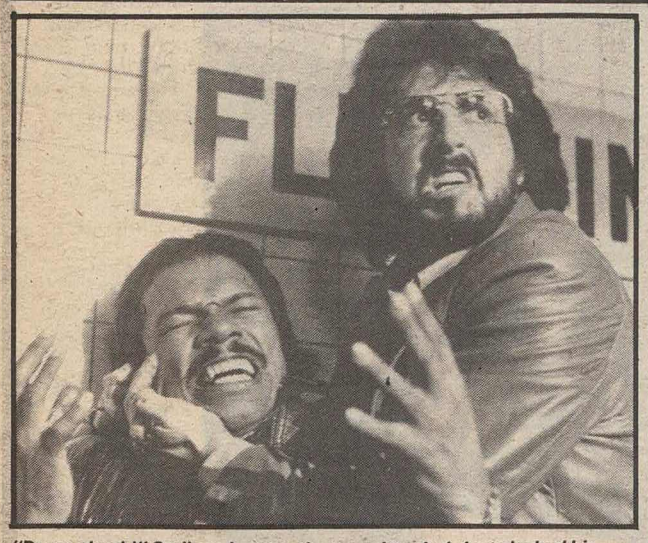


"Damn cheek!" Stallone berates the terrorist who's just slashed his buddy.

Nighthawks

Directed by Bruce Malmuth
Starring Sylvester Stallone, Billy Dee Williams and Rutger Hauer (CIC)

SLY Stallone is Deke DaSilva, a cop dressed in drag to lure out muggers in the Bronx. Rutger Hauer's Wulfgar, a cold-hearted, ideal-less terrorist planting bombs in Paris and London. Why the twain should meet is barely satisfactorily explained by the poor contrivances of a plot which whisks Wulfgar and his Interpol pursuer off to New York.

By this time DaSilva's joined ATAC (Anti-Terrorist Action Command), thus bringing Wulfgar's subsequent outrages close enough to spur the Hunk on with motives of revenge . . .

As a nondescript thriller it's sufficiently well-paced to hold your attention, but the spurious way it professes to deal with a contemporary subject like international terrorism lets it down badly. Wulfgar mouths all the right slogans about imperialism and the under-privileged without being allowed the passion, intelligence or commitment — however ill-conceived or misdirected — that fires most self-willed outlaws. Putting forward the individual's own inadequacies as his prime motivation is just too facile.

The wonderful Stallone, on the other hand, is anything but glib. As if responding to all the critical abuse heaped on him for the lugubrious *Rocky* movies, he turns in a laconic performance totally at odds with his usually blustery screen persona. Surprisingly he works it very well, his moody silences hinting at a depth in a character left out by the script.

Stallone goes existential? If you find that hard to believe wait 'til you see him in a frock.

Chris Bohn

Silver Screen

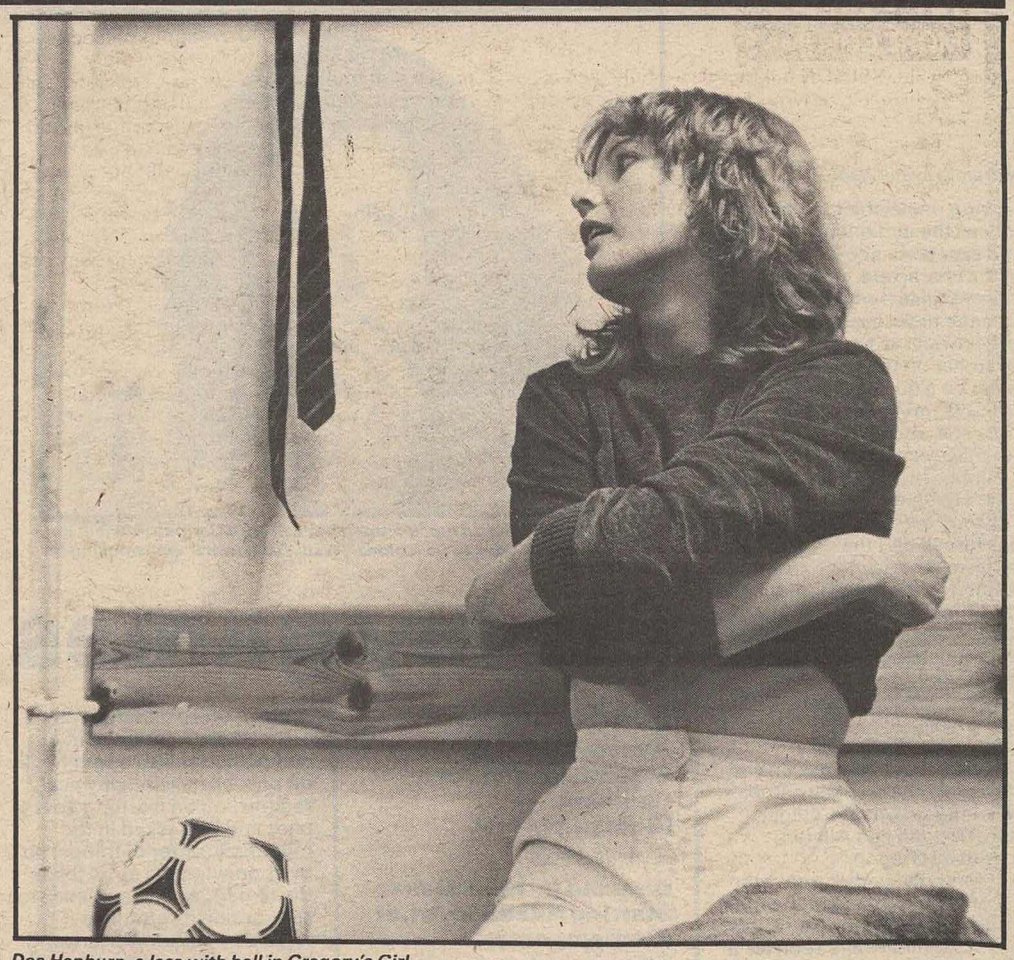
Fun and games

That Sinking Feeling

Directed by Bill Forsyth
Starring Robert Buchanan, John Hughes and Billy Greenless (GTO)

Gregory's Girl

Directed by Bill Forsyth
Starring Gordon John Sinclair, Dee Hepburn and Clare Grogan (ITC)



Dee Hepburn, a lass with ball in Gregory's Girl

WHEN your first two feature films open within a week of one another it either means you've arrived as a director or that someone is desperately trying to convince us that arrival is imminent. Bill Forsyth's two movies, made within eighteen months of each other, can be usefully compared not only as a comment on the director's interests and preoccupations but also to indicate just how far his talent has matured between the two films.

Both *That Sinking Feeling* and *Gregory's Girl* use actors culled largely from The Glasgow Youth Theatre; both have been scripted and adapted by Forsyth himself; both concern the plight of young people living in Scotland and both, suprisingly perhaps, are comedies. Yet for all their similarities they remain remarkably different films.

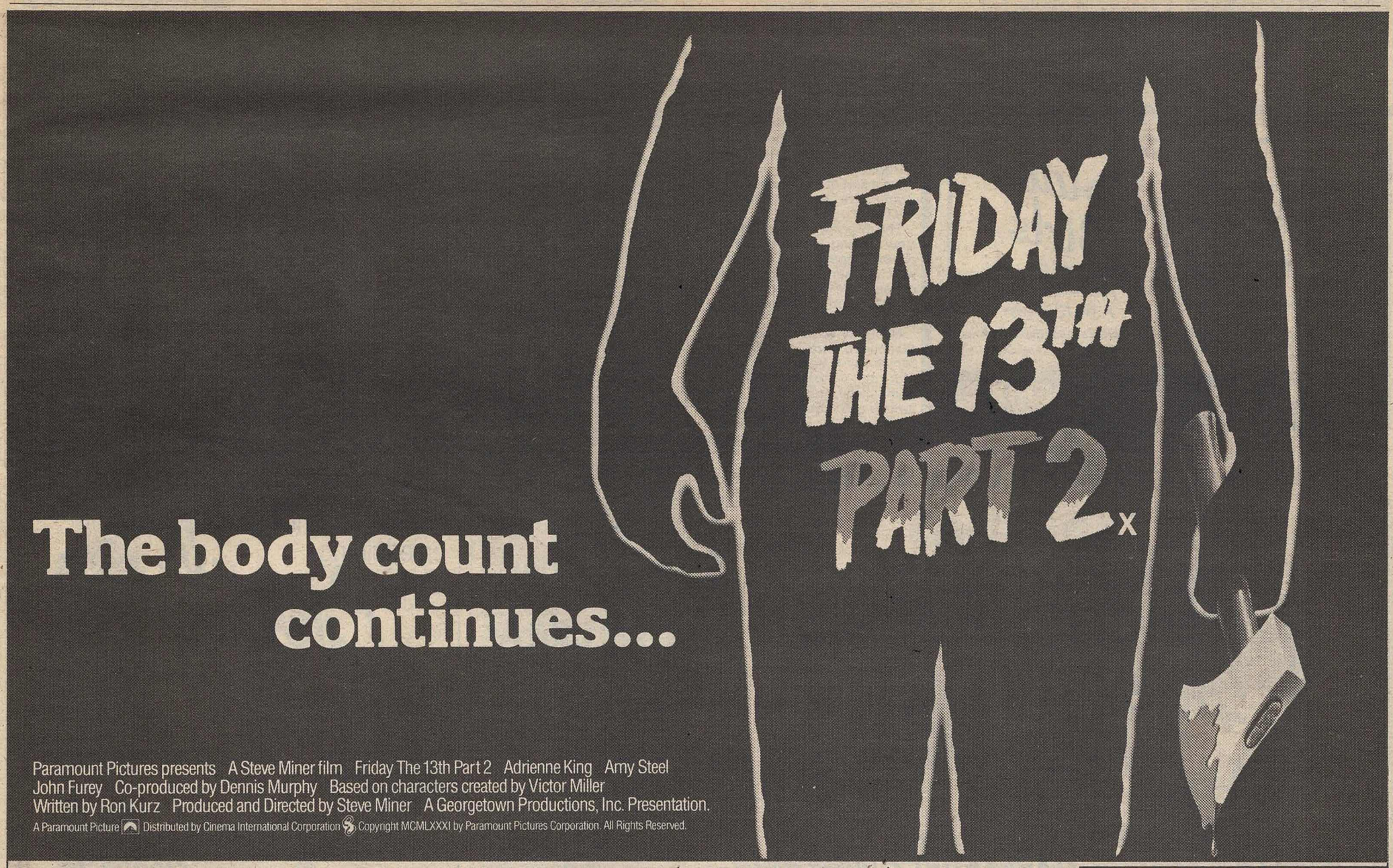
That Sinking Feeling, in the director's own words, is a "fairy story for unemployed young people' revolving around a group of out-of-work youngsters who decide to embark on a career of big-time crime by stealing a truckload of sinks from a Glasgow warehouse. The absurdity of the plan (they have no idea what they are going to do with their haul once they've acquired it) is equalled by the ridiculous details of the crime, which include doping a van driver's tea (so heavily that he won't wake up until 2068), disguising themselves as cleaning ladies to distract the night-watchman and the extraordinary lengths they go to for the sake of secrecy.

Filmed in four weeks with actors who frequently had to be dragged from the pub or the local Odeon to perform their scenes, it suffers from an almost wanton amateurishness. It's appeal lies in Forsyth's intuitive sense of detail and the comedy deriving from real situations and the very real problems lurking beneath its gentle surface — unemployment, despair, confusion of adolescent identity. These are all elements that needed a little more emphasis and control to lift it out of the home made category.

Gregory's Girl, on the other hand, has exactly the right balance between the instinctive and the studied and is an assured, frequently hilarious picture of adolescent life and love.

Rather than impose a plot on the narrative Forsyth almost lets the film wander off on its own track having set up the original structure. And the inconclusive ending, far from

■ Continues over



The body count continues...

Paramount Pictures presents A Steve Miner film Friday The 13th Part 2 Adrienne King Amy Steel John Furey Co-produced by Dennis Murphy Based on characters created by Victor Miller Written by Ron Kurz Produced and Directed by Steve Miner A Georgetown Productions, Inc. Presentation.

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proving unsatisfactory, actually entices the audience to project and speculate about the future of the characters. *Gregory's Girl* intermingles the two dominant teenage preoccupations of girls and football as Gregory's place as striker on the school team is taken by a decidedly attractive girl. Gregory falls for her at once and attempts without much success to date her.

Flimsy as it sounds, the script works far better than *That Sinking Feeling* because it is less forced and the performances seem more attuned to the environment and the situation, allowing Forsyth's eye for detail free rein. Gordon John Sinclair gives a lankily gauche performance as Gregory which is ideally offset by the assured toughness of Dee Hepburn's Dorothy.

But there isn't a weak link in the acting chain — key cameos from Altered Images singer Clare Grogan and Allison Forster as Gregory's frighteningly mature kid sister all contribute to one of the most emotionally elevating and, yes, the *nicest* film I have seen for a very long time.

Neil Norman.

Gordon John Sinclair approves of the review
"Cheers, Neil"

Katerina Arendt: not so much a soldier girl, more a German Fraulein up the chuff who decides to go it alone. (Well, she'd better quit smoking for a start — A Doctor)

Barmy games

Soldier Girls

Directed by Nick Broomfield and Joan Churchill (Contemporary)

1 + 1 = 3

Directed by Heidi Genee Starring Adelheid Arndt (Contemporary)

"IN peace we train for war, the rest is bullshit." This isn't crazy Kilgore from *Apocalypse Now* or mad Major Major from *Catch 22* sounding off, but a real life soldier. He's Sgt Abing, one of the 'stars' of the documentary *Soldier Girls*, and he's quoting General Patton at the girls in Charlie Company before they're put through a punishing basic training ordeal of route marches, kit inspections and mock combat exercises at a U.S. Army camp in Georgia.

During the film the twin notions of military discipline and turning people into killing machines take on the proportion of high farce. Some of the more absurd moments are when the girl recruits are taught how to bite the head off a chicken (in case they find themselves in the jungle, hungry and without a knife!) and when they're advised to close their legs if there's a nuclear attack ("in order to protect future generations"!).

It's taken for granted in our culture that males ought to get off on a brutalising physical regime and on learning how to peck and be pecked in the militaristic order of things; so by choosing girls as its focus the film forces the audience to re-examine its attitudes towards modern warfare and the army as an institution. This device is more than a mere novelty, though: it cuts in other directions, showing (ambiguously, given the film's pacifist stance) women to be as capable as men under training and touching on the fact that they've always been involved in war . . . unofficially. Even Abing speculates about the number of women killed near the front line of fighting.

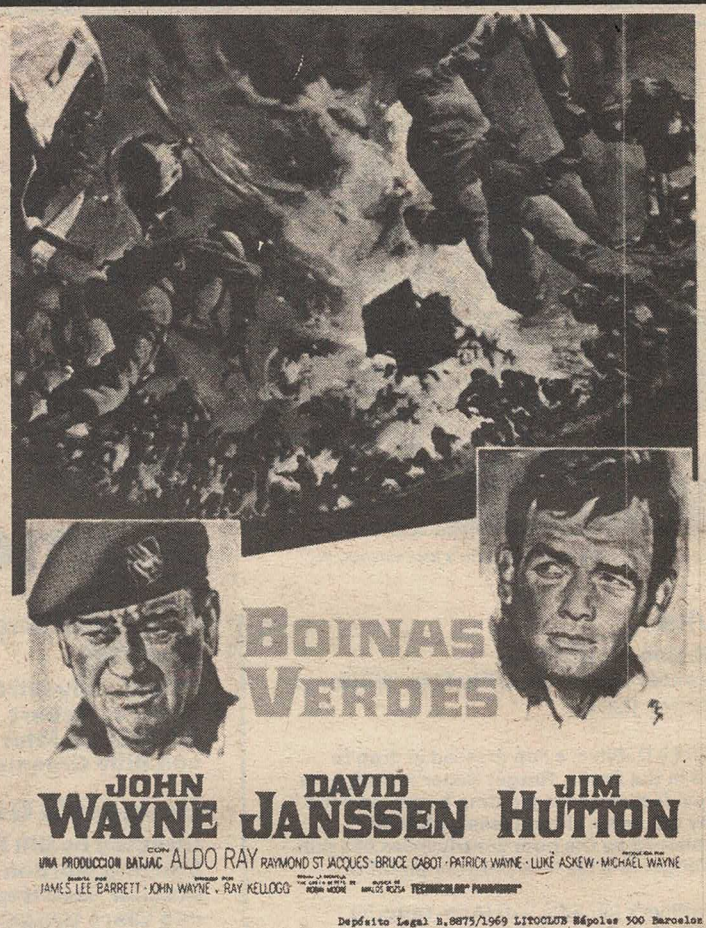
It's to the credit of film-makers Joan Churchill and Nick Broomfield (of *Juvenile Liaison* and *Tattooed Tears* fame) that they present more than a series of grotesque caricatures, warped by the cartoon logic of the army. They pry behind surfaces, always reminding us that it's real human beings who are involved.

Incongruously sharing the bill with *Soldier Girls* is *1 + 1 = 3*, a German comedy about a young woman who decides to go it alone as a mother. Her actions don't come over as noble and independent so much as common-sensical, given that the men she takes up with are all foolish wet fishes — one of them a sort of bespectacled Jean-Pierre Leaud on downers, the twep!

The direction, like the jokes, is slow moving. I left early, being out of sympathy with any film which presents a middle-class milieu while only giving the audience a middle-class perspective to chew on.

Old Hollywood comedies like *Platinum Blonde*, in spite of conventional resolutions, say more about the perils of domesticity, and are both funnier and more subversively feminist.

Paul Tickell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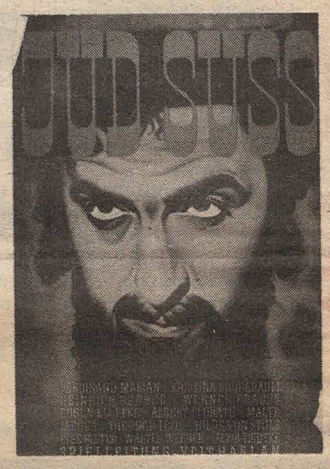

AT LAST receiving the recognition it has so richly deserved all these years, John Wayne's *The Green Berets* (1968) finds friends in a Nazi propaganda pack of film stickers bought from a fascist bookstall in Barcelona. For all Wayne's blundering good intentions, there's no doubting that his second film as director (with Ray Kellogg co-directing) crossed the blue line separating extreme right wing nationalism from straight crypto-fascism. His blind anti-communist fervour was whipped up to such a hysterical level that even his allies in the Pentagon were embarrassed. Wayne's attempts to justify America's destruction of Vietnam were totally discredited by the clumsiness of his techniques. He plays an Old Glory army officer winning over the vaguely anti-war correspondent David Janssen to the cause by pointing up the inhuman brutalities of the Vietcong. Their sub-human nature thus proven — all the Charlies are slack-jawed oriental slobs, the Southern ARVN soldiers fine, upright Eastern specimens — the Americans are permitted everything in their extermination of the Red Menace. Or so John would have us believe. That something as idiotic as *The Green Berets* is still harmful and vile is demonstrated by the use it is presently being put to by Spanish fascists. D. W. Griffith's silent classic *Birth Of A Nation* (1915) is similarly pitfalled. His sentimental nationalist leanings manifested themselves in overtly racist tones as abhorrent as anything that came out of Hitler's Germany. Like Adolf's favourite filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl, Griffith's brilliance as a filmmaker could never make up for his morally objectionable views, even if — as New York critic Andrew Sarris has noted — it was capable of winning a grudging respect. *Sweet Jew*, the third picture in our parade, did not even have Riefenstahl's aesthetic qualities to recommend it. Just anonymous Nazi filth.

Chris Bohn

*(The Open University's **Feature Films As Propaganda** — Thursday June 18, BBC 1 — includes clips from **Sweet Jew** and other, similarly edifying Hitler-approved junk.)*

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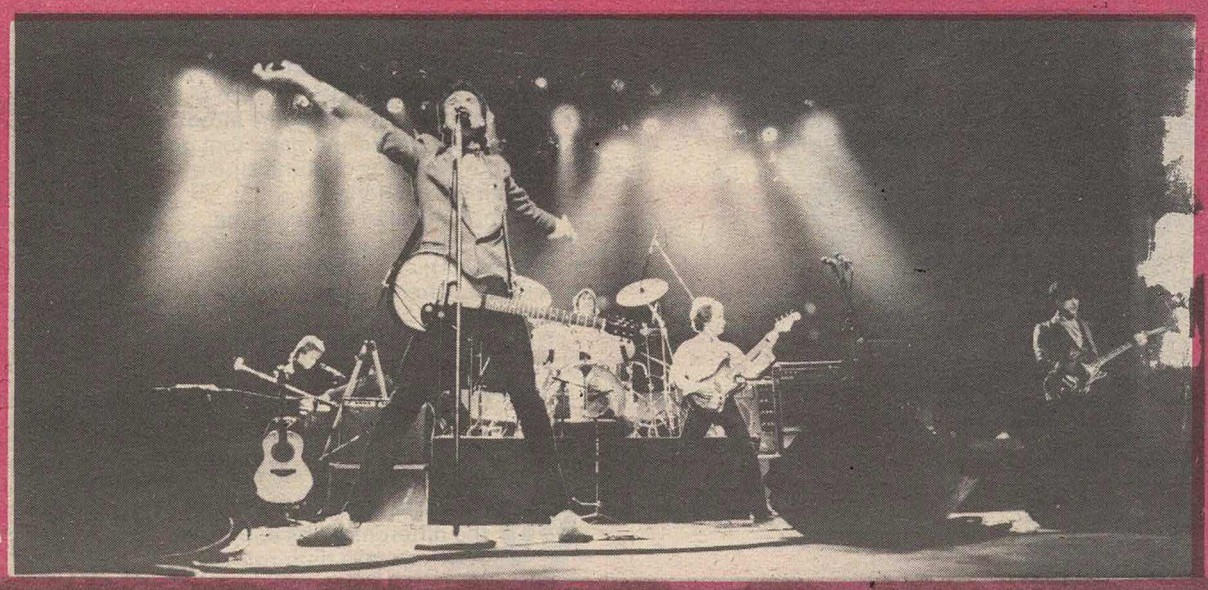

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ARISTA

SAVE THE

Sax and drugs and contorted soul — Ian Penman meets his hero in another instalment of conversations with James Chance. London 1981. Photos: Joe Stevens.

SHALL I use this as the introduction . . .

I got back home at a quarter past three in the morning and there was a note by the telephone which read: RING JAMES WHITE *ANYTIME*.

• On this perfect quote, Elizabeth Hardwick on Billie Holiday . . . "At that time not many of her records were in print, and she was seldom heard on the radio because her voice did not accord with popular taste then. The appearances in nightclubs were a necessity. It was a burden to be there night after night, although not a burden to sing, once she had started, in her own way. She knew she could do it, that she had mastered it all, but why not ask the question: Is that all there is? Her work took on, gradually, a destructive cast, as it is often does with the greatly gifted who are doomed to repeat their own heights of inspiration."

THE MYTH is irregular, shifting, but up to its function of clothing, concealing yet revealing — a cloak of insouciance on a dizzy horizon of style, imperfectly translucent (some almost transparent patches and parts that go under into darkness or some kind of unexplained activity).

The sophisticated cancer of the 'high-life', the elusive administration of its narcotic(s): . . . what is merely pleasant has to die to be born again as pleasure.

The aim of it all is just to be drifting off to sleep when the first bright rays begin to threaten the theatrical eyelids.

WHO CAN convey the difference, the different highs and lows? Who can take their role of expressionist (I use the word stripped of its art language connotation) beyond mere convenience? Who's not afraid of . . . splitting apart in public?

JAMES SIEGFRIED, A.K.A. James Chance, a.k.a. James White, took his infatuation with the jolting music and regal ideology of James Brown and made it his *activity* and *his* style and it still hasn't stopped yet.

James the delirious and demanding entertainer has always had a lot more in common with the *idea* of James Brown or the streams, currents and rapids of the perrenial jazz life and style than with the prosaic tenets of that old dog, rock'n'roll.

James the serious young hedonist must disappear behind closed doors into privacy again and again, soak in it until the requisite nightclub mood opens and he is ready to assume the light: a kind of self-imposed house-arrest of the schizophrenically *other* James (the d & d entertainer), intentionally cut off or out from the usual forces and pulls of earthly routine. Pulling down the blinds on those binds: a certain penitential time of drawing in, withdrawing and not utilising those intuitions that give unrestrained expression wings to abruptly fly.

When the split halves find each other and the ideals they embody conjoin — order into dissonance, discipline into impulse — sharp and slick and vertical in the tight night, the circuit is confirmed, perfect.

When it *fits:* clothes, face, eyes . . . regulated by extreme desire, ruled by it, dancing to it, designed by it . . . you are, in essence and maybe in fact — depending on the degree of psychological and physiological alteration — an *object.*

IN EARLY '79, with no real precedents, the ZE 12" of 'Contort Yourself' b/w 'Tropical Heatwave' appeared. James looked great on the cover — a glossy monochrome appearance that fools the naive observer (me included!), a radical candidate standing against the normalisation of all aggressive instincts. 'Contort Yourself' — what a history graduate would call James' 'anthem' — had a snap beat traced from disco, but the 42nd St. lilt in James' existential croon didn't really match the pace, and neither did the glorious croaking pirouette of alto sax.

In its unruly rush and nihilistic fabric — *"reduce yourself to a zero"* — it was the *negative* of disco's 'cool out, good times' pitch and had the nerves to pull it off. "Tropical Heatwave' — the happiest thing James has ever recorded — is simply delicious, and could be a Summer Hit *any* year.

Listen to the two ZE albums — James Chance and The Contortions' 'BUY' and James White and The Blacks' 'Off White', recently edited down and repackaged as 'Second Chance' on the ZE subsiduary PVC — and marvel, still, at how much risk there is, how many additions *off* and accentuations *on* the beaten track there are, how much *non*-identity and *non*-authenticity the singer projects, how much impossible humour, knowledge, self-deflation and corrosiveness it holds for anyone who chooses to see themselves in it!

But it may yet pale in comparison to what's on its way.

LAST YEAR'S 'Live Aux Bains Douches', on the French Invisble label teeters too far into cacophony — the torch singer on fire, an eerie subjectivity — but it certainly isn't as dreary or deathly as many have claimed. James' voice isn't everything it can be, but the inhuman yelps of 'Put Me Back In My Cage' must be heard — as must the *film noir* trumpet in 'King Heroin', the haphazard organ in 'Almost Black' (if you don't know it by now, the song's *funny)* and the God knows what kind of interpretation of Michael Jackson's 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough'.

At every turn the music gropes towards its limits, stumbles against what it didn't intend — there's more than an echo of late Miles Davis in places — and digs pits to mark out its own peculiar path. Like a lot of earlier Contortions it denounces any possible clarity and rejects identity. It is an attempt — you judge how successful — to define a particular sound by the extremity of its vices, voice and commitment to style. It takes root in popular beat, but obliges that beat to bow to the warped rhythm of its arrogant and advanced emotion.

But it is parsimonious with the Contorted economy in comparison to the new 'Live In New York' cassette.

"

'LIVE AUX Bains Douches' is a bewitching document(ary), but 'Live In New York' isn't so bewildering, or blotchy, isn't at all jaded — *and* it features one of the headiest Chance highs so far: an immaculately groomed presentation of 'That Old Black Magic', which restores all the clammy, verging-on-hysteria tension of the original text: *"Those icy fingers up and down my spine / Same old madness when your eyes meet mine."*

THERE'S a lot of hypocrisy, cant and invisible ink involved in the rock press treatment of drugtaking. James is someone whose career-in-print has been sprinkled with more innuendoes and speculations in this area than most — some claiming that a (possible) addiction — although that naked word was never actually used — to 'hard' drugs (i.e. heroin) was partially responsible for the self-defeating fluctuations of his career, such as it was.

A thorough demystification of the drug(ged) subject is probably impossible — anyway, there are enough books on it — and would only be able to steer clear of anecdotal tedium if harnessed to a wider look at decadence and economics within the 'industry' or put in a novel about the mores of the Western — and South American — world.

As far as James is concerned, let me just say that my belief — somewhere between briefed, informed and speculative — is that his career has *not* been negatively effected . . . and take a listen to the very controlled and *cautionary* latest version of 'King Heroin' on the very controlled and heady 'Live In New York' cassette.

I think *concentrated flirtation(s)* is probably a more appropriate phrase than *addiction* and — trying my hardest not to be coy or codified or to slip into chic 'glamorisation' — *inhalation* more than *injection*. I think the only thing James is properly addicted to is the music of the person who wrote 'King Heroin' (James Brown).

LAST CHANCE FOR ME!

I *could* also say that in Paris that time James and Anya gave me my first taste of both asparagus and cocaine.

THE TAXI skidded away somewhat nervously and I was alone in Place Armand Carrel. I had to locate the Hotel du Parc and, in it, James Chance and his manager/constant companion Anya Phillips. The evening was calm and cool — Paris was far too seductive a proposition to begin with for this naive 19 year old reporter — but all of a sudden torn by a giddying volley of alto saxophone squeals. Practice run or a movie-perfect personal catharsis? A perfect present imperfect anguished signature — or handshake — either way.

Anya bit into an asparagus, and said: "I want James to be like Giorgio Moroder, and win an Oscar". — excerpt from *NME* James Chance article, June 1979.

JAMES AND Anya are in London — "No, I haven't been out at all. I don't go out very much. I've become very anti-social" — mainly for a vacation, although a hint is dropped that a longer stay might be advocated quite soon.

They also want to begin edging a way into record company liaisons, if any one is prepared to treat them right — and I think they'd be daft not to. They're staying at a flat belonging to a Funkapolitan member, which is where we eventually meet up one midnight for the interview — the delay(s) between proposal and opportunity being put down to Anya's health; it seems her first few days of 'vacation' were spent in hospital, after a less than happy flight over from New York. The actual state of her illness (she has cancer) is something I wasn't sure whether to broach — there are certainly areas of my private life *I* wouldn't want squashed into a pop paper — but James deals with the matter in references so disarmingly casual that one can only presume the couple have fully come to terms with it . . . and I leave it at that.

My perplexed expression did tighten somewhat, however, on discovery of a song on the new 'Live In New York' cassette (reviewed by Chris Bohn last week) called 'Sophisticated Cancer', a curious and unnervingly effective mating of images from the worlds apart of fashionable fetish and biological entropy; as Susan Sontag says in her *Illness As Metaphor,* "Nobody conceives of cancer the way TB was thought of — as a decorative, often lyrical death. Cancer is a rare and still scandalous subject for poetry; and it seems unimaginable to aestheticise the disease".

Another, lesser, shock is finding James dressed down to domestic convenience — for the first time a living room image of that jagged showman! — resplendent in frayed turquoise jumper and a pair of fluffy ladies' slippers. His hair looks bed-risen and his hands never seem to lose a slight but noticeable shake, but compared to the James of old — or myth — he seems spry and unselfconscious, talkative yet pretty careful with his words. He is charmingly nervous (whereas I'm probably cheerlessly so), laughs frequently and is perhaps even a little, well, what the Yanks might call *goofy*. He's a funny lad, alright — up close, I think only John Lydon may have a weirder natural born physiognomy.

The interview seemed quite restrained and businesslike at the time, but transcribing it I get the feeling of something much less formal. I was uneasy not only about the question of Anya's illness, but also because they were apparently none too pleased with the feature which came out of my weekend in Paris with the Contortions (almost two years ago to the month).

When I ask why, James just says something about how "dishonest" it was — which I go along with to a degree, something partially connected to the third cause of unease, the vexed subject of drugs, which in the end I omitted to mention. Back to *areas of privacy* and paragraphs elsewhere in this feature that deal with the topic.

The overall impression I was left with was that now, rather than trying to reduce others to silence by claiming that what they say (and do) is worthless, James is trying to push the *"zero"* from which he formerly sung and spoke into taking shape in a more 'realistic' discourse, still precarious and unsure, but definitely more manageable.

Oh, and he uses the word *slick* as a compliment.

IT'S BEEN an incredible year . . . what with Anya's illness, because she has to go into hospital every two weeks for treatments and the hospital where she stays is 20 miles away from where we live. On top of that I've got to do all the business basically myself — I've had to do all the booking and all that, plus keep the music side of things together. So it's been really hectic.

You've gotten a LOT more organised, then?

Not *that* organised! It's just . . . I haven't come across anyone I felt I could trust to manage me. With Anya it's complete trust, and I'm not about to get someone who's just a businessman.

SINCE THAT band you saw in Paris I've had four complete bands and at least 50 musicians! I really like that view . . . of not keeping a strict band, of constantly changing it. I hate these bands that are just four people — the *Gang of Four,* or something! — and it's always *that*, you know? You can have the most brilliant musicians in the world and still if it's always the same ones you can only do so many things before you run out of possibilities, before it gets into a rut. *I* have this real problem with drummers — it's real hard to find a drummer that just sticks to the basics and doesn't constantly bash around on the cymbals: they always start out really well and as they get more confident they start messing around and I have to fire them! *(Laughs).*

The band I've got at the moment is made up of these young black guys from the Bronx, aged 17 to 21. I've got Bern Nicks on guitar — you know him? — he's also playing with Ornette Coleman right now. They can really play. It's really refreshing to get people who are *unspoilt.*

Do you like what Defunkt are doing?

Yeah. They were my band for a while, although people have written a lot of distorted things about that relationship. It wasn't like they were my backup band and then they rebelled and decided to go out on their own, because that band had always existed as an independent thing. It's just that for a while they were also in my band. In fact, Joe Bowie still plays with me; he's on that tape.

What's happening with record deals?

Well, nothing right now. I mean, I've only been here a week. I don't like to rush things, I'd rather get the feel of things first. I'm not the type to come over and immediately go round five record companies in one day . . . Have you heard my cassette? It's not the most slick production, but musically I think it's the best thing I've ever done. The band on it is a lot better than any of my previous bands, by far.

Were you happy with the French live album?

Well, see, there were two versions of that. They really rushed me into putting it out: I did one mix and when the test pressing came back I said I wanted to mix it over but they insisted that they already had orders to put it out, so a certain number of the first mix were put out. The second one was a lot better. Also, I'd only had the bass and drummer for two weeks and they recorded it right at the beginning of the tour; had they waited until the end of the tour it would have been a 100% better.

What's become of your relationship with ZE?

It's been finished for a really long time, but they just insisted on dragging it out. They haven't given me any money since November of 1979, but for almost two years after that they told everyone that I was still under contract to them and they just tried to sabotage my career, they spread all kinds of rumours about me — like, when I did my French tour last year they started all these rumours that I would cancel dates and stuff like that . . .

Did you ever get on well with them?

No, no. Well at the beginning I did, but then they wanted me to fire Anya as my manager and I just refused to. They did the most incredible things . . . like, I don't know if you know, but Anya's got cancer, she's had cancer for two years now, and when they found that out they just began this campaign of harassment against her. It was the cruellest thing I ever experienced.

What about the 'Second Chance' album?

I didn't even know about that till I read about it in the papers. I didn't get any money for that, I didn't get a cent in royalties.

You spent some time staying in Paris: was that a reaction against New York or do you just like Paris?

I don't like Paris that much — the people there are ridiculous, they're so *pretentious,* they think that Paris is the centre of the world and like there's *nothing* happening there. It was more just for a rest and actually it was also because we were waiting for the promoter to come through with some money that he owed us; at the end of the tour we were completely broke and he owed us several thousand dollars and it took him a month to come up with the money. Sort of a forced vacation. I think it did a lot of good, because you can't take the pace of New York 12 months a year — you've got to have a break.

Some people have suggested that that break from New York was at the wrong time and that it harmed your career . . .

No, I don't think so. If you play in New York all the time you just get over exposed: you can't just play in one place, because the audience gets bored with you no matter *how* good it is.

Do you get pissed off with things you said two years ago being reiterated by other people, who consequently get all the credit?

Yeah definitely, I do sometimes. I don't think I've been given credit for a lot of things I did first. For instance, when Talking Heads started using black musicians it was treated like this was some great innovation that they'd thought of all by themselves. David Byrne used to come to all my shows in New York for a year before that and I was using an all black band for a long time before they ever did.

But it's always that way . . . in a way it makes it easier for me, because if people are making a lot of watered down versions of what you do do, it just makes it easier for people to accept the real thing eventually.

→

SAVE THE LAST CHANCE FOR ME

What do you think of all the so-called 'new' funk?

I haven't heard that much of it because I try to only listen to *pure* things — like Fela (Anikulapo Kuti), that's the kind of music I listen to. Watered down versions of what I'm doing are kind of irrelevant — if I stuffed my head full of that kind of stuff it would water down my own music. I'd rather just go to the source and ignore those other things. I listen to James Brown . . . really . . . there haven't been many people that have gone beyond that. I listen to all the current funk and disco stuff.

What was the first record you ever heard and liked?

I think it was 'Woolly Bully' — Sam The Sham! When I was 12 I *liked* soul music, but it was a little threatening to me. I was more comfortable with The Yardbirds or ? and The Mysterians . . .

How old are you?

24.

How long have you been making music?

I've played piano more or less all my life. I had piano lessons from nuns when I was seven — all that kind of thing. I started the sax when I was about 18 or 19. But as far as the kind of music I'm doing now . . . for the past three or four years.

Where were you brought up?

Milwaukee.

Is that a dull sort of place?

It's *dull* . . . but I was a real loner when I was a child. I didn't have any friends or anything. I was always the one that got left out when they were playing athletics and stuff, I was never any good at that kind of thing, so I became very introspective and I would pass through different phases . . . like *war!* I was a real fan of war — for three years all I did was read books about war, have armies of toy soldiers. When I was 12 I latched onto music.

What are your pet hates these days?

I don't really believe in *hate* so much these days. It's a kind of counter productive emotion. I just can't bring myself to get that worked up about things actually to hate them.

You've succeeded as a catalyst but have yet to gain any real commercial success: do you think you will eventually?

Yes. I wouldn't keep on with it if I didn't think so.

Why haven't you so far?

Lack of a proper record contract, lack of proper exploitation of my music. Because success doesn't really have anything to do with how good you are, it has to do with how you're marketed. ZE did absolutely no promotion whatsoever — any promotion has been done by me. ZE never got any ads, never spent a dime on promotion, so I think for the resources at my command I've done quite well commercially. Also, I think what I'm doing is sort of ahead of people. It's taken them a while to catch up with it.

You never give the impression of poverty . . .

Well, I was extremely poor for several years in New York. I lived in some of the worst slums there — 2nd Street and Avenue 8. I had a fifth floor walk-up with giant holes in the wall, all the windows were boarded up because it'd been used as a drug dealing place before I moved in. Even for the first six months or so after I had The Contortions I was basically living at subsistence level. It wasn't until Anya started managing me that any success started to happen.

How do you visualize success?

I see it more as independence than anything else, not having to be limited by considerations of poverty. It isn't so much the typical material things that I want — although I do want all those things — but I see it more as the freedom to realise whatever fantasy I want.

WHAT'S THE fantasy behind your new project The Flaming Demonics?

Well, that's basically trying to make a modern version of what Duke Ellington was doing at the Cotton Club in the '30s. But, not only the Demonics . . . with all my projects I've been really limited up to now by finances as far as what the show would be like.

The Demonics is basically instrumental music, it's a vehicle to do something that's not quite as commercial as the other bands. I want to have a big floor show with dancers and costumes, doing choreographed numbers to the music. Ultimately I envision it to be a complete review, with stage production numbers, *acting out* the numbers.

When the band was first going it had this real violence element, where I would attack the audience — and it took it beyond music to another realm. That was really great while it lasted, but I had to tone it down because . . . I didn't want to get *killed!* I didn't want to get arrested either, because if you take something like that out of the environment of just clubs in Manhattan it's too dangerous for me — eventually someone would have made some kind of complaint to the police in some city and I don't think they would have been too understanding!

One time I was playing Max's and this guy knocked me out — he hit me with his ring or something — and I had to go to the hospital to have stitches put in. They have cops hanging round the hospital and this one came and talked to me and said *what happened?* I made up some story about how after the gig some guy had just attacked me for no reason, and he said, *Yeah, we had another guy in here one time said that the singer from some band at that same club had beaten the shit out of him* . . . and, you know, that was obviously *me!*

Has that violence subsided?

Well, not completely — if someone provokes me I might do something. But it got to be too predictable: the whole point of it was based on surprise, on people *not* expecting anything like that to happen. If everyone knows that you're going to do it and they just come for that then the whole point of it is being completely lost. It got boring, because there was only a limited number of things that could happen — they can either hit you back or they can take it! I need something to replace it, to give it the same extra-musical element, so that's why I want to get into more production number type things.

Was the violence entirely an act?

No, it wasn't entirely an act. The way it started was an emotional reaction to the audience, because in New York at that time the art scene really infiltrated into the rock clubs. It was like this horrible boring audience that would sit on the floor and not react — they thought that they were so sophisticated there was nothing that could shock them and you could do anthing and they wouldn't react to it because they were too *cool.* I just had to do something that they would react to.

Did you enjoy the violence?

I did at the time, I was really into it, but . . . I made the statement and I didn't see any point in repeating it over and over again.

In what other ways do you think you've changed?

I'm much more businesslike about things. I see myself as much more of a professional — it isn't this total emotional thing. I have a lot more distance from it, I have a lot more distance from my persona, from whatever I'm projecting. I can have some objectivity about it now whereas at the beginning I was completely living it — you can't keep up with that.

It's too self-destructive?

It got to a point where I could have destroyed myself. I was pushing it to the point where something really serious would have happened.

Is style something few people have or something hard work can bring or . . . ?

Well, basically *good taste* makes style *(smirking)* but very few people have good taste. It isn't something you're born with — I mean, I didn't always have good taste! But Anya taught me a lot about taste and style. I used to look pretty different from the way I do now . . .

How different?

Well, I'll just say that it was unrecognisable!

Do you like Kid Creole and The Coconuts' style? They seem to be working along similar lines to you: putting on a show, not just slamming — slumming? — it out.

Yeah, I like the way they look pretty much. *They're* slick!

How do you feel about your two studio albums now?

I like the 'Off White' LP a lot. You see, the musicians I had then really weren't technically up to playing my music — the drummer really to me wasn't together enough. At the time those records were made — especially 'BUY' — their ideas about music were starting to diverge from mine. Also, they had gotten really influenced by their publicity, because the band was getting written up live in New York a lot, their heads really swelled, you know, and that's really disastrous when you're in the studio: they were more into *listening* to their performance than playing it.

I often find that when you're in the studio something that's done really casually — where people don't really care much about it — comes out a lot better than something they're supposedly really intensely into. The musicians didn't give a shit about the 'Off White' album — it was like my solo project, all the material was made up in the studio — and that one came out much better.

Do you find it difficult to get across the same pitch of intensity in a studio as you do, say, live?

Well *(laughs),* I haven't been *in* a recording studio since I made the 'BUY' record, except to mix . . . but I think it's just another environment and you have to get used to it. A recording is an illusion a lot of times — something you didn't feel very intense about when you were doing it comes off much better than something you did. It doesn't really have that much to do with how emotional you were feeling about it at the time.

Are your lyrics a 'direct expression' of what you feel or . . . is a lot of it humour and irony, that people miss out on?

Well . . . the irony and humour *is* how I feel!

ARE YOU going to declare yet again that you have never been what you have been reproached with being? Are you already preparing the way out that will enable you in your next project to spring up somewhere else and declare as you're doing now: no, no, I'm not where you are lying in wait for me, but over here, laughing at you?

What, do you imagine that I would take so much trouble and so much pleasure in my work, do you think that I would keep so persistently to my task, if I were not preparing — with a rather shaky hand — a labyrinth into which I can venture, in which I can move my discourse, opening up underground passages, forcing it to go far from itself, finding. overhangs that reduce and deform its shape, in which I can lose myself and appear at last to eyes that I will never have to meet again? Do not ask who I am and do not ask me to remain the same. Leave it up to bureaucracy to see that our papers are in order. At least spare me that morality in my work.

(See page 17, *The Archaeology Of Knowledge* by Michel Foucalt).

HOW TO conclude? With a quote from *The Correct Sadist* by (note the initials) Terence C. Sellers, the conceptually inclined woman whose minimalist - fashion - wrapped body adorns The Contortions' 'BUY' LP?

"Within the narrow room where the sadist's ephemeral caress is granted, the hideous creature who is nothing but an exaggerated vice preens itself, tramples itself, screams like a siren as long as it senses the other is still capable of moving a muscle of its own accord. There seems no escaping this room, where the sadist is ultimately abandoned."

But what do I do? Get a number 12 bus home and catch the end of *The Outer Limits.*

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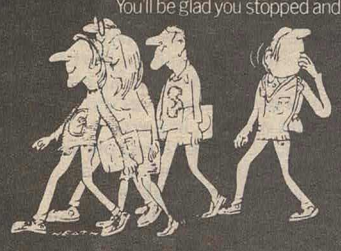

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JAZZ

Groovin' High....!

1941

In the back-rooms and dives of America, an after-hours insurrection was brewing, a desperate, exhilarating gamble that was to change the very shape and sound of jazz. Frustrated by the stodginess of the atrophying big band scene, hot cats like swing king Benny Goodman's guitarist Charlie Christian and mysterious unknowns like pianist Thelonious Monk, trumpet player Dizzy Gillespie and drummer Kenny Clarke would meet at exhausting post-gig jams at clubs such as Monroe's Uptown House and Minton's in Harlem to hammer out the blueprints of a new, harder, faster music. After near-suffocation under the belly of white big (band) business, jazz was about to become a rebel music again; and out of the rebellion came giant talents like Charlie Parker, Miles Davies and Bud Powell, who were to take their jazz to the farthest limits of skill, ingenuity and human emotion.
The Harlem Jazz Scene (Saga)

LESTER YOUNG

Young's shadow looms large over all modern jazz. The first new age saxophonist, at his debut session in 1936 he was already at his peak — his tenor played fluid, skipping lines with a certain detachment that posed a revolutionary alternative to the standard bull-necked sound of the day. His association with Count Basie and Billie Holiday (who dubbed him 'Pres') brought forth a welter of outstanding sides but his time in the army in 1944–5 — involving court martial and racist humiliation — broke his spirit. Post-army recordings show a genius under a cloud, a deal of brilliance too often soured by laconic indifference; ironically, both boppers and (especially) the white cool sax players hailed him as a prime inspiration. He died in 1959, his last years a wasteland of alcohol and apathy.
The Lester Young Story, Vols. 1–5 (CBS)
The Aladdin Sessions (Blue Note)
Prez And Teddy (Verve)

CHARLIE PARKER

If any one man holds the throne of jazz improvisation it is Charlie 'Yardbird' Parker. His arrival in New York after early experience in the South-West coincided with the burgeoning activity of Young Turks — Monk, Gillespie, Powell — who were working on harmonic ideas and blazingly fast tempos alien to swing era musicians. The mid-1940s saw Bird become the torch-bearer of the new music: his alto playing, spoken in a hard-edged tone of scything clarity, built in spurting chromatic rushes of notes held together by an unrivalled sense of adventure and logic and a wildly innovative rhythmic imagination, attained a consistent level of inspiration that duff recording (many of his broadcast and club recordings) or unsuitable, string-laden settings (the latter Verve sessions) couldn't mask. His concurrent reading of the book of excess led to incidents like the nightmarish 'Loverman' session of 1946, where he broke down in the studio, and strange trips to Europe in 1949–50. Burnt out at 34 and with no worlds left to conquer, Charlie Parker died in 1955. New musicians still look to him for inspiration: Bird *still* lives.
The Savoy Sessions (Savoy)
Charlie Parker On Dial Vols 1–6 (Spotlite)
The Definitive Charlie Parker Vols 1–8 (Verve)
The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever (Prestige)
Bird On The Coast (Jazz Showcase)
The Apartment Sessions (Spotlite)

DIZZY GILLESPIE

If Parker was the beacon light of bop, Gillespie was its PR man and arbiter of style. His own incandescent trumpet was the ideal foil for Bird in titanic performances like 'Groovin' High' and 'Night In Tunisia'; but Diz wanted to do more than just play. His beret and goatee beard became bop's trademarks; his fascination with Afro-Cuban rhythms pre-dated all others'; his attempts to translate bop to a big band approach made a large group swing like never before; and his taste for clowning and scat vocals was bop's counterweight of humour to the dark passion in Bird's music. A survivor, Dizzy's reputation has declined as he's refused to die tragically but he's probably the greatest jazz trumpeter after Louis Armstrong.
In The Beginning (Prestige)
The Greatest Of Dizzy Gillespie (RCA)
The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever (Prestige)
Have Trumpet, Will Excite (Verve)
The Giant (Prestige)

THELONIOUS MONK

Thelonious Sphere Monk is strictly a one-off. A technically crude self-taught pianist who, without ever reflecting any known influences, invented his very own highly-personalized music and, oblivious to outside events, continuously sought to explore the impregnable game-plan he'd set himself. Simultaneously revered and reviled by taste-makers, many preferred to tag Monk as an eccentric with a quirk for strange headware and even stranger public behaviour — it was common for him to fall asleep at the piano mid-performance only to wake up for a grand stand finish. Monk's skeletal style, like that of so many inspired primitives, has always been probing and so utterly unpredictable that aside from brief encounters with saxists Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Harold Land, Steve Lacy and Charlie Rouse, few hornplayers have been capable of matching Monk's humourously angular music. Now, having probably spent more years out of favour than in, Monk appears to have retired from public life, but such is the uniqueness of the man's abstract vision that he transcends both style and fashion to challenge, irritate and perplex each new generation's bold adventurers.
The Complete Genius (Blue Note)
The Riverside Trios (Milestone)
At The Five Spot (Milestone)

BUD POWELL

Pianist Earl 'Bud' Powell is both one of the most important and most tragic figures of the music of which he was a prime architect. Plagued with a lengthy history of mental illness, his hopeless condition was further aggravated by a severe police blackjacking when he was 21, by barbarous hospital treatment, racial prejudice, the death of a younger piano-playing brother Richie (in the same auto smash that killed trumpet star Clifford Brown), by the bottle and by self-neglect. Brilliantly imaginative, Powell's raw emotional music comprises the extremes of high and low one expects from such troubled talent, flitting between doubt and confidence, hope and failure, joy and terror. Not only did Powell successfully translate the bop characteristics of the horn to a pianist's right hand, but in doing so also devised a style which freed the left hand from its traditional rhythmic functions of laying down a steady beat (which role was transferred to the drummer's ride cymbal). One anecdote vividly illustrates Powell's commitment to music. A visitor to the hospital in which Powell was confined came across his friend furiously banging away at a piano keyboard he'd drawn on the ward wall. "Listen," Powell said to his well-wisher, "what do you think of these chords?" When he died in 1966 aged 41, the cause of death was attributed to a combination of tuberculosis, alcoholism and malnutrition. In retrospect, these had been amongst the very least of the complex problems of the man who perfected modern jazz piano.
The Amazing Bud Powell Vols 1 and 2 (Blue Note)
The Genius Of Bud Powell (Verve)
Bud In Paris (Xanadu)
The Best Years (Vogue)

DEXTER GORDON

Dex spent his early years on the West Coast working in Billy Eckstine's band, which was full to overflowing with new boppers. He worked 52nd Street awhile in the mid-'40s and returned to LA as the premier bop tenorman and hat-wearer where he frequently locked horns on Central Avenue with fellow tenorists Wardell Gray ('The Chase') and Teddy Edwards ('The Duel'). But he fell out of fashion in the '50s and it was not until the magnificent series of Blue Note albums in the early '60s that Dex's synthesis of monumental bop-derived swing and forward-looking legato lines relayed through his huge sound found favour again. Living in Europe for nearly 15 years, his return to New York in 1976 was captured on a classic hard bop blowing session, 'Homecoming' (CBS).
Long Tall Dexter: The Savoy Sessions (Savoy)
The Chase (Spotlite)
Doin' Alright (Blue Note)
Dexter Calling (Blue Note)
Our Man In Paris — With Bud Powell (Blue Note)

FATS NAVARRO

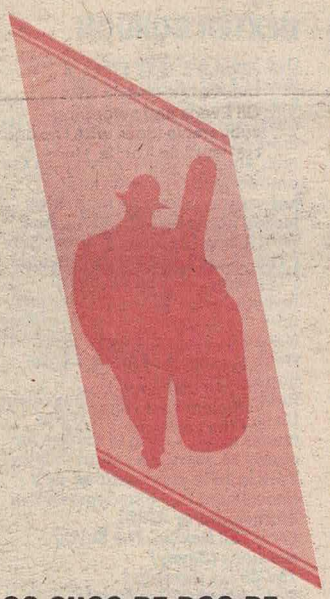
In contrast to fellow trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, who exuded show-biz panache, and Miles Davies, with his youthful good looks, Theodore 'Fats' Navarro was encumbered with a squeaky, high-pitched voice and obese bulk which earned him the cruel nickname 'Fat Girl'. Nevertheless, many would argue that Navarro had the edge over his contemporaries, citing his Blue Note, Prestige and Savoy recordings as hard evidence. There are also the fabulous 1948–49 Royal Roost airshots that have Navarro in tandem with gifted pianist-arranger Todd Dameron and enigmatic tenor saxist Allen Eager (also a jet-setting sports car racer), which prove the Royal Roost quintet to be the most undervalued combo of the era. Often wilfully self-destructive, Navarro died in 1950 — at the age of 26 — from a combination of TB, drugs and disillusionment; though the recordings made with Bird ('One Night At Birdland' — CBS) just one week prior to his death show him in peak form, betraying nothing of the severity of his condition. In retrospect, Dizzy may have been the formative influence of the time but Navarro's individualistic approach was to exert a more lasting and profound alternative which continued to live on after his death in the work of Clifford Brown (his heir apparent), Kenny Dorham, Booker Little, Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard.
Prime Source (Blue Note)
Fat Girl (Savoy)
Fats Navarro (Milestone)

MACHITO

Referred to as the Basie of Latin music, bandleader 'mucho macho'

OOP-BOP-SH'BAM!

The furious rhythms that be-bop demanded led to a revolution in drumming. Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Art Blakey and Roy Hayes switched the beat to the (ride) cymbals and used the rest of the kit for punctuation, different rhythms and bass drum 'bomb-dropping'. This simultaneously uncaged a greater rhythmic potential for the soloist and brought the drums parallel status with the horns — no longer was it a case of a group containing musicians and a drummer! Roach, in particular, has proved one of jazz's most innovative and adventurous drummers, leading — with Clifford Brown — *the* classic hard bop quartet of the early '50s, exploring the music's African roots in the outspoken and excellent 'Freedom Now Suite' (Atlantic) and, more recently, working out with heavyweight avant garde improvisers like Archie Shepp and Anthony Braxton.



00-SHOO-BE-DOO-BE MEANS I LOVE YOU!

The brand of gung-ho big band Be-Boppin' that first alienated all but the most fanatical zoot-suiters instantly attracted that very same fickle audience when translated into a novelty scat vocal. Scatting — employing the human voice as a wordless instrument — is as old as jazz itself but when, in 1945, Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart waxed the unison vocal, 'What's This?' the bop vocal was beeped! King Pleasure (Clarence Beeks) often grabs the glory for being the originator of this particular genre, but although Pleasure was the first to popularise the bop vocal, in actual fact he'd copped the licks and lyrics for his famous 'Moody's Mood For Love' from singer-dancer Eddie Jefferson, who'd first written the 'vocalese' (adding lyrics to ad-lib solos) to tenor player James Moody's 'I'm In The Mood For Love'. Later, the baggy-suited, bow-tied and beret'd, Babs Gonzales (a former Errol Flynn chauffeur) and Dizzy's roly-poly sidekick, Joe 'Be-Bop' Carroll, became the leading exponents with such nonsensical ditties as 'Cool Whalin' and 'School Days' whilst British-born Annie Ross further popularised vocalese with translations of two Wardell Gray tenor solos, 'Farmer's Market' and the neurotic 'Twisted' — the latter being successfully re-recorded by Joni Mitchell. Though still an integral part of any Dizzy Gillespie or Ella Fitzgerald performance, the bop vocal formula became overworked and lost its appeal, though Babs Gonzales and Joe Carroll can be seen as kindred spirits to punk-funk rappers Kurtis Blow and Grandmaster Flash.

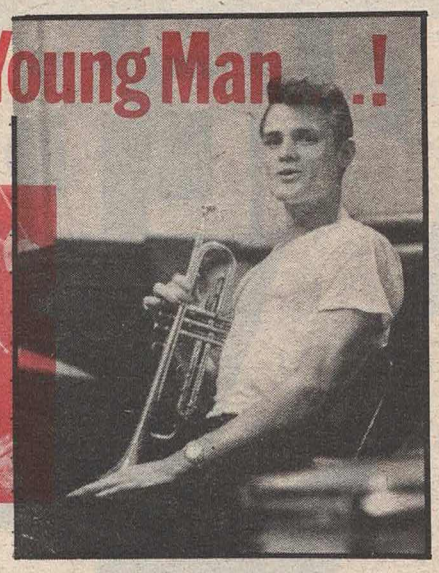
Cool Whalin' (Spotlite)
King Pleasure (Everest)
The Be-Bop Singers (Prestige)

BE-BOP SPOKEN HERE!

(A glossary of hip speak, man)

apple New York City. The Big Apple.
axe Not the careful-with-Eugene variety, but a reference to one's instrument: invariably a saxophone.
bad Good (exceedingly) i.e. "*Ba'ad* mutha" etc etc.
ball No sexual connotations — just enjoyment of the good old fashioned variety.
bean A dollar.
blow Again, no sexual connotations. To blow: to play one's instrument.
boogie Definitive sexual connotations.
bread Money.
bug To get on one's tits!
cabbage Money. Pickin' the cabbage — to earn money.
cat A musician (male).
chase An ad lib musical dogfight between two or more musicians, epitomized by the legendary Dexter Gordon–Wardell Gray tenor sax battles ('The Chase' and 'The Steeplechase').
chick A girl. Definitely sexist.
chops Lips. i.e. "Dizzy has a solid pair of chops!"
clinker A duff note.
comp Usually a piano vamp behind an instrumental soloist.
cook Soulful. Inspiration of the highest order.
cool Self-explanatory.
crazy The opposite of cool.
cut To play better than one's adversary. i.e. 'I really *cut* that mutha".
daddyo An endearing form of greeting. i.e. "slip me some skin, daddyo" (shake a hand).
dig To understand fully.
drag See bug.
eyes To be ambitious.
fake To improvise.
fracture To greatly impress and/or amuse. i.e. "I was really fractured by Bird's latest waxing."
fly An ol' smoothie.
flip To go apeshit.
funky (a) as in smelly i.e. "That cat's really funky!" (b) gospel-inspired player i.e. "That cat's really funky!"
gas To be over-awed. To be knocked out. i.e. "a real gasser."
gate An endearing form of address. Substitute in place of *daddyo* or *man*.
gone A real gone guy. A person who has been sent.
goof To fuck up.
groovy Self-explanatory.
hep An obsolete expression.
hip Substitute for hep. To be aware. "I'm hip, yah-boo."
horn No sexual connotations. One's instrument.
jack Not the "I'm alright" variety, more of the "Hit the road" kind.
jam An improvised session.
jive To con.
kicks To sate one's desires.
kill To impress.
longhair A classical musician.
Mickey Mouse music Music of a most inferior kind.
moldy fig Traditional jazz purist.
nutty Applied only to peer musicians.
pops An endearing form of address. See *daddyo* and *gate*. i.e. "Your flies are undone Pops!"
scat Scat singing. A form of senseless, nonsense phrasing popularized by Babs Gonzales and Joe 'Be-Bop' Carroll.
send See gone. To over-excite.
salty Angry. Lionel Hampton used it to effect when he retitled 'Don't Ya Go Away Mad' as 'Don't Flee The Scene, Salty.'
sharp Ultra smart. i.e. "Mah man's wearin' real sharp Y-fronts!"
solid A good egg.
split To split the scene — depart in haste.
square A bozo.
too much Absolutely wonderful. "Too fuckin' much, Gate."
wail An inspired performer.
walk A steady finger-poppin' four-beats-to-the-bar rhythm put down by a bass player. A perfect example: bassist LeRoy Vinnegar's album 'LeRoy Walks!' (Contemporary).
weird-o A nutter.
wig To flip one's wig. Cerebral excitement.
wild Self-explanatory.
zoot A zoot suit. An exaggerated, ostentatious style of dress (male).

Go West Young Man...!



WEST COAST JAZZ

In the years immediately following the Second World War, Hollywood's movie and TV studios offered more work than even the most ambitious musicians could handle. The money was plentiful, the climate fabulous: a demi-paradise for those skilled arranger/composer/musicians fatigued with working the road with the big bands of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and Claude Thornhill.

Sight-reading studio sessions by day took care of all the bills whilst late-nite club residencies and as many jazz record dates one could accommodate paid for those madly-expensive imported suits, the beach house and the sports car(s).

By the beginning of the '50s, a highly incestuous closed shop of around 50 constantly permutated players was established: brassmen Pete & Conte Candoli, Jack Sheldon, Stu Williamson, Shorty Rogers, Frank Rosolino, Milt Bernhart; saxists Art Pepper, Bud SHank, Bob Cooper, Bill Holman, Bill Perkins, Bob Gordon, Richie Kamuca, Jimmy Guiffre, Lennie Niehaus: pianists Russ Freeman, Claude Williamson, Pete Jolly, Marty Paich, Hampton Hawes, whilst ubiquitious bassists Curtis Counce and Joe Mondragon and drummers Shelly Manne and Stan Levey appeared to seldom sleep!

Three units dominated the entire fraternity: The Lighthouse All-Stars directed by bassist Howard Rumsey — the resident combo at the Lighthouse Cafe (Hermosa Beach) Shorty Rogers & The Giants and Shelly Manne & His Men. All theee bands had a constantly interchangeable personnel, recorded prolifically and employed colourful tightly-knit scores redolent of Miles Davis' innovative Birth-Of-The-Cool Nonette.

The premise of such arrangements was to remodel big band music for small groups using a particular instrument to represent a particular horn section. Though each employed similar stylistic devices, overall, West Coast Jazz was more a geographical definition rather than a characterization. Nevertheless, this penchant for arrangements and the faultless expertise with which they were performed often got them castigated as cold and calculated whilst Kenton and Herman continued to get critically applauded for doing precisely the same on a grand scale.

SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN
The West Coast Sound (Contemporary)
At The Black Hawk (4 Vols) (Contemporary)
At The Manne Hole (Contemporary)
SHORTY ROGERS & THE GIANTS
Blue Express (RCA)
Courts The Count (RCA)
Portrait Of Shorty (RCA)
West Coast Jazz (Atlantic)
Clickin' With Clax (Atlantic)
Martains Come Back (Atlantic)
HOWARD RUMSEY'S LIGHTHOUSE ALL-STARS
Sunday Jazz A La Lighthouse (Contempoary)

GERRY MULLIGAN

Gerry Mulligan already had years of big band writing behind him when, at 21, he wrote charts and played baritone sax in the 1949 Miles Davis 'Birth Of The Cool' band that set most of the trends for the '50s Cool School. In 1952, Mulligan shook the West Coast by introducing a pianoless quartet with Chet Baker on trumpet: their records overflow with seamless melodic counterpoint, and tracks like 'Knights At The Turntable' and 'Walking Shoes' define the first wave of cool. Mulligan remained a leader throughout the '50s, since when he's pursued his interest in large group writing. No longer much of an influence but a reliably gruff swinger.

Revelation (with Baker and Konitz) (Blue Note)
The Fabulous Gerry Mulligan Quartet in Paris (Vogue)
The California Concerts (Pacific Jazz)
The Tentette/Walking Shoes (Capitol)

GIL EVANS

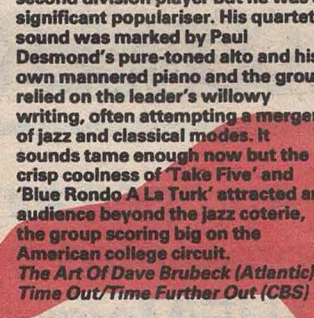
Orchestrator and elder statesman (born 1912). Evans tried to match the spontaneity of the new music in the '50s with his own slant on impressionism, working with featured soloists like Miles Davis ('Miles Ahead', 'Sketches Of Spain') and Cannonball Adderley ('Pacific Standard Time'). 'Out Of The Cool' may be his classic, made up of shifting tone colours but trading swing for texture. Never one to stand still he later attempted to arrange Jimi Hendrix tunes, with mixed success.

Miles Ahead (CBS)
Sketches Of Spain (CBS)
Pacific Standard Time (Blue Note)
Out Of The Cool (Impulse)

DAVE BRUBECK

Musically, Brubeck must rank as a second division player but he was a significant populariser. His quartet sound was marked by Paul Desmond's pure-toned alto and his own mannered piano and the group relied on the leader's willowy writing, often attempting a merger of jazz and classical modes. It sounds tame enough now but the crisp coolness of 'Take Five' and 'Blue Rondo A La Turk' attracted an audience beyond the jazz coterie, the group scoring big on the American college circuit.

The Art Of Dave Brubeck (Atlantic)
Time Out/Time Further Out (CBS)



ART PEPPER

Pepper's heroic renaissance is one of the marvels of recent jazz. He moved from Stan Kenton's orchestra to become a key figure in the '50s West Coast movement, working extensively with the Rogers-Manne crowd and becoming the most in-demand alto on the scene. Smack had already tarnished his career, but the late '50s saw a series of Contemporary albums that set the state of the art in post-Parker alto playing. His return in 1975 after 15 years in a limbo of prison and illness found his playing — the golden tone, shy phrases gaining sudden condfidence with flurries of notes — strengthened by a deeper maturity. Read the autobiography *Straight Life* and go see him at Capital's Jazz Festival.

Meets The Rhythm Sections (Contemporary)
Gettin' Together (Contemporary)
Among Friends (Flyright)
Blues For The Fisherman (Mole)

CHET BAKER

Shy, fragile, introspective: like man, like horn. Baker's affecting version of 'My Funny Valentine' with Gerry Mulligan set up his career. Lauded as the new genius of trumpet in 1952–3, his subsequent course was sundered by backlash, narcotics and the innate frailty of his playing. The 1955 Paris sessions, some with the semi-legendary Dick Twardzik (another heroin casualty) on piano, and the quartet sides with Russ Freeman are still small hours classics. A flood of recent albums has seen Baker in the ascendant again — inconsistent, but at his best a deeply moving player.

Chet Baker In Paris (Blue Star)
Chet Baker–Russ Freeman Quartet (Pacific Jazz)
Playboys (Pacific Jazz)
Once Upon A Summertime (Artist House)

CURTIS COUNCE

You Get More Bounce With Curtis Counce was the money-back guarantee when hiring the most in-demand bassist in Tinsel Town. However, it was as leader of his own vastly-underrated shortlived quintet ('56-'57) that the Big Double C made utter nonsense of the no-fire-in-the-west theory. With Harold Land and Jack Sheldon making up the tough-as-old-boots tenor/trumpet front line, pianist Carl Perkins ensuring future immortality (he was to die in 1958, aged 30) and Frank Butler proving he was a far superior drummer to most of his contemporaries. The quintet may have been able to trade punches with any hard-boppers New York might have put up as challengers but commercial success eluded the group and as a result became consigned to the archives of Cult Memories.

Landslide (Contemporary)
Counceltation (Contemporary)
Carl's Blues (Contemporary)
Exploring The Future (Dooto)

STAN GETZ

The major cool tenor and the principal exponent of Lester Young's style, Getz was in the sax section of Woody Herman's Second Herd alongside Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward and Serge Chaloff before working independently in the '50s. Renowned as a sensual but unsentimental ballad player, his lush-toned playing is toughened by a quicksilver imagination and an ability to dig hard when the occasion demands. In the '60s, on the Verve label, he recorded with strings ('Focus') and helped to instigate a world-wide fad for the bossa nova ('Jazz Samba'): in the '70s, Getz investigated electric sax but has returned to straight-ahead playing to general relief.

Live At Storyville (Vogue)
The Roost Sessions (Vogue)
West Coast Jazz (Verve)

TONY FRUSCELLA

Possibly the most tragic of the alarming number of early fatalities amongst trumpet players, Tony Fruscella's short-life epitomised the handsome young star-crossed musician dying unrewarded in relative obscurity. A brief glimpse of his potential brilliance was in evidence on the solitary Atlantic album (1955) he cut during his lifetime, but he would have remained a shadowy footnote had it not been for the recent discovery by Tony Williams' Spotlite label of sufficient hitherto unheard tapes to produce two magnificent verite documentaries: 'Fru 'N' Brew' (which pairs him with roving tenorist Brew Moore) and 'Debut' (which includes the only known recordings by equally legendary New York altoist, Chick Maures). Together, they provide conclusive evidence that Fruscella was the precursor of both Miles Davis' walking-on-eggshells sound and Chet Baker's fragile introspections.

SERGE CHALOFF

Without question the leading baritone sax player of the '40s and '50s. Chaloff worked in Woody Herman's Second Herd, one of the original Four Brothers, showing an amazing facility at bop tempos on an unwieldy instrument. Though his career was wrecked by narcotics (Chaloff hardly played between 1949 and 1953) the tragedy came when, after two brilliant comeback albums, he contracted spinal paralysis which eventually killed him in 1957. 'Blue Serge', the last session under Chaloff's own name (he had to hobble into the studio on crutches) has the most uniquely expressive baritone on record, culminating in an agonisingly bittersweet 'Thanks For The Memory'.

Brothers And Other Mothers (compilation) (Savoy)
Fable Of Mabel (Trio import)
Boston Blow-Up (Affinity)
Blue Serge (Trio import)

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

The MJQ began as a group of ultra smart-suited proto-boppers playing a lithe, springy form of ensemble jazz with vibist Milt Jackson as star soloist. Later, pianist John Lewis became the guiding force and (with Percy Heath on bass and Connie Kay taking over from Kenny Clarke on drums) piloted the group for over 20 years. Form regularly won out over feel and content, but MJQ at their best created a cool style of chamber-jazz and delicate mood exploration that makes the ECM school, their obvious successors, seem stilted and artificial.

Modern Jazz Quartet (Prestige)
One Never Knows (Atlantic)
The Last Concert (Atlantic)

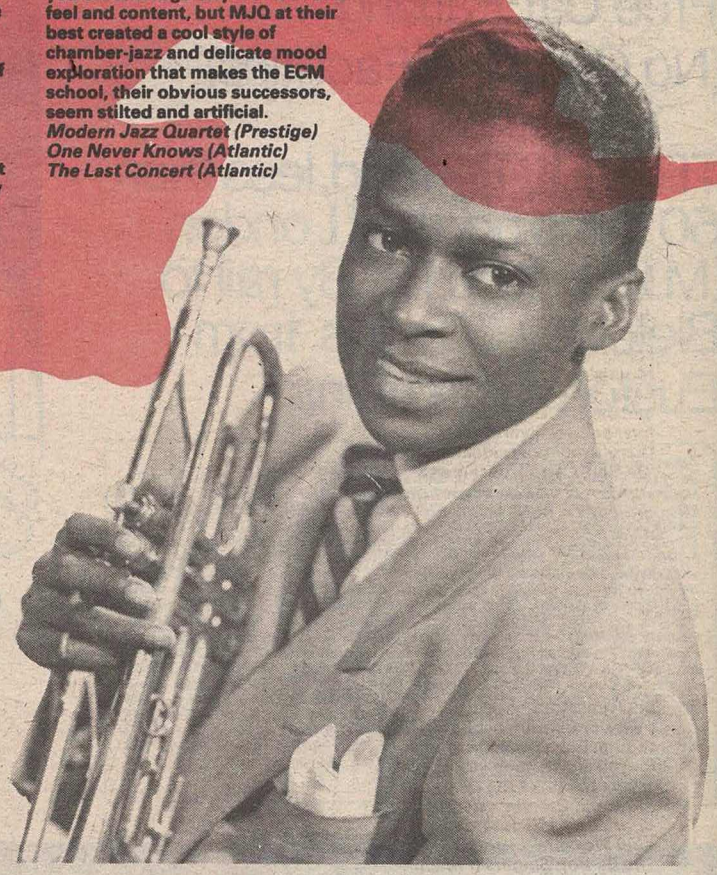
MILES DAVIS — IN THE BEGINNING

Whilst still in his early '20s, trumpeter Miles Davis — when not Bird's apprehensive frontline partner — was furthering his musical education with arranger Gil Evans and swopping subversive ideas with the equally restless Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan and John Lewis.

After two years in the planning, the smoke cleared and in the first month of '49, the Miles Davis experimental Nonette produced the first four Birth-Of-The-Cool sides for Capitol ('Move', 'Jeru', 'Godchild' and 'Budo')

Only two more record dates and a two week Royal Roost engagement followed before the project disbanded, but it was sufficient to do all the spade work for the soon-come West Coast Jazz movement as personified by Shorty Rogers & The Giants and Shelly Manne & His Men.

Like so may innovations, the Miles Davis Nonette was ahead of its time and the full impact years to permulate. Over 30 years after the events these 12-sides still sound risk taking.



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Devoto. Pic: Chris Horler

LPs

MAGAZINE
Magic, Murder And The Weather (Virgin)

"I have a pitiful need to be liked." — Devoto talking in a hired car.

MAGAZINE delectably reflected Howard Devoto's aggravating desire to be 'carried away'. The group rose out from Devoto's dislodging doubt. To endure anxiety, Devoto was saying, is to see the need for grace.

Through four sensational LP's — the live LP 'Play' was a delicious clarifying bonus — Magazine have anxiously and gracefully represented the uncanny tensions between realisation and isolation, sin and innocence, irritation and sentimentality, love and evasion. Magazine were for amusement and serious interest, were dead smart and so touchy. They dealt with moments of intensity — grate! — and indulged in mad trivialities — great! — yet embraced the fortunes of a fundamental pop cool. They went deep and they were impulsive.

They were for the moment and they were splendid. They wondered about the size of life and sought an evocative, retrospective but accessible pop energy. The pleasures were numerous, ambiguous and accumulative. The pleasures were there in spite of it all. Magazine played an insidious pop that was sensationalized by the greater problems of self-consciousness.

By finishing here Magazine force attention onto the sum of their deeds. Within four LP's Magazine have covered sin, flesh, spirit, soul, body, life, reason, conscience, heart, freedom, faith, hope, love, with a fear of the familiar and a seething sensitivity — impressive and invigorating. Nothing was too great, nothing too small. From murder to the weather, from neither here nor there back to nature. It's been a considerable and consistent display of a life of care and a life of caring, a lively insight into achievement and uncertainty.

Any more records and the tensions, the branding teases, the brooding twists, the knowing comedy, would begin to spoil. This presentation is complete. 'Magic . . .' is the Magazine art perfected. It's all fit to burst.

Devoto has said that the controversial 'Secondhand Daylight' was 'Real Life' only more so. 'Magic . . .' is 'The Correct Use Of Soap' (more ensnaring than grandiose) only more so; the second half of the second half. Martin Hannett knows how to ventilate these admissions! This unconventional intimacy, darting irony, a succession of balances. With 'Magic . . .' Devoto's detachment is more measured, and so there is a greater playfulness, a sultry abandon.

The balance between uneasiness and relief — the need to be 'carried away' — is refined even further. It is less neurotic but less normal than 'Soap', the ultimate example of the insistent opposites in Magazine's work. These highs and these lows. These smiles and these fears. The spilling of blood and the denseness of lust. The uncertainty, to be sure. Humility and arrogance. Distress and delight. Complete the charm. Get carried away.

'Magic . . .' is as artfully organised as the first three LPs. It's a web of hints and evidence. The exotic pouting 'About The Weather' is an alluring start. Its gracious Motown attunement, its independent soul pull, is present to a lesser extent throughout the ten songs, existing intensively with the slight '60s instrumental oddness, the sparse Weill sadness, the abbreviated, uplifting funk, the thin time echoes of the obvious early '70s precedents. The Magazine sound is valuably fit.

'So Lucky', 'This Poison', 'Naked Eye', and 'Suburban Rhonda' are slow draws: diffidence, apprehension, a raise of the eyebrows, casual suggestiveness, drowning memories. The rhythms are naughty, Devoto's vocals curiously inebriated, the melodies not quite sarcastic. The appeal of these songs still has much to do with 'unease'; the proof of Magazine's dark cunning. 'The Honeymoon Killers' is a queer review of a kinky union such as Sheen's and Spacek's in *Badlands*. Here there's that genuine surprise Magazine were capable of. The surprise, the secrecy, the standing by, and the switch. Click.

Much of Magazine has been to do with faith and memory and being faithful to memory. Memory as a trick of the (mental) light. Does memory equal perception? The edgy feeling of familiarity, the infatuations with experiencing everything. 'Vigilant' involves all this: the problem of preserving. 'Come Alive' as a throwaway emphasises the neglected mania in Magazine's music, the question of little things, and so the delight in persevering.

'The Great Man's Secrets' and 'The Garden' are partners in serious crime to 'A Song From Under The Floorboards'. 'Secrets' has the slippiest, trickiest music on the LP, and a submerged, defective vocal. A song of man's ancient arrogance, perhaps a hint at the 'grace' of being from the 'disgrace' of a cell. Or is it just how to get a hard on when times are rough?

Magazine finish their brief life with 'The Garden' and Devoto using an insect again to confront solitude, eternity, identity, volition, sensual pleasures and moral depravities. Magazine could only finish so high and so low.

Magazine; the speculations and the party. It reaches its pitch on 'Magic, Murder And The Weather.' 'Real Life' was the torrid beginning. 'Secondhand Daylight' was a necessary expanding stage. 'Soap' was their masterpiece. 'Magic . . .' is the confirmation Magazine were a special case. Fit them all together and what do you get . . . such a sophisticated sequence! Life affirmation, even. Pop at its wicked, dislocating best. Embrace it and race with it, from limit to limit. To the outside of everything.

Paul Morley

KILLING JOKE
What's THIS For . . . !
(Malicious Damage)

A SUNNY Sunday afternoon is really *not* the time to review a Killing Joke record. But then, nor is the moment to which they are most appropriate: one of those tired, edgy evenings when the pressures seem unbearable and you're in no fit state to listen to anything, let alone Killing Joke's crass configurations of tedium, tension and paranoia.

Even a Killing Joke apologist such as your reviewer finds it hard to tolerate their grinding noise under certain circumstances, or to explain their apparent decline from bright boys of '79 into bitter and twisted dropouts of '81.

Certainly their stunning debut EP marked them out as a band who could travel in any of several directions. Over the apocalyptic Donna Summer electrodisco of 'Almost Red', the loose-limbed hard rock of 'Nervous System', the clever dub 'Turn To Red' — over all these lay an arrogant panache that said they were in control of their own destiny.

That their next destination should turn out to be the bleak vandalised landscape of their first album, lost them a lot of friends. Here was a band with the world at their feet — and they chose this dead end.

Personally, though, I fell for the nihilistic stance and mutant heavy metal on 'Killing Joke' — especially the magnificent desolation of 'Requiem' — but there was a dullness to the production which, while oddly appropriate to the general air of hopelessness, didn't do justice to Killing Joke's lascivious relish of their grim fate.

If anything, Killing Joke have since spiralled even further into sullen resentment. Whereas six months ago they looked set to cross over from their established position in the neo-punk hierarchy into some new league of their own, now I'm not so sure that their relentless negativity won't just reap a negative reaction in return.

More than ever, what Killing Joke are now weaving into Rock's Rich Tapestry was stitched up long ago by The Stranglers. The machine rhythms, the grating guitar, thunderous bass and busy keyboards; the hammy menace, the grubby arrogance and slack-jawed sneering vocal delivery; the unrelenting pessimism; the frequent flashes, despite or because of all these things, of exhilarating muscle power . . . I was a sucker for The Stranglers and I've got the same malignant soft spot for Killing Joke.

'What's THIS For . . . !' — again produced by the group themselves — has a bite to it which puts across those perverse virtues better than ever. Reflecting the artificiality they see around them, it features virtually no natural sounds — everything, including the vocals, is electronically treated. The one moment of 'reality' — a dog barking — is cut off by a song about death.

At least, I think it's about death. Sometimes my job involves some pretty time-wasting things, and one of them is trying to decide what Killing Joke's songs are about. So we start off with the ugly riff of 'The Fall Of Because'. The words are indecipherable; it goes nowhere; I'd say it was a suitable beginning to a KJ LP, particularly if *"the fall of because"* is a requiem for reason . . .

'Tensions', which follows, is based round a harsh, compelling riff which bears a sinister resemblance to 'My Sharona', and would seem to set out the everyday thoughts of an inhabitant of Killing Joke's world: futile, alienated, confused. And like 'My Sharona', it's got a real catchy chorus and a hell of a kick . . .

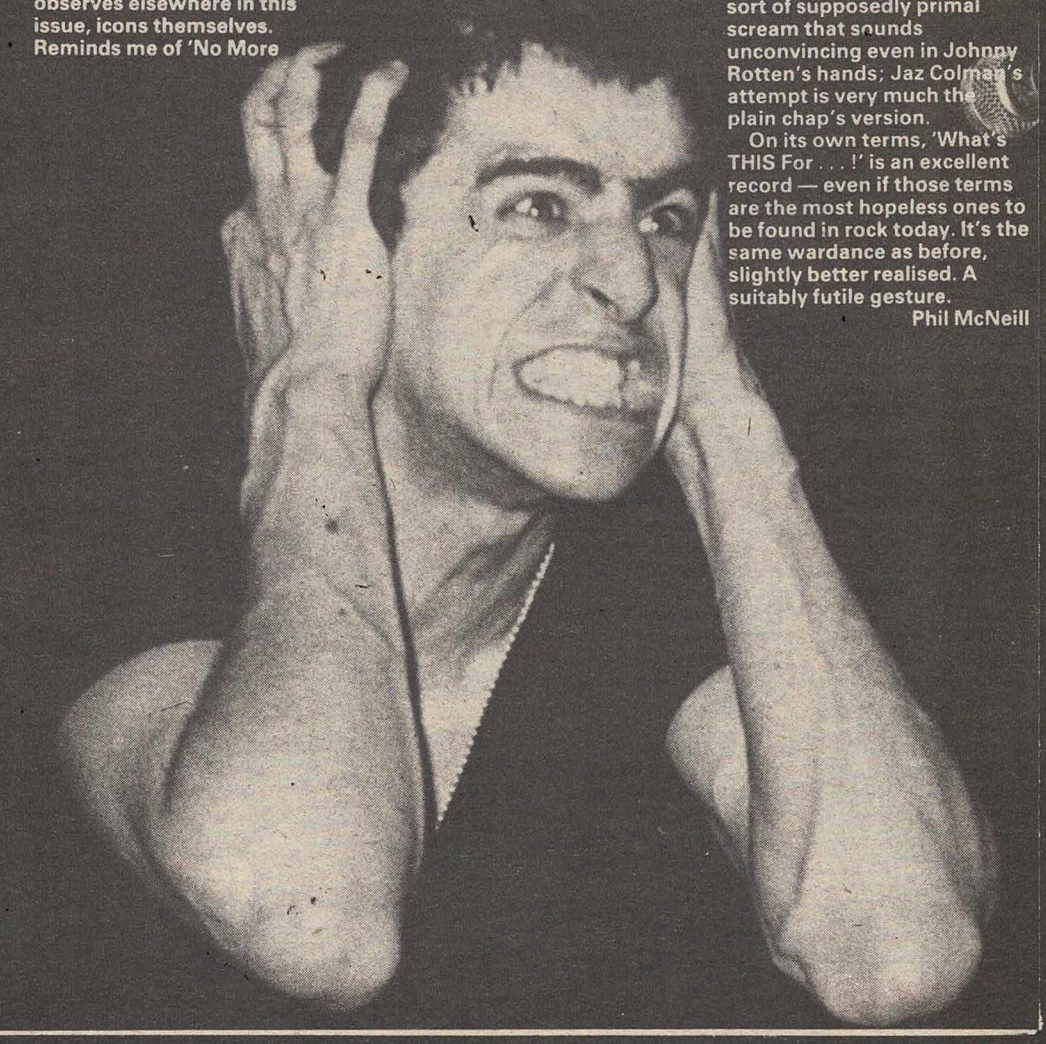
Other highlights: The single 'Follow The Leaders' — so Glitterish it could be a bizarre dub of 'Leader Of The Gang' — with its putdown of people (journalists, certainly; rock bands, possibly) who set out with iconoclastic intent to wind up, as Mick Farren observes elsewhere in this issue, icons themselves. Reminds me of 'No More Heroes' . . .

. . . And the closer, 'Exit', a great rushing racket which possibly concerns an unsuccessful suicide attempt. The killing joke is, the subject comes through alive — back to the same nightmare.

In fact, all through the album — the electronic stew of 'Who Told You How!', the cavernous echoes of 'Unspeakable', the angry Stangleroid rock of 'Butcher' — only one track lets down Killing Joke's inner consistency. 'Madness' is the sort of supposedly primal scream that sounds unconvincing even in Johnny Rotten's hands; Jaz Colman's attempt is very much the plain chap's version.

On its own terms, 'What's THIS For . . . !' is an excellent record — even if those terms are the most hopeless ones to be found in rock today. It's the same wardance as before, slightly better realised. A suitably futile gesture.

Phil McNeill



Killing Joke. Pic: Simon Reeves.

EDDY GRANT
Can't Get Enough (Ice)

"My track record is that any time I have a record out, and it's *played* on the radio, I sell a million copies."

TWO years on from that interview in *NME*, three years beyond the 'Front Line', Eddy Grant's boast holds true. As you no doubt noted in a recent *NME* International Chart, Grant presently holds down two places on the Argentinian singles — 'My Turn To Love You' at 1, 'Front Line' at 4 — as well as the number one album. Just as in '60s The Equals could crack Africa as easily as the UK, Eddy Grant retains his knack of playing what people can't resist, whatever musical language they talk.

Which is just as it should be. Eddy Grant's music embodies an unrivalled eclecticism: the calypso roots of his Guyanese childhood, the formal training of his Camden youth; the African influences of fellow London-based musicians, the reggae, rock, pop, funk and disco that he seems to absorb with the air he breathes. And even more than such notable eclectics as Taj Mahal and August Darnell, Grant's cross-cultural mix sounds completely unforced: he just plays pop as he hears it.

In more ways than one, Eddy Grant's music is totally his own. He sings it, writes it, plays it; produces it in the studio he built in his own Stoke Newington backyard; publishes it himself and releases it on his own label. (A sidetrack: six years ago, I interviewed Eddy Grant. He had already recorded a solo album, but no one had ever heard it because no major had agreed to the distribution terms Grant required. One label manager, turning down Grant's demands, asked in exasperation what he would do with his album when all the business moguls had rejected him. "I don't know," Eddy replied. "I guess I'll just go home and listen to it myself.") Yes, there *are* still heroes in rock and roll . . .

'Can't Get Enough' is Eddy Grant's fifth solo LP (at least) and his fourth on Ice Records. Two things immediately distinguish it: the David Bailey mugshot, and the unusually apolitical contents. In contrast to such angry outbursts as 'Preachin' Genocide' and 'Race Hate', here it's all 'I Love To Truck' and 'I Love You Yes, I Love You' — though as Grant acknowledges in 'Kill 'Em With Kindness', his very presence is the most effective stand he could take: *"Sometimes I could die of frustration / I reach out my hand and get mud in my face /*

IGGY POP
Party (Arista)

IGGY POP's pleasure seeking has always been single-minded to the point of desperation, yet he's never tried to disguise the fact that gratification comes harder with the accumulation of experience. Mentally, if not physically.

The Idiot's 'Nightclubbing' is a clue to the man's increasingly disenchanted pursuit, ironically pinpointing as it did the contradiction of so relentlessly chasing a good time by mournfully intoning his sarcasm against a great bleak and bland rhythm. On 'Party' however, he fires his songs — co-written with Ivan Kral — with a rock urgency that traditionally promises far more than it can deliver. But as 'Party' is pretty much about broken dreams and subsequent disillusionment, the music's empty bluster matches the mood. Anyway, as Iggy makes clear in 'Rock And Roll Party', he's not about to get embroiled in pop's ideological arguments about terms and definitions — *"Rock is rock/Give it a shot/Rock is rock/Whether you like it or not,"* he defensively asserts.

The sentiment might make you cringe if it weren't suited to the mocking boys night-out bravado of the LP. If anything Iggy sounds like he's driving himself harder than ever in search of thrills. Drinking with the "fellas" held up well for most of his last record 'Soldier', but such pleasures show signs of wearing thin here. The already quoted song sees him going down to the rock and roll club only *"I found myself with the usual bums"* and finishes with them all on the streets wandering where to go. The theme is taken up in 'Sincerity' after which it is thankfully dropped to leave Iggy free to concentrate on 'Party's' main preoccupation: sex.

If 'Party' sets out to celebrate the subject, it gets bored with it fast and resorts to cheap laughs. Spitefully funny though much of it is, its maliciousness is undermined by Iggy's eternally juvenile impishness and daft dancing word associations. However, his cynicism isn't always easy to take, even when its veiled beneath satire. Like on the hilarious semi-calypso of 'Happy Man', which simplistically ridicules loving security: *"I can make her scream/Because she's my only machine/I'm her confidante/And she's my only cream."*

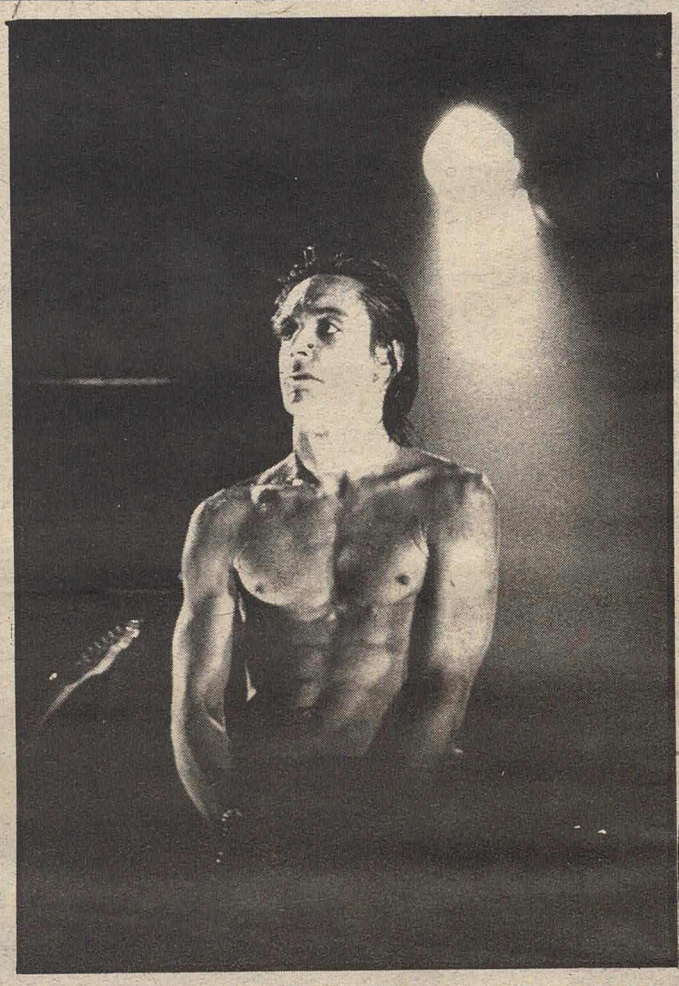
Like Casanova Iggy appears less bored by sex itself than the easiness of his conquests. Sex has become simply perfunctory, immensely hollow. 'Pumping For Jill' is a sadly dispirited scenario that has Iggy playing a moronic grease monkey maligned by everyone, but no one can stop him pumping (for) Jill in his dreams. The innuendos are more obvious in the wildly funny but oddly moving single 'Bang Bang' — *"Lonely ha ha what does it mean? Who me?"*

For all the party's swagger it doesn't appear a very happy one. Something happened between the brash 'Soldier' and this to piss him off as he's already ditched the earlier dictum of 'Get Up And Get Out': *"I'm wandering fellas you've heard the news?/The girls are tired of being abused."*

Yet the strongest pointer to his current malaise comes not from the sex songs, but one that is a barely disguised vitriolic jibe at a record company patron, called 'Eggs On Plate'. Undoubtedly the record's strongest track, Iggy angrily berates himself for succumbing to offers of security, knowing that he's been taken for a sucker. The bitterness of his heartfelt attack gives him a purpose that is lacking elsewhere.

'Eggs On Plate' is Iggy at his least bleary-eyed; then 'Party' isn't a particularly good record for drinking along to. Despite its surface jauntiness, 'Party' is perhaps Iggy at his most sober.

Chris Bohn



Pic: James Norman

VARIOUS
Strength Thru Oi! (Skin)

OI! IS THE product of *Sounds* features editor Gary Bushell's urge to be one of a gang set up with the sole aim of kicking out any life left in the rotting Sex Pistols corpse. Uncritically encouraged in their endeavour, the Oi! corps are thus allowed to get away with murder, knowing that Bushell will shovel no amount of shit to cover for them.

Bushell's grossly misleading caricature of "working class culture" has less to do with present day conditions than an antiquated concept of class barriers and the struggle that dates back to before the post-war levelling-out policies of successive Labour governments. Bushell ignores this and chooses instead to create a new, distorted myth of a hard-done-by majority — instead of a genuinely suffering few — whose treatment at the hands of "them" is scandalous enough to justify their anti-social reaction.

The bible of the self-proclaimed 'new breed' according to Bushell reads like a whining social worker's report in which class background is mitigation enough for any misdeeds. "It wasn't my fault guv, it was society what done it." Worse, his idiot championing goes beyond mere representation to blind glorification. Check Bushell's sleevenote manifesto: "... young blood on the prowl, teenage fantasies coming true at Dreamland in vivid floods of memories — working the cards down Oxford Street, spending all your dough on Space Invaders and fruit machines, pigging down chips in kiss-me-quick titfers, getting nicked for wearing steel-caps, fumbled sex behind the bike sheds, a flick blade flashing in the moonlight, titting up birds in sweaty discos, speeding for the first time, running wild like a

. . . Gonna kill 'em with kindness / Might stop the blindness . . ." That studiedly poignant moment apart, Grant's songs here are ingenious at best, but more often just bland.

Musically, there's the two singles . . . and the rest. 'Do You Feel My Love' and 'Can't Get Enough Of You' retread that glorious muscular step of 'Living On The Frontline' (and contrary to popular misconception, it's a *return*: none of last year's 'Love In Exile' set walked this way). Grant's use of bass-heavy synthesizers and treated guitar to create that electronic tribal groove is quite inspired — I wouldn't mind if he made like Bo Diddley and recycled this stuff forever.

The rest, though, is very much the rest, and anyone less devoted to Eddy may well find it pretty insipid: here a bit of disco, there a rock-soul ballad, here a Don Covayoid boogie — nothing he couldn't do in his sleep. Highlights are the muted; mutated calypso of 'California Style' (a melodic close relation to the Ants' 'Making History') and the marvellous Afro-disco of 'I Love To Truck'.

Incidentally, if you get the cassette you also get free Eddy Grant's first Ice Records album 'Message Man' — the one before 'Front Line'. It's a fascinating record of Grant's formative stages — from the bitter lament against being seen as a 'Cockney Black' to Eddy's second recorded version of his beautiful chant 'Hello Africa'.

Way back on 'Front Line', Eddy Grant sang: *"Me no want to tour America / No, me no want to become big star."* Who, hearing that then, would have thought that the choice would soon be his to make?

Phil McNeill

JACK NITZSCHE
St. Giles Cripplegate (Initial)

EVEN if he'd done nothing else in his entire life, Jack Nitzsche would have to go down in world history for arranging 'He's A Rebel'. That this record was only the first of thirteen pop masterpieces Nitzsche arranged for Phil Spector means he's already part of it.

A career that encompasses credits for 'Be My Baby' and 'River Deep, Mountain High', plus the Turtles' 'She'd Rather Be With Me', Buffalo Springfield's 'Expecting To Fly', and Marianne Faithfull's version of 'Sister Morphine' needs no hyperboles from a hapless album reviewer. Dammit, the man even put that piano on 'Paint It, Black'!

The only problem is that ever since studying modern harmony at a fly-by-night music school in LA, Jack Nitzsche has secretly thought of himself as an "artist". Credits for everyone from the Stones to Tim Buckley and scores for numerous films like *'Performance'*, *'The Exorcist'*, and *'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest'* have only left him a dissatisfied and embittered man.

'St Giles Cripplegate' was the alienated artist's (Crawdaddy once called him an "armchair terrorist") kick in Hollywood's eye. Recorded in London with the LSO, it is a collection of six pieces of classical music without titles. When it was first released in the States in 1972, Warner Bros. needless to say deleted it within months. A pop album he presented them a year later with lyrics by pretentious film director Robert Downey (an equally embittered cronie of Nitzsche's) was never released at all.

It's a terrible irony that in order to work with the LSO at all, Nitzsche had to orchestrate those awful songs in Neil Young's 'Harvest', 'A Man Needs A Maid' and 'There's A World' — tracks which sound like 'The Girl Of The Golden West' rescored by Rodgers and Hammerstein.

If you wanted a proper estimation of the real musical worth of 'St Giles Cripplegate', you'd have to take it somewhere else. This isn't a classical music paper. However, despite being informed by Andy Childs' sleeve note that Nitzsche's "eclectic" tastes range from Wagner and Ligeti to Berg And Webern to Stravinsky, the six pieces on this album are very commonplace. The first, for example, ♯ as 6', starts off like scores for about eight horror movies rolled into one, all writhing violins and rumbling tympani, but soon slides into mournful sub-'Tannhauser' brass. Later, I hear shades of Richard Strauss, and even Mahler, but they just seem lost amidst the general vagaries of influence.

It's encouraging that a small British label like Initial is prepared to take a gamble on something like this, but the fact remains that Jack Nitzsche bears about the same relation to classical music as his old partner in crime Bob Downey bears to classical cinema. Which is to say, they are both slightly out of step, but really none the better for it.

Barney Hoskyns

SNOWY RED
Snowy Red (Dirty Dance)
THE NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS
Tissue Of Lies (Emiss)
ART ET TECHNIQUE
Clima-X (Hi-Tec)

WELCOME to the wonderful world of tortured young artists!

These three records emanate from the ghetto largely defined and yardsticked by the estimable CV and rather more dubious TG, and I'm afraid that unlike those two, they deserve to stay there, at least until they learn that to make a lot of nasty noises and smother everything in echo and distortion is not necessarily "art" and is definitely not "avant-garde".

The Nocturnal Emissions are perhaps the worst, doing their damnedest to remove all semblance of melody and coherent rhythmic structure from their anal outpourings (the group are nothing if not ironically named, but whether they get the joke is another matter), and utilising all manner of revolutionary new techniques such as cut-up and "found" lyrics (Gosh!) and never-ending lock-groove run-outs on both sides (Phew!). Nigel, Caroline and Daniel — for it is they — will doubtless be surprised to learn of it, but when you set out to make an unlistenable LP, the end result is usually that people don't want to listen to it. Odd, eh?

Much the same applies to the French outfit Art & Technique, except that their drum-machine does rattle along nicely here and there, and they're quite capable of producing the occasional few minutes of something approaching peaceful beauty, as on the wistful 'Noel Tombe Un Jeudi' ('Christmas Falls On A Thursday', I think, but don't take by word for it).

The best of this bunch is Snowy Red's offering, a far more purposeful affair than the others, albeit dealing in similar previously-charted territory. Snowy Red is actually a pseudonym for one Micky Mike, who handles all singing, performing, production and engineering tasks on his tod — which may account for the more focussed tone of the LP.

Andy Gill

BUDDY GUY AND JUNIOR WELLS
Drinkin' TNT 'N' Smokin' Dynamite (Red Lightnin')

FACTS: This album was recorded eight years ago at the Montreux Jazz Festival and presents the ill-starred duo at the very peak of their form. It was produced by Bill Wyman, who plays bass alongside Dallas Taylor (drums), Pinetop Perkins (piano) and Terry Taylor (guitar.) It features songs associated with Guy and Wells throughout their career(s) and interpretations of standards from the repertoires of Sonny Boy Williamson and Little Walter. That's all you need to know.

This is the context in which you should hear it: the stance and attitude upon which the kind of 'rock' which currently appears so thoroughly discredited is based upon a coarsened debasement of blues. The end result of this sequence of debasement and rejection is that the blues maintains less of a presence as contemporary music than it has had for nearly twenty years.

The most oft-heard criticism of the blues is that musically and lyrically it is cliched and barren. You know the rap: same old three bleeding chords, same old woke-up-dis-mawning-mah-baby-done-lef'-me lyrics. On one level this criticism is valid, on a more real one it is the purest horseshit. The blues is such a standard structure that when one feels it (as opposed to *listening to* it) the structure disappears completely and you are left with a sense of what is actually being communicated. The barrier created by a structure that has to be checked out disappears completely.

Seek this record out and put on 'Ten Years Ago', the slow blues that opens the second side. Turn it up loud and try not to listen to it. *Feel* it instead. What you feel is what you get.

Charles Shaar Murray

load of loonies, spewing up your first bacardi, ambushing Teds at Southend, finding a wallet at Clacton, doing the bouncers when they pushed it too far ..."

The Oi! corps unfortunately conform to Bushell's narrow constraints — their willingness to do so is almost condemnation enough. 'Strength Thru Oi!', from the fascist connotations of the title inwards, is all bully boy bravado, boots and braces, rucking on the terraces, blood on the streets.

The world owes them a living and they're sure as hell going to exact it. And if one of the mob is unfortunate enough to be caught, he's naturally a victim of injustice and a martyr to an ill-defined cause.

The group names — Infa Riot, 4-Skins, The Strike, Criminal Class — are interchangeable, as are the titles — 'Running Riot', 'Gang Warfare', 'Riot Riot', 'Taken For A Ride', 'Skinhead', etc. Musically they vainly attempt to revive the primal thrash and spontaneity of '77. But predictably there's no spirit or humanity in their cackhandedness.

Only The Toy Dolls' daft 'Diedre's A Slag' and Garry Johnson's verse refuse to be a part of the mire. The Dolls' song is an ode to a Corrie character and Johnson's plain poems point to a condition without dressing it up glory boy style.

They're the only two who are willing to sidestep barriers rather than erect them. The rest choose to stand behind them, hide behind uniforms and look for strength in numbers. Oi! isn't a protest, it's more of a bleat. Oi! is not about self-improvement — and that has nothing to do with upwards mobility — it's about conservatism. Oi! is about standing still — or at the most falling over drunk. Some fun.

Chris Bohn

After the adverts, watch T.V.

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Tim Buckley: A Look Back

TIM BUCKLEY
Greetings From L.A. (WEA)

"I almost had it yesterday/A song tied up my ankles/Couldn't walk/Couldn't wiggle/Till you came along/Untied the song . . ." — Was (Not Was).

For a long time the song imparted a somewhat Victorian view: a muse whose gaze could be found squinting peek-a-boo through the highly polished slats of its Venetian blind, hoping for a glint of the dark shimmer of sex; with few exceptions, the lyrical language of sexual love is dominated by the same tendencies even today. A prosaic roll of imagery, centred in traditional — lazily defined — role play is emblazoned on every pop consciousness. This authorised vocabulary is offensively lightweight. Love *hurts!* It scalds, bites and quite often sings out of tune.

It is true that a whole new rhetoric of allusion and metaphor was born during the mid- to late '60s: tremors in social propriety scrambled things up a little bit and everyone let their hair down. A picnic of promiscuity (or so the song goes), but the areas where and when it is possible to *talk about* "it" remain heavily policed. Even the "sub"-culture brings it all down to perennial emblems in the end — swinging singles *or* the procreative couple imposed as model, enforced as norm. No nitty gritty or funny business. The illusion perpetrated is one of "frank" and "progressive" outlook and inroads, but private dissatisfaction is still obstinately cherished.

How many of the songs are really about bodies and pleasure?

In order to gain mastery over the vexed and vulnerable plot of sexual drive, it is first necessary to apprehend it and subjugate it at the level of everyday communication, where its free circulation and sublimation are restricted, expunged from what is said. Words that render it too awkwardly present in waking discourse are erased, and without even having to pronounce the word, modern prudishness is able to ensure that sex is not spoken of: it is spoken *at* — nudge, nudge — or buffeted around a circuit of subtle prohibitions. There is no lure for the common code: blunt splinters of restraint or coarse splints of exaggeration which, by virtue of saying nothing, impose silence. Background censorship.

It is not a question of some grand concerted movement bent on pushing rude sex back into an obscure and inaccessible lacuna, but of a clandestine, common-sensical process that spreads it all over the *surface* of things, that arouses it only in order to crack a funny or score a point. For as long as such a regime holds sway, the songs that know-tow to it express not a desire for sex, but the attempt to enter its premises, uncover its sleeping form and interrogate it in pursuit of its *"truth"*. The rest is all blabber and boast.

Enjoyment is the last thing on anyone's lips.

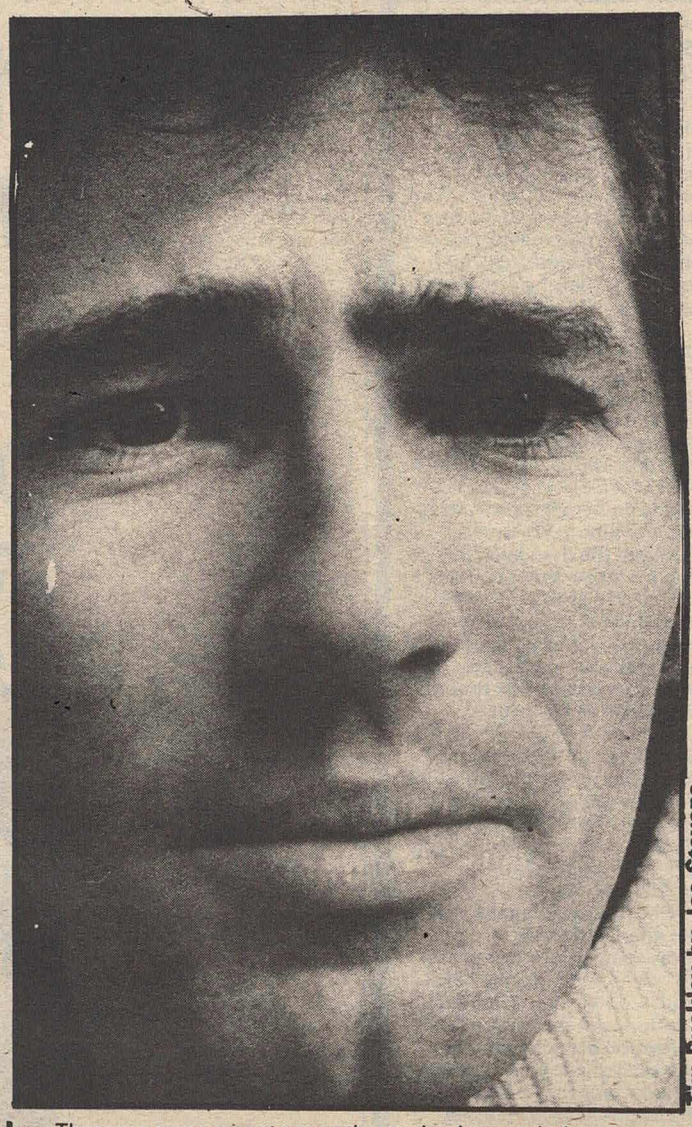
The self same lips sucked in the trenchant breeze of Freud, and spat out a nigh unrecognisable dogma: the "hidden" mind is messy, dank, unruly and criminally impulsive — best leave it alone to rot, or put it in a pickling jar on your analyst's shelf. Science's wan twilight fell over this bright Viennese dawn, it underwent severe metonymy and woke up in the stuffy darkness of a bound(ed) volume.

It is up to the song to reinscribe trace laden verisimilitude of desire.

And catch your breath.

And catch: the uninvited shivers of daydream, the impulse sharply registered but slowly relinquished.

The rude awakening!



Tim Buckley by Joe Stevens

There are some recent songs that spring in my mind — Defunkt (psychosis), Darnell *(poetry!)* — but back in 1974, Tim Buckley recorded an LP called 'Greetings From L.A.' that can still flush the most scientific of cheeks.

"I got so tired/Of meeting full of sin/I got so tired/Of coming up tame/I was so bothered/By those balmy breezes . . ."

On 'Greetings From L.A.' Buckley sings sex in screams, murmurs and giggles — on the boundary of hysteria, the hallucinatory end of bliss. Syntax comes off the tip of his tongue, intermittently collapsing into nonsense, pure voice: singer reduced to signifier. Even when singing the psyche of lust-drunk lover boy, his confidence comes across as unadorned sexual charge, never weighed down by what Celine — who never even heard a Ted Nugent record — called the "heaviness" of masculinity. In that sense, 'Greetings From L.A.' suffers from none of the "heaviness" of much funk. Buckley's funk is made from the erratically gathered threads of instinctual drive, moulded by none of the dumb *male-active and female-passive* dichotomy so prevalent in most lyrical loves. Buckley's *"little man"* is in the process of being educated in the more mutual and unspoken gradations of dominance and submission: first forced, then prepared, and finally more than willing to embrace the full range of his partner's — or *partners'* — sexuality. He revels and unravels in it. The women on 'Greetings From L.A.' are in possession of greater experience, from which they've taken more knowledge and into the continuation of which they put more energy — they'd scare the average male rock singer into fits of hypocritical "moral" slander.

"I talk in tongues, when I love you . . .

The sound of 'Greetings From L.A.' — provided by a list of players too long to quote — isn't conventional funk. Hours spent listening to the likes of Curtis Mayfield and Al Green have taught Buckley that you do what *you* want with the idiom. Here, it chatters foreign and dirty, rattles and churns, wandering and fuzzy or tight and bluesy. Buckley's chords splutter and swoop over their swamp music terrain like a free-jazz wind instrument. By any standards a technically superb voice, it also goes AWOL in areas the technically superb just never enter — heading out towards Africa and the peaks of the East. When Buckley gets impatient with narrative constraints, his voice mad scats into a volley of jungle syllables.

'Sweet Surrender' traces the movement of confession and rejection across the floor of a bedroom argument, using a lyric overrun with assonance and breathless musicality — as successful, in its own way, as the similar intonational traverses of Joyce and the literary *avant garde*. It concludes on two piercing cries halfway between a laugh of reconciliation and a pitiful scream of humility; our threadbare language hasn't the words for such places. "I" — fastened consciousness in dub.

"So this flim flam lover boy/Found him a flamingo/And his flamingo/Showed him how to tango/And when they tango/It send their hearts a flutter/Teased him till he stutter/Made him so young and tender/Sweet to surrender/It's so sweet surrender . . ."

Throughout 'Greetings From L.A.' the singer is in motion . . . the private transport of 'Move With Me' a ride through the red lights with the cab driver of 'Nighthawkin', the archetypal freight train escape in 'Make It Right' . . . and impassioned: 'Get On Top' is a celebration of physical role reversal (taking the right position on personal politics), 'Devil Eyes' bubbles over into explicit detail — no cheap shot, just the natural mark of an identity exceeded by desire, 'Make It Right' gets playfully or painfully close to a vulnerability one step away from masochism.

In 'Sweet Surrender', he sings: *"There's just a few things I'm not old enough to do for you . . ."* The line has a sad resonance, given the singer's premature death. Buckley calmed down on the two LPs — 'Sefronia' and 'Look At The Fool' (his last) — after 'Greetings From L.A.', but there's no reason to suppose he wouldn't have returned to the territory he charted on it, and maybe even pushed into more unsettling soundings. Whatever, the legacy of 'Greetings From L.A.' is there for the hearing.

The song has had enough of society's repressive follies, and returns to the one place left where it can feel truly alive: love's first site.

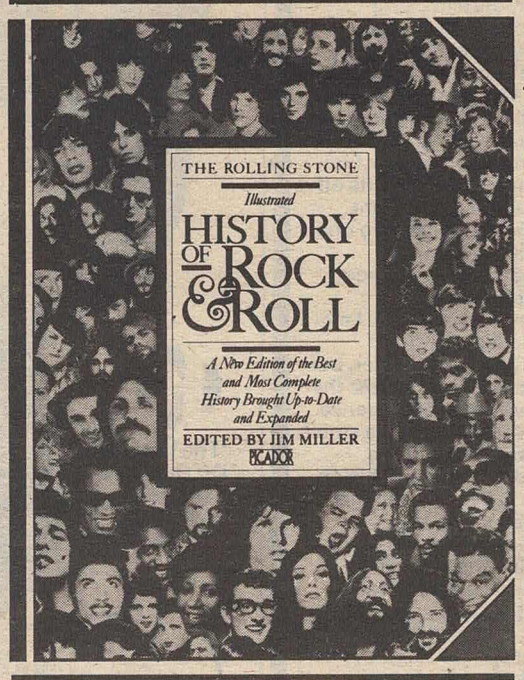
Ian Penman

MORE LPs PAGE 54

In the beginning... white folklorists scratching gospel music onto aluminium discs, sitting transfixed with their bulky portable recording rigs: "O Lord, O my Lordy, You gotta rock, I gotta rock..." Rock? The African banjo, the Spanish guitar, The Sound of New Orleans, Fats Domino the Big Daddy, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Ray Charles, Sam Cooke...

All the rocks from folk rock to rockabilly, jazz rock, art rock, Fleetwood Mac from British blues to platinum rock, bubblegum music blown up and burst, the Hollies, the Yardbirds, the Small Faces, the Move, the Beatles, the Kinks, the Who, the Rolling Stones, the Nice, Yes...

Elvis Presley born in Mississippi the brother of a dead twin, hoping he'll die before he gets old, the others who should be here now and aren't like Otis Redding, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Hendrix, Southern rock stalked by tragedy for the Allman Brothers, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Italo-American rock, Brill Building Pop, the Steely Dan deal...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EDITED BY JIM MILLER
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Anarchy in the UK, the music and movement that foxed the US, Blondie and Glamrock, Springsteen, Patti Smith, Grace Slick, Sun Ra, Spyro Gyra, Sly and the Family Stone, Sir Douglas Quintet, the Swinging Blue Jeans, the Supremes, the Stooges...

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DATA CONTROL TOUR NEWS

33 CONCERTS IN AUTUMN

Shadows boost

THE SHADOWS are undertaking their biggest-ever British tour during the first half of the autumn, playing a total of 33 concerts and culminating in two London shows. The outing will tie in with the release of their new 16-track album, currently being recorded, as well as the follow-up to their latest single 'The Third Man'. With tickets already on sale at the vast majority of venues, their schedule comprises:

Coventry Theatre (September 18 and 19), Bristol Colston Hall (20 and 21), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (23), Southport Theatre (25 and 26), Derby Assembly Rooms (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Ipswich Gaumont (30), Halifax Civic Theatre (October 2), Sunderland Empire (3), Edinburgh Usher Hall (4 and 5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Hull City Hall (7), Birmingham Odeon (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Blackpool Opera House (11), Oxford New Theatre (13 and 14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16 and 17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18 and 19), Southend Cliffs Pvailion (21), Brighton Dome (23 and 24), Eastbourne Congress (25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Centre (28) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (30 and 31).

MORE GAYE DAYS

MARVIN GAYE has been lined up for another London concert, after selling out his three shows at the Apollo Victoria this week — the extra date is at the Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, June 30, and tickets are on sale now priced £9, £8, £7 and £6. Another additional concert for Gaye is at Southampton Gaumont on July 1, and here the prices are £8.50, £7.50 and £6. The support act for both these extra shows, which are promoted by Lightning Productions, is the UK Players.

Big ones for Magnum

MAGNUM, who recently toured Britain with The Tygers Of Pan Tang, are now going out on their own headlining tour. It will preview their album 'Chase The Dragon', due out in August, and dates set so far are Middlesbrough Rock Garden (July 10), Liverpool Warehouse (11), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (13), Ayr Pavilion (15), Edinburgh Nite Club (16), Newcastle Mayfair (17), Retford Porterhouse (18), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (19), Wigan Pier (22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (24) and St. Albans City Hall (25). Further dates have still to be confirmed, as well as a support act. The band will also be appearing in the Reading Festival at the end of August, before leaving for a tour of the States.

Albertos' favour to Splodge

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias, having used up their old posters on their last gig series, now announce their "Let's Give Splodgeness More Material To Rip Off Tour." The first half-dozen dates to be confirmed are at Egham Royal Holloway College (tomorrow, Friday), Durham St. Cuthbert's College (Saturday), Reading University (June 23), Manchester Lamplight Club (24), Leeds University (25) and London Regents Park Bedford College (26).

Stevie says he is visiting UK in '82

STEVIE WONDER adamantly resisted all the pressure and persuasion to come to Britain after his European tour, and decided to stick to his avowed intention of by-passing the UK this year. He's pictures above at the end of the last show of his tour, at the Palais de Sport in Paris, when Motown Records president Berry Gordy joined him on stage. One consolation for his legion of British supporters is that he has every intention of performing here in 1981. "I'll be in London next year, you can count on it," he told our Paris correspondent.

Yes go west to Asia

ASIA — a new band formed by Steve Howe, Geoff Downes, John Wetton and Carl Palmer — are at present rehearsing material for their debut album, which they start recording next month for November release. The outfit won't be making their live debut until December, but initial dates will be in Britain. The fact that Howe and Downes have both left Yes, in order to co-found Asia, would seem to suggest the end of the road for Yes — although no-one is prepared actually to admit it. Wetton is the former King Crimson, Roxy Music and UK bassist; and Palmer is best-known as one-third of Emerson Lake & Palmer, despite his brief dalliance last year with his own band PM.

☐ **THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS** have their new album '2,000,000 Voices' out on EMI, but have so far only lined up three gigs to coincide with its release — Retford Porterhouse (tomorrow, Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (June 27) and Manchester Mayflower (28).

☐ **ROCKIN' DOPSIE & His Cajun Twisters** return to Britain to play three nights at London Camden Dingwalls next week, from June 22 to 24 (tickets £3) . . . And another top cajun and zydeco outfit FERNEST & THE THUNDERS make their first-ever U.K. appearance on Sunday, July 5, when the play a one-off at London Oxford St. 100 Club.

☐ **DISCHARGE,** who've been figuring strongly in the independent charts with their ten-track 45-rpm album 'Why', have added three more dates to their current one-nighter series — at Cardiff Grass Roots Club (this Saturday), Blackburn King George's Hall (June 24) and Malvern Winter Gardens (29).

☐ **THE DUMB BLONDES** spend the next three weeks recording, prior to embarking on a summer tour. The first four confirmed dates are all in the London area — Hampstead Starlight Room July 10), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (18), Euston The Pits (24) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (August 1).

☐ **BAUHAUS,** currently on their first tour of 1981, have added one date to the tail end of their schedule — Cambridge Corn Exchange on June 27 — and have confirmed Subway Sect and The Birthday Party as special guests on all dates. A new Bauhaus single 'The Passion Of Lovers' is issued by Beggars Banquet next week.

☐ **THE RED CRAYOLA** interrupt their European tour to play another London date — at West Hampstead Moonlight Club next Tuesday (23). Upcoming from the band is a single from their Rough Trade album 'Kangaroo?', coupling 'An Old Man's Dream' and 'The Milkmaid'.

☐ **THE STAPLE SINGERS** return to Britain for the first time in six years to headline a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, July 12 — promoters are Asgard, and tickets are prices £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50. This is the original group, and they've just signed with 20th Century Records, who plan to rush out a new album shortly.

☐ **THE CHORDS** are playing three dates to mark their return to the gig circuit, following their recent personnel change — at London Oxford St. 100 Club (June 30), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (July 1) and Gillingham Central Hotel (2).

☐ **SPIRIT** have added another, and final, London date to their current short UK tour — it's at The Venue, Victoria, next Tuesday (23).

☐ **OK JIVE** continue their current gig series by supporting The Polecats this weekend at Bradford University (Saturday) and London Victoria The Venue (Sunday). They then headline at Sheffield University (June 27), followed by London dates at West Hampstead Moonlight Club (30), Camden Dingwalls (July 2) and Islington Hope & Anchor (11). The five-piece band have set up their own Frenzy Records label through CBS, and are recording a single for early July release.

☐ **T.V. SMITH & The Explorers** have been replaced as support act on The Undertones' current tour by Dolly Mixture — and they still haven't been given an official reason. But they've now managed to fix some dates in their own right at Wolverhampton Lafayette (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (June 26), Sheffield Limit (30), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (July 3), Liverpool Brady's (4) and Manchester Deville's (10).

☐ **THE SLITS** — who've recently appeared with The Clash in New York and Peter Tosh in Europe, and are headlining a festival in Berlin this weekend — return home to play London Victoria The Venue on Sunday, June 28. They're currently negotiating a deal with a major label, believed to be CBS, and are expected to play further dates to coincide with their initial releases via their new outlet.

☐ **VARDIS** have added a few more dates to the end of their latest tour — at Neath Talk Of The Abbey (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Granary (Saturday), Cleethorpes Peppers (June 22) and London Wimbledon Theatre supported by Lionheart (26).

☐ **BATTERSEA ROLL '81** is the name of a charity event being staged this Sunday (21) in South London's Battersea Park, in aid of the International Year Of The Disabled. It includes a rock concert with Kitsch, The Time Flies, The Loners, The Ark and The Yes Men, among others. There's also a skatathon (sponsored skate around a course in the park), side shows, competitions and other entertainment. Admission is free.

☐ **STEVE GIBBONS** goes back on the road with his new band, which includes his old partner Trevor Burton. They're playing eight dates, including four at London Marquee (June 29, July 13 and 27, August 8), and the others are at Northampton Nene College (this Saturday), Oxford Corpus Christi College (June 26), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (July 4) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (5). Gibbons' new single 'A To Z' is releaded by RCA on June 26.

☐ **PIGBAG,** who recently made their chart debut with 'Papa's Got A Brand Bew Pigbag', headline a special Y Records Disco Party Night at London Victoria The Venue on July 2 — supported by The Tesco Bombers and Maximum Joy. They also play Reading University (tomorrow, Friday) and Norwich East Anglia University (June 24).

☐ **THE GAS** — who ventured where many other groups have failed to tread, when they played a string of gigs in Belfast recently — are back in London on June 26 to appear with Nine Below Zero at Bedford College, Regents Park.

☐ **THE INMATES** are to play a series of selected London dates during the next few weeks. The first to be confirmed is at Camden Dingwalls on June 25, and others will be announced shortly.

☐ **VIRNA LINDT,** the Swedish singer whose Compact Records single 'Attention Stockholm' has been figuring in the NME indie chart, flies in from New York (where she's been singing backing vocals on the new David Bowie album) to play a few London promotional gigs — at the Barracuda Club (June 24), Heaven (26), Embassy Club (27), The Venue (28), Planets (29) and the Groovy Cellar (30).

☐ **THE LOOK,** who've spent the last two months recording their debut album for MCA, play Egham Royal Holloway College (tomorrow, Friday) and Ely Plantation Farm (June 26) — with more to follow.

☐ **SORE THROAT** are back on the road again to promote their upcoming new single 'Bank Raid' — and with a revised line-up. They're now a five-piece comprising founder brothers Matt and Dan Flowers (keyboards and bass), plus Greg Mason (percussion and sax), Conrad Warre (guitar and vocals) and Nick Pepper (drums). They'll be playing London gigs until August, when they're off to Europe.

A HEADLINE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ON THE SPORTS PAGES

Triumph for Port Vale

TRIUMPH — one of the elite band of top Canadian heavy metal outfits, who headlined a highly successful UK concert tour early last autumn — have been added to the bill of the 'Metal Holocaust' open-air show at the Port Vale football ground, Stoke-on-Trent, on Saturday, August 1. As already reported the event is co-topped by Black Sabbath and Motorhead.

Vardis have also been confirmed for the show, which they will open, with Triumph following. This leaves one more act still to be announced and, contrary to reports elsewhere, it definitely won't be Ted Nugent — though it's likely to be an overseas act of equal status. Advance tickets for the concert are £7.50, available by post from Camouflage Ltd, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL (postal orders only, and enclose s.a.e.) — and they are also on sale to personal applicants at numerous outlets around the country, as reported three weeks ago.

SIMPLE MINDS TOP AT EDINBURGH SPECIAL

SIMPLE MINDS are to be one of the headliners of this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival which, as ususal, will run concurrently with the city's annual International Festival in the late summer (full details to follow shortly). And they're at present setting up about six selected British dates in early September, prior to setting out on a massive 40-date tour of the States and Canada.

Also during the Edinburgh Festival, several tracks from their 'Empires And Dance' album are to be used as the incidental score to a new play called *The Assassin*, to be premiered at the event.

The band are currently putting the finishing touches to their first album for the Virgin label, still untitled, but tentatively set for August 21 release. BBC-TV cameras are filming some of the recording sessions, for inclusion in a documentary about the Scottish rock scene, which will be screened on the national network during the autumn.

Professionals tour plan

THE PROFESSIONALS are about to live up to their name by going on the road for the first time. Since they were formed last year by ex-Pistols Paul Cook and Steve Jones, together with Ray McVeigh and Paul Myers, their main claim to fame has been the low profile they have persistently maintained. But with their single 'Join The Professionals' just released by Virgin, and their long-awaited first album finally coming out next month, they've decided the time is right for their debut tour. They're at present being lined up for a two-week schedule of club and college dates in July, and details are expected next week.

Killing Joke killing time

KILLING JOKE are playing a series of occasional dates during the summer, and this week confirmed the first five. They are at Northampton Roadmenders Club (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Polytechnic with Crispy Ambluance supporting (Saturday), Stroud Leisure Centre (June 27), Brighton Jenkinsons (28) and St. Albans City Hall (July 3). Ski Patrol are the support act on the last three of those gigs, and more shows are being lined up for later in July, when the band return from Europe — the first of these is at Blackburn Windsor Hall (23). Other dates, including a London show, are expected next week.

FESTIVAL ROUND-UP

Pillars of rock in Stonehenge event

STONEHENGE Free Festival reaches its musical peak this weekend, with a non-stop succession of bands over the midsummer solstice period. The organisers say that among acts who've agreeed to appear are The Selecter, The Thompson Twins and Black Widow (tomorrow, Friday); Merger, Misty In Roots, Nightdoctor, African Star and Man To Man (Saturday); and The Androids Of Mu, Inner City Unit, Andy Allen's Future, Stolen Pets, The Lightning Raiders and The Deaf Aids (Sunday).

It's likely that Spirit, Killing Joke, Ruts DC and Black Slate will sow up, as well as surprise guests — who are likely to be some of the acts from the simultaneous Glastonbury Festival, unable to be named in advance because of their contractual commitment to that event. The Stonehenge Festival is expected to continue until the middle, and perhaps even the end, of next week — being a free event, its duration is flexible, and depends largely upon bands continuing to turn up during the course of the week.

● The organisers advise people to be particularly wary of police "stop and search" tactics on the way to the festival. They believe these are likely to be stepped up this year.

Reading: writing and arithmetic

READING FESTIVAL will this year cost £14.50 for the full three days (August 28-30), an increase of £1.55 on the 1980 weekend ticket — though the rise of 11½% is less than the inflation rate for the year, and the admission price includes camping and car parking. Tickets are already on sale, despite the fact that only one act — Gillan as headliners for the Saturday bill — has so far been confirmed officially. They are obtainable by writing to NJF/Reading Festival (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), PO Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing sae. The organisers are expecting to announce the first full list of names for the festival next week.

Lisdoonvarna (eh?)

THE SECOND major festival in Ireland, within the space of a fortnight, was announced this week. Following the previously reported Malcroom Festival (June 27 and 28) comes the three-day Lisdoonvarna Festival in County Clare, from July 10 to 12 inclusive. It's the fourth year the event has been staged, and among the many acts confirmed are John Sebastian, The Roches, Country Joe McDonald, Steel Pulse, The Shakin' Pyramids, Chris De Burgh, Lindisfarne, Planxty, Dr Feelgood and the Paul Brady Band. More international acts have still to be named, the tickets for the full weekend cost £15 (available in Ulster from Harrison's Records of Belfast).

Roches back again

THE ROCHES — just announced for Ireland's Lisdoonvarna Festival (see above), and already set for two appearances in the Cambridge Folk Festival on August 1 and 2 — will also be playing three other concerts during their visit. The three girls are in action at London Victoria The Venue (July 14), Sheffield Radio Sheffield Festival (17) and Reading Hexagon Theatre (25).

JACKIE LEVEN of Doll By Doll

DOLL BY DOLL TOP ROCK-VIDEO BEANO

DOLL BY DOLL headline one of the shows in a "Prick Up Yer Ears" festival at the City of London Polytechnic this week. It will be run on similar lines to the recent ICA Rock Week, with live bands interspersed by videos. Appearing on stage are Tymonn Dogg, Europa Lula, The Pope, Plunder Squad and Rimshots (tonight, Thursday, admission £1.50); Doll By Doll, Manufactured Romance and Zeit Geist (tomorrow, Friday. £2).

● Doll By Doll also play Oxford Scamps (June 22) and Aylesbury Civic Hall supported by The Basement 5 (July 4), and it's likely that they'll be going out on a full tour in the next couple of months.

RECORD NEWS

FRESHIES SPARK TEARDROP OLDIE

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES are to have their early single 'Bouncing Babies' reissued on the Mercury label at the end of this month. This is the direct result of the interest generated by the new single 'I Can't Get 'Bouncing Babies' By The Teardrop Explodes' by Manchester band The Freshies, which is a factual song — in that the record in question had become a collector's item. Comments Freshies leader Chris Sievey: "No complaints from us, it's a logical move."

MANNERS DOING FRENCH CANCAN

BAD MANNERS have a new single issued by Magnet this weekend, titled 'Cancan'. It's their own up-dated version of the classic Moulin Rouge dance, familiar through Toulouse Lautrec's paintings, and originally written by Offenbach as the main theme of 'Orpheus In The Underworld'. The nine-piece band are apparently engaging a troupe of leggy dancers, to add visual impact to their stage performance of the number.

THE ICE IS FREE IN YOKO'S GLASS

YOKO ONO's new album 'Season Of Glass' comes with a free single 'Walking On Thin Ice', which is included in the package as a bonus. WEA and Geffen Records are particularly anxious to make this clear, as their full-page advert in last week's *NME* implied that 'Walking On Thin Ice' was included on the album itself — whereas, in fact, it is a separate free single.

CITY RE-LAUNCH FOR GIRLSCHOOL

CITY RECORDS — the London label which originally launched UK Subs and Girlschool, among others — is being revived this month, with distribution through Cherry Red Records. The first two singles are 'All The Time' by Spider and 'Rock'n'Roll Mayhem' by Silverwing, both issued on June 26 in full-colour picture sleeves. And July sees the re-release of Girlschool's first-ever single for City, 'Take It All Away' / 'It Could Be Better'. The label's first album, due in August, will be a compilation heavy metal set featuring ten bands.

MOONLIGHT CLUB COMPILATION LP

A COMPILATION album featuring bands who've played regularly at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club is being prepared for September release by Armageddon. It's presented like a radio show, with each band having two or three consecutive tracks. Included in the set are Blurt's Ted Milton in a solo role, The Birthday Party, Patrik Fitzgerald Group, Out On Blue Six, The Room, Flying Club, Dr Mix & The Remix, The Pinkies, The Chefs, Icarus, The Decorators, Academy One and Artery.

DEPARTMENT S follow their recent hit 'Is Vic There' with a new single released by Stiff tomorrow (Friday), coupling 'Going Left Right' and 'She's Expecting You. Both tracks were produced by Split Enz producer David Tickle — and, of course, the band are supporting Split Enz on their short UK tour starting next week.

● A new single by **The Bush Tetras** is released this week by Fetish Records, with distribution by Pinnacle, Rough Trade and Spartan. Titles are 'Boom' and 'Das Ah Riot'.

● **Kim Carnes**, who's recently been hitting the high spots with her single 'Bette Davis Eyes', has her third album issued by EMI America this week. The ten-track set is titled 'Mistaken Identity'.

● **39 Lyon Street** are a band formed by Billy McKenzie and Alan Rankine of The Associates, in conjuction with vocalist Christine Beveridge. Their debut single 'Kites', a revival of the Simon Dupree hit, is released this week by RSO in both 7" and 12" forms. The B-side is a previously unissued Associates track called 'A Girl Named Property'.

Wakeman music, Tim Rice lyrics

RICK WAKEMAN'S first album for Charisma, and his first solo set for 2½ years, is released this weekend — titled '1984', it's described as "a visionary work of his own thoughts on the subject which is now part of everyday language". For the first time on a Wakeman album, all the lyrics have been composed by another writer, no less a luminary than Tim Rice — and among the voices on the set are Chaka Khan, Jon Anderson, Steve Harley and Kenny Lynch. Musical backing includes his regular touring band, plus members of the New World Symphony Orchestra. Wakeman is currently preparing his band for a UK tour, details to follow.

● Former Genesis founder member **Anthony Phillips** also has an album titled '1984' out this week — his is on RCA. It follows his previous solo sets, 'The Geese And The Ghost' and 'Wise After The Event'.

Tonight with The Mo-dettes

THE MO-DETTES, currently touring Europe, release their third single on the Deram label on June 26 — produced by Chris Neil and available in a special package, it couples 'Tonight' and 'Waltz In Blue Minor'. The girls will be back in London in time to appear on July 1 at the newly opened Busby's club in Charing Cross Road — which was formerly the Sundown.

● **Arthur Lee**, pivot of the near-legendary 60s psychedelic band Love, re-emerges with his first album for seven years. With his name as its title, it's out this week on Beggars Banquet, who have licensed it from Rhino Records of Los Angeles.

● 'Shadowed'/'Madame X' is the new **Fingerprintz** single, issued by Virgin this week, with both titles taken from their 'Beat Noir' album. The 12-inch version carries an extra track titled 'Tickled To Death'.

● **Lovely Previn**, daughter of noted composer and conductor Andre Previn, makes her disc debut this week — fronting a rock band! The single, titled 'From A To B', is released by Secret Records. She and the five-piece band are recording an album for autumn release, when they'll also be going out on the road.

● The new **Tom Petty** single 'A Woman In Love' is released this weekend by MCA. It's taken from his current album 'Hard Promises'.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 18th June — Adm £1.25
1990
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Friday 19th June — Adm £2.00
PRAYING MANTIS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Sat 20th, Sun 21st & Mon 22nd June
THOMPSON TWINS
Electric Guitars & Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets to Members £2.00.
Mon Members on the door £2.25

Tuesday 23rd June — Adm £1.50
MODERN EON
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 24th June — Adm £2.00
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 25ht June — Adm £2.00
ATOMIC ROOSTER
Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and Other Hot & Cold Snacks Available

THIN LIZZY Milton Keynes SAT. 8 AUGUST

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
LIVE MUSIC. BAR. DISCO. RESTAURANT. VIDEO
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THUR 18 PARTY NIGHT WITH BRIGHTON'S
DADDY YUM YUM

FRI 19
ROOT JACKSON & THE G.B. BLUES Co.
THE SNAX BARRY MASTERS,

SAT 20
GINO WASHINGTON
★ ★ ★ SUPPORTED BY A.K. BAND ★ ★ ★

MON 22 TUES 23 WED 24
FROM LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANNA. IT'S TIME TO GET CAJUN AGAIN
ROCKIN' DOPSIE
HIS CAJUN TWISTERS
ADVANCE TICKETS FROM MON 15 JUNE ONLY FROM BOX OFFICE

THUR 25
THE INMATES

COMING UP... WED 1
ALAN PRICE

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 — Open 8pm — 2am

Friday 19th June — Adv £2.50
BAUHAUS
+ SUBWAY SECT
+ BIRTHDAY PARTY

Wednesday 24th June — Adv £3.50
KRAFTWERK

Thursday 25th June — Adv £3.00
JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE

Friday 26th June — Adv £2.50
SPLIT ENZ
+ DEPARTMENT S

Saturday 27th June — Adv £3.00
Due to demand — 2nd show
JUDIE TZUKE

Wednesday 1st July — Adv £2.50
DURAN DURAN

Saturday 4th July — Adv £2.00
ROSE TATOO

Thursday 9th July — Adv £3.50
IGGY POP

Tickets from:- Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DANCING DICK'S NITE OUT DANCING

SHOCK TORSO RONNY

EDDIE MAELOV & SUNSHINE PATTESON
BIDDIE & EVE
DANCING DICK DISCO

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 21st JUNE at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 18th June — £1.25
IAN MITCHELL BAND + Terry Vision & The Screens

Friday 19th June — £1.50
THE FAMOUS BLUESBLASTERS
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith & Victor Brox
+ Steve Hookers Shakers

Saturday 20th June — £1.50
BIDDIE & EVE
+ Jane Aire

Sunday 21st June — £1
TYMON DOGG + The Amazing Louvain

Monday 22nd June — £1
PANIC + Le Change

Tuesday 23rd June — £1.25
THE FIX + The Edokators

Wednesday 24th June — £1.25
DOLLY MIXTURES + Dean St. Babies

DOMINION THEATRE

Outlaw and CAPITAL RADIO present

EXTRA SHOW

JUDIE TZUKE
WOOLLY WOLSTENHOLME
TUESDAY 23rd JUNE 7-30pm
TICKETS £4-00 £3-50 £3-00
FROM BOX OFFICE: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS: PREMIER BOX OFFICE: KEITH PROWSE & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 17th June — £1.50
THE ALMOST BROTHERS
+ Metroglider

Thursday 18th June — £1.50
TELEVISION PERSONALITIES
+ Strangers in the Night

Friday 19th June — £1.75
BLURT +Birds with Ears

Saturday 20th June — £1.75
DUMB BLONDES + Stolen Pets

Sunday 21st June — £1.75
PURPLE HEARTS
+ Jane Aire & The Belvederes

Monday 22nd June — £1.50
THE REMIPEDS + The Creamies

Tuesday 23rd June — £1.75
THE RED CRAYOLA
+ Red Squares

Wednesday 24th June — £1.50
HAIRCUT 100
+ The Laughing Apple

THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 18th June — £1
SINISTER DEXTER
+ The U.B.'z

Friday 19th June — £1
THE B.T.'s
+ Lots of Zebras + The Mandies

Saturday 20th June — £1
MAGATON
+ Tokio + Dud Cheque

Monday 22nd June — £1
4 SKINS
+ Last Resort

Tuesday 23rd June — £1
THE OUTSKIRTS
+ Actifed

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE TEMPER
THU. JUNE 18. "Are a houseful of new & exciting pop sounds... high energy three minute arrangements skilfully compressing the guitar, bass, drums format." SOUNDS.

REMIPEDS
FRI. 19. Are every dance band you've ever known, and then some. Influences are Madness, Jane Birkin & Carlsberg Special.

REGGAE REGULARS
SAT. Roots Reggae refreshed by the skilful injection of Drifters', Moonglows', 50's style harmonies.

SUN. MARK RYDER BAND + GATECRASHERS + RED KITES

MON. STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT + FLYING CLUB + SUGGESTION

EVEREST THE HARD WAY
WED. "A bit cold, a bit threatening and and a bit obsessive," SOUNDS reported.

FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
THU 25. JUNE. Liverpool quartet saved from obscurity by doing support to Bill Nelson. They'll remind you of the ice cold surrealism of early ULTRAVOX.

IMBIBERS! NOTE! Sedation happy hour - 7.30 p.m to 9.30 p.m every night. Drinks are half price.

THE DOORS OPEN 7-30 TILL LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 TILL 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 9.30 A.M. TILL 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY JUNE 20th — 7.30 pm

BAUHAUS
+ SUBWAY SECT + THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Tickets £3.00 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, FL Moore Dunstable & Luton, DJ Holland Bletchley & Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford, John Lever Northampton or £3.00 at door on night.
Reservations — Aylesbury 84568 or 88948
Life membership 25p
Nijinsky Stilleto Caper (Edge Of Night)

THE Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station

Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 18th June — £4.00
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

Friday 19th June — £3.25
GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES

Saturday 20th June — £3.00
THE INVERSIONS
+ Ojah

Sunday 21st June — £3.00
THE POLECATS

Monday 22nd June — £2.00
DADDY YUM YUM
JO BROADBERRY & THE STANDOUTS
+ PRETTY FLAMINGOS

Tuesday 23rd June — £3.50
SPIRIT + FELT

Wednesday 24th June — £2.00
CREATION REBEL
featuring
PRINCE JAH WOOSH
+ LONDON UNDERGROUND

Thursday 25th June — £2.00
DALEK I LOVE YOU
+ OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING
+ GODOT

COMING SOON

Friday & Saturday 26th & 27th June — £4.00
TAJ MAHAL

Sunday 28th June — £3.00
THE SLITS

Monday & Tuesday 29th & 30th June — £3.50
JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE

Friday 3rd July — £3.00
THE PIRANHAS

Saturday 4th July — £3.00
DARTS

Tuesday 14th July — £4.00
THE ROCHES

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 — Open 8pm–2am

Friday 19th June — £2.00
ANGELIC UPSTARTS

Friday 26th June — £2.00
Heavy Metal Rock
ROSE TATTOO

Saturday 20th June — £2.00
THE PRETTY THINGS

Saturday 27th June — £2.00
£1 before 10.30 £2 after
Upstairs: **FUTURIST DISCO**
Downstairs: **TOP 20 DISCO**

Saturday 4th July A Sounds/WEA Promotions — £2.00
MORE + Videos, Tapes, etc.

AFTER THE FIRE

PLUS **CANIS MAJOR**

Saturday 27th June 8 pm

Civic Hall, Elstree Way, Borehamwood

ALL TICKETS £2.50. BOX OFFICE 01 953 9872

MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGES 45, 46, 47

The Jam by Anton Corbijn

THE JAM are off on their so-called "fun tour" of seaside resorts and favourite venues this week, having warmed up with a concert at London Rainbow last night (Wednesday). First ports of call are Skegness (Saturday), Leicester (Monday) and Portsmouth (Tuesday).

ROBERT PALMER interrupts a European trek to play four provincial shows at Edinburgh (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . JOE JACKSON introduces his new 1940's-style band Jumpin' Jive to audiences at Aberystwyth (Thursday) and Poole (Wednesday).

There won't be many weekends this summer when we don't have at least one major open-air event to offer you — and, gasp, this week we have two:

GLASTONBURY'S annual three-day event becomes a CND Festival this year, for the first time. The line-up is an impressive one — it's already been fully reported on the news pages, and you can find it listed here under Friday's gigs. The site is at Worthy Farm, Pilton in Somerset, camping facilities are good, and admission for the entire weekend is £8.

THE SPECIALS are playing a series of charity shows this summer, and this Saturday's event at Coventry is an Anti-Racist concert. Their guests for this occasion are Hazel O'Connor, The Bureau, The People and The Reluctant Stereotypes.

● And of course, the STONEHENGE Free Festival continues this week — for details see page 41.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Accrington Bulls Head: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Reality**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Xpertz/The Set**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bletchley Compass Club: **Whipps**
Bolton The Gaiety: **TV Dinners**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Shader/J.G. Spoils**
Brighton Alhambra: **Ego And Its Own**
Brighton (Hove) The Adur: **C-Saim**
Brighton The Concorde: **Vol Sec**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Undertones**
Bristol Green Room Club: **Essential Bop/The Exploding Seagulls**
Bude Bullers Arms Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Spider**
Canterbury Alberry's Wine Bar: **Naughty Thoughts**
Canterbury Cardinals: **Thin Men**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Crewsey Fixers**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **T. Boys/ Tangeant**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes The Pier: **The Crack**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavialion: **Samson**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Quads**
Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Southland Outlaw Band**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Polecats**
Durham University: **Susan Fassbender & Kay Russell**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Paz**
East Kilbride Olympia: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Egham Shoreditch College: **The Shots**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Zorkie Twins**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Dolphins**
Guildhall Civic Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Harrow Headstone Hotel: **Touchdown**
Kidderminster Boar's Head: **Jaguar**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Swastikas**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **More**
Leeds Warehouse: **Scars**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Grenade**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sky**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Bauhaus/Subway Sect/The Birthday Party**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Taxi Annie**
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: **Darts**
London Acton King's Head: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Flatbackers/The Outskirts**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Pavel & Co.**
London City Polytechnic: **Tymonn Dogg/ Europa Lula/The Pope**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rubber Johnny/Dux Hill Dance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dolly Mixture/Dead Roses**
London Euston The Pits: **The Lasers/Jump Squad**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Fulham The Swan: **The M.G.'s**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Little Roosters/Le Cliche**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Mainline**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cheaters**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Sphere**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Brian Knight Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **1990**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Safita**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Clint Eastwood/General Saint**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Mickey Jupp**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Warren Vache/Brian Lemon Trio**
London Southall The Cavern: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle/These Strange And Beautiful Things**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Stargazers**
London Stoke Newington Assembly Rooms: **Chris Barber Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **UK Subs/The Wanderers/Brian Brain/Crown Of Thorns**
London Stratford Green Man: **Chuck Farley**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
London Victoria The Venue: **Toots & The Maytals**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **TV Personalities/The Marine Girls**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Biddie & Eve**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **A Popular History Of Signs/Karl Wallinger**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Way Of The West**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The D.T.'s**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Sneaky Pierre**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Margate Birchington Sands Club: **Desperate Measures**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Who Knows?/Jah Lizard**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **Prefab Sprout/Reptile House**
Newcastle City Hall: **Kraftwerk**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Moulin Rouge**
Norwich Pennies: **Johnny Storm**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham University: **UB40**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Tubes**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Judie Tzuke**
Southampton Maybush: **The Secret**
Stockport Smugglers: **Stiffs/Zanathus**
Swansea (Brynmill) Whyte's: **The RMS Band/Howard Stead/Graham Larkbey**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **The Beat Roots**

FRIDAY

Aberystwyth University: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
Banbury Knightsbridge Club: **No Difference**
Bath University: **The Dance Band**
Bexhill College: **The Step**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Whipps**
Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: **Tranzista/The Rank Amateurs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Iganda/Army**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Polecats**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace**
Birmingham Solihull Technical College: **The 45's**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Golinski Brothers/The Mets**
Brighton The Northern: **Meanstreak**
Broadstairs St. Peter's Rock Club: **Spider**
Cambridge Darwin College: **The Cheaters**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Allz/Brunel**
Chippenham Gold Diggers Club: **Darts**
Cleethorpes The Pier: **The Crack**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Channel A**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Classix Nouveaux**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Metro Glider**
Derby Rainbow Club: **Catwax Axe Co./The Howdy Boys**
Dover (St. Margaret's) Red Lion: **The Pulsaters**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Modern Eon**
Eton Christoper Hotel: **Dave Ellis Band**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glastonbury CND Festival at Worthy Farm, Pilton, Sonerset (for three days): **Hawkwind/Gordon Giltrap/Gong/Judie Tzuke/John Cooper Clarke/Robert Hunter/Taj Mahal/Matumbi/New Order/Roy Harper/Aswad etc.**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Dolphins**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Taurus/Brute Force**
Hastings Subway Club: **The Fruit Eating Bears**
High Wycombe College: **The Mighty Strypes**
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: **Elliot Ness**
Hopwas Chequers: **Victorian Parents**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Natural Progression/The Destiny Band/Or was He Pushed**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Kleen Heels**
Kirriemuir Summer Ball: **The Shots**
Largs Royal Hotel: **H20**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Sky**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Meteors**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Sans Culottes**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Samson**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co/The Snax**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chalk Farm Tavern: **The Influence**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Leszek**
London City Polytechnic: **Doll By Doll/ Manufactured Romance**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Gatecrashers/Nettie Blue**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Remipeds**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **The Step/BIM**
London Euston The Pits: **The Spectres/Europa Lula**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Saints**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Bluesblasters/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lots Of Zebras**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Teardrop Explodes**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Animal Magnet/The Whizz Kids**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk/Paul Goodman's Lost Weekend**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Paul Kennerley Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Brian Smith Quartet**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lewisham Riverdale Hall: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
London Marquee Club: **Praying Mantis**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Tropicana**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **En Route**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Half Moon: **Alan Price Band**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Flood**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Warren Vache/Brian Lemon Trio**
London Southall White Swan: **Rok Wattz**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Release**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **UB40**
London Victoria The Venue: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blurt/Birds With Ears**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Luton Fours Club: **Picture Goer Swing**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Shader**
Manchester Deville's: **The French**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Tubes**
Manchester Miracle Club: **Growing Fringe/Vision On**
Manchester Pips: **Paris 9**
Matlock Crabtree Inn: **Dave Paskett**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Vardis**
Newcastle Gosforth Park Hotel: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Northampton Roadmender Club: **Killing Joke/Second Image**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **More**
Nottingham Rock City: **Bauhaus/Subway Sect/The Birthday Party**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetoes**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Great Mistakes**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Chelsea**
Plymouth Royal Marine Commandos May Ball: **Chris Barber Band**
Ramsgate St. Luke's Concorde: **Strange Fruit**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Ian Mitchell Band**
Reading Top Rank: **Predatur/Chinatown/After Dark/Dead Meat**
Reading University: **After The Fire/The Revillos**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Ringwood The Elm Tree: **The Motifs**
Rugby Benn Hall: **Jimmy Lindsay**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **The Britz**
Sheffield City Hall: **Kraftwerk**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Judie Tzuke**
Shoeburyness The Sportsman: **Soho**
Slough Centre Ballroom: **Aswad**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Arteks/The Young Solicitors/Fragments Of Fear/The Following/Dream Sequence**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **The Mosquitos**
Stockport Bridgehall Social Club: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Close Rivals**
Torquay Town Hall: **The Undertones**
Walsall Town Hall: **Diamond Head**
Windsor Arts Centre: **Juke Jump**
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **Xpertz**
Wolverley Lock Inn: **John Vickers**
York Derwent College: **Misty In Roots**
York St. John's College: **Johnny Storm**
York University: **Susan Fassbender & Kay Russell**

GIG GUIDE

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Bauhaus / Subway Sect / The Birthday Party**
Bedford Crown Cellarbar: **Rapido Vite**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham College of Food & Domestic Arts: **Airphix**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Escha**
Birmingham Highball Club: **The Freshies**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Undertones**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham University: **The Freshies**
Bradford University: **The Polecats**
Brighton Art College: **Red Beat / The Red Squares**
Brighton Conference Centre: **UB40**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Bristol Granary: **Vardis**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Classix Nouveaux / Our Daughters Wedding**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Ian Mitchell Band**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Red & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry Butts Athletic Stadium: **The Specials / Hazel O'Connor / The Bureau / The Reluctant Stereotypes / The People**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Modern English**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Diamond Head**
Crowthorpe Prince Alfred: **Warp Factor 5 / The Surfin' Lungs**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Sabre**
Eastbourne Kings Country Club: **Jeep**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **Flying Saucers**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **The Strings**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Modern Eon**
Glasgow Technical College: **More**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Hereford Crystal Rooms: **Darts**
Huddersfield Lindley Liberal Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Ilkley The Lister Arms: **Surfin Dave**
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: **The Fruit Eating Bears**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Whipps**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Osibisa**
Letchworth Leys Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Liverpool Brady's: **Anti Pasti / Blitzkrieg**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Kraftwerk**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Ronnie Scott Quintet**
London Blackheath White Swan: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Geno Washington**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Brian Copsey & The Commotions / The Patrol**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Reggae Regulars / Bop Natives**
London Edgware Sparrowhawk: **The Shots**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Step**
London Euston The Pits: **Red Beans & Rice / Fast Eddie**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Biddie & Eve**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Martin Besserman & Band / Black Parachute**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Gaffa-End-Product / Struggle Brothers / Brendan Kidulis**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The World Service**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Idlers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Meteors**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Weller Spring Quartet**
London Marquee Club: **The Thompson Twins**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Irving Street Band**
London Richmond Bull & Bush: **The M.G.'s**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Warren Vache / Digby Fairweather Quintet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Rok Wattz**
London Southwark Borough Community Centre: **The Papers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Release**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Inversions / Ojah**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dumb Blondes / Stolen Pets**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Soul Band**
Luton Faurs Club: **Tee-Vees / Check Time**
Malvern Nags Head: **Juke Jump / Ninety Six Tears**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Killing Joke**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Manchester Portland Hotel: **Brian Knight Band**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Politicians**
Margate Royal Albion Hotel: **Desperate Measures**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Scars**
Newcastle City Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Newcastle Ethel Williams Hall: **The Dance Band**
Northampton Lings Centre: **The Undertones**
North Shields Terminus Social Club: **Red River Rock**
Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **Shader**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Havana Let's Go**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Arrogant**
Oxford Trinity College: **The Tonix**
Rawtenstall Rossendale College: **Samson**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Troops For Tomorrow**
Reading Target Club: **The Great Mistakes**
Reading University: **Between Pictures**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Pretty Things**
Skegness Festival Pavilion: **The Jam / Positive Signals**
Sleaford Nags Head: **Survivors**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Sledgehammer**
Southampton The Maybush: **The Skavengers**
Stockport Starlight Suite: **Surgical Supports**
Stockport Warren Bulkeley Club: **Stress / CC Crim**
Watford Red Lion: **The Attendants**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **The Quads**
Wigan Trucks: **Chelsea**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Sleep**

SUNDAY

Ayr Pavilion: **More**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Shader**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Bauhaus**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Handsome Beasts**
Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts (lunchtime) / The Driver (evening)**
Croydon The Star: **Bad Actors**
Dagenham Curzon Club: **Rok Wattz**
Derby Alveston Park: **Culture Shock**
Durham Big Jug Club: **High Level Ranters**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Robert Palmer**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Scars**
Fleet Marlon's Wine Bar: **False Pretences**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Samson**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park Bandstand: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Maestrs: **First Priority**
Glasgow Queens Park: **The Strings**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Undertones**
Hereford Festival Theatre: **Darts**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **Sky**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester Market Place: **Future Toys**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Metro Glider**
Liverpool Brady's: **Dick Smith Band**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Kraftwerk**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Attempted Moustache**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Sphere**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Jim Carter / Andy Smith / Alexie Sayle / Rubber Johnny / Debbie Bishop**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Shots**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chelsea Kennedy's : **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Release De Beat / Prime Suspect**
London Covent Garden: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes / The Gate Crashers / Red Kites**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Epping Blacksmith's Arms: **Noel Murphy**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Geno Washington**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tymon Dogg**
London Greenwich Park Grandstand: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Down Beats / Flat 19**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Total Recall / The Edukators**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Paz**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **The Thompson twins**
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **Brian Williams Big Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Nick Weldon Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The London Apaches**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Shock / Ronny / Torso / Biddie & Eve / Eddie Maelov & Sunshine Patteson**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford green Man: **Wide Open**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Polecats**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Purple Hearts / Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Havana Let's Go**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Black Market**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Maidstone Medway Arms: **Stark**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Fallen Angel**
Poole Chequers: **Out To Lunch**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Out On Blue Six / Roy & The Rovers**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Southampton Victory Club: **The Secret**
Stoke Poges Stoke Place Hotel: **Dave Ellis Band**
Wakefield Cobwebs: **Sans Culottes**
Wallsend Ex-Servicemen's Club: **Red River Rock**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bletchley The White Hart: **C-Saim**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Diamond Head**
Bradford Tonite Club: **The Influence**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Vardis**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **More**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Rockola**
Durham The Castle, Great Hall: **The Dance Band**
Durham University: **Any Trouble**
Faygate The Holmbush: **Eclipse**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **The Strings**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dophins**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Scars**
Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Splodge**
Hull Oriental: **The Afrodizzyaks/East Side**
Hull University: **Darts**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Sans Culottes**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Kraftwerk**
Leicester Granby Hall: **The Jam**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Modern Romance**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Poole Whitmore**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Killer Wales**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bruised Lips/The Line**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Strangers In The Night/The Flying Club/Suggestion**
London Euston The Pits: **The Outpatients/Eat At Joe's**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Way Of The West**
London Grosvenor House Hotel: **Andy Williams/Sarah Vaughan/Nelson Riddle (for a week)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Cramps/The Meteors/Screaming Lord Sutch & The Savages**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Why/Roulette**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Ron & Obvious**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Penguins**
London Islington Pied Bull: **M.S.Q.**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Unloaders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **The Thompson Twins**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The City Gents**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Ann Kelly's Second Line**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Dexter Gordon & His Quintet (for two weeks)**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Southall White Hart: **Small World**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
London Victoria The Venue: **Daddy Yum Yum/Jo Broadbery & The Standouts/Pretty Flamingos**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Remipeds/The Creamies**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Kenny Ball Band**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips: **Liquidizer**
London W.1 Latin Quarter: **Hermine & Anne Bean**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Robert Palmer**
Manchester Rafters: **Modern English**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Passfield Robin Hood: **False Pretences**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Undertones**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sky**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Paul Kennerley Band**
Southampton The Nelson: **Essential Bop/The Exploding Seagulls**
Southend Zero 6: **Spider**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **High Risk**
Thetford Carnegie Rooms: **Vital Disorders**

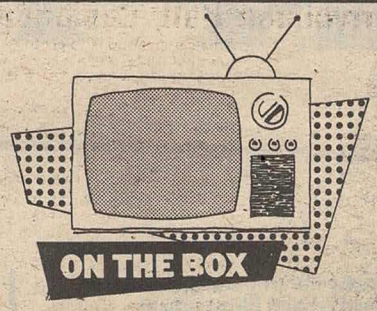
TUESDAY

Bathgate Greentree Inn: **The Dolphins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kraftwerk**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Diamond Head**
Burnley The Angels: **Essential Bop**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **PK & The Product/The Crack**
Chester Edwardians: **Chateau Kioto**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Answer**
Exeter University: **Susan Fassbender & Kay Russell**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Plastic Flies**
Gravesend Central Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Huddersfield Eros Club: **Shader**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Bauhaus**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Robert Palmer**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Samson**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
London Balham The Bedford: **Shotgun**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rockin' Dopsie and his Cajun Twisters**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **True Life Confessions**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Jump Squad**
London Euston The Pits: **Kim Beacon/Karl Wallinger**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tich Turner's Escalator**
London Fulham Greyhoud: **The Fix/The Edukators**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Outskirts**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Stoop/Shadowfax**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Hoborn Princess Louise: **Perfect Idiot**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Ancor: **The Outpatients**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Grand Union**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Marquee Club: **Modern Eon**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Anti Pasti/ Anti Nowhere League**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Queensway Plaza Hotel: **Liquidizer**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **Only After Dark**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cobras**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Sammy Davis (For six days)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Spirit**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Red Crayola**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Everest The Hard Way**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Brian Knight Band**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Bleak House/High Treason**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Freshies**
Manchester Rafters: **B-Vamp/Household Name**
Manchester Stoneground: **More**
Northampton (Kingsthorpe) Old Five Bells: **Chas & Dave**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Falling Men**
Oxford Scamps: **Just Elegance**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Jam**
Reading University: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias/The Thompson Twins/Vision Collision**
Ruabon Community Centre: **Fear Of Flying**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sky**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Scars**
Southampton Gilbies: **The Secret**
Swindon Brunal Rooms: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**

WEDNESDAY

Aylesbury The Britannia: **C-Saim**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Attempted Moustache**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Robert Palmer**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **More**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bolton Bus Inn: **Sans Culottes**
Brighton New Regent: **Meanstreak**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Beat Roots**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World / The Downbeats / Flat 19**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cippenham Alexandra's: **The Nashville Teens / Talisman**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Strings**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Future Daze / The Silence**
Harrow Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Susan Fassbender & Kay Russell**
Lancaster University: **Spirit**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **The Afrodizzyaks / East Side**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Johnny Storm**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Skinners Rats / Ann Lister & John Townsend**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Mad Max**
London Clapham The Clockhouse: **Shotgun**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Mischievous Deeds / The Empires**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Everest The Hard Way**
London Euston The Pits: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes / Dummies Don't Talk**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture / The UB'z**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Mode / The News**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Phil Taylor & Friends**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Low Z**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rush Hour**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Bad Actors / Idiot Dancers**
London Plumstead The Ship: **These Strange And Beautiful Things**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pete Allen Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kleen Heels**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London S.W.10 The Redcliffe: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Haircut 100 / The Laughing Apple**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ovary Lodge**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Ian Mitchell Band / Terry Vison & The Screens**
London W.1 Gossips: **Remipeds / The Big Combo**
Luton The Sand: **The Stop Band**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Margate Ship Inn: **The Graphics**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Breathers**
New Romney Seahorse: **Breakaway Blues Band'**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Rock City: **Kraftwerk**
Oxford St. John's College: **Darts / The Tonix**
Oxford Worcester College: **Reality / Sponooch**
Poole Arts Centre: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
Reading Top Rank: **Bauhaus / Subway Sect / The Birthday Party**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Alyx / Haze**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stourbridge Town Hall: **Diamond Head**
Swindon Saks: **Kelvin Henderson Country Band**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Waunfawr Snowdonia Park Hotel: **The K-Otix**
Winchester Railway Hotel: **The Secret**

ON THE BOX



Thursday June 18
CARRY ON AGAIN DOCTOR (Directed by Gerald Thomas 1971).
You'd be surprised by the class of person who finds these laboured farces funny (Ian Penman returns to the *Box* after a two-week absence!). This one's about doctors Carver and Nookey striving after their own private clinic; the usual clowns are involved. **(ITV London).**

WENT THE DAY WELL (Alberto Cavalcanti 1942). *Dad's Army* stuff in a sleepy English village invaded by sneaky German paratroopers. Excellent wartime propaganda (from a story by Graham Greene), now an elegant curio. **(BBC 2).**

Friday June 19
BEAUTIFUL STRANGER (David Miller 1954). Poor Ginger Rogers, lounging about on the Riviera, slowly realises that her fiance is a naughty criminal; Herbert Lom goes all out for an Oscar, Stanley Baker merely mopes. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday June 20
AUNT CLARA (Anthony Kimmins 1954). Pious bossyboots Margaret Rutherford inherits five greyhounds, a pub and a brothel from a reprobate uncle; what to do? Funny faces in the supporting cast — Ronald Shiner, Sid James, Nigel Stock, A. E. Matthews — make for a mild entertainment. **(BBC 2).**

THE LONGEST DAY (Ken Annakin, Andrew Marton and Bernhard Wicki 1962). The Allied landings in Normandy turned into The Longest Film, with every character played by a 'star'; extremely noisy bum-acher but at least the German sequences are sub-titled. Probably the only time that Fabian and John Wayne appeared in the same film, and there are lots of Roberts: Ryan, Wagner and Mitchum. What, really, was the point? **(BBC 1)**

PRETTY POISON (Noel Black 1968). Odd little black comedy, neatly paced by Noel Black (whatever happened to?), with finely tuned twitching from Anthony Perkins (batty, daydreaming pryo) and Tuesday Weld (even loopier, conniving witch) as they make the most of Lorenzo Semple's witty dialogue. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday June 21
FRIEDA (Basil Dearden 1947). Typically po-faced study of bigotry from deadpan Dearden as David Farrar's RAF officer takes his German bride back to his hometown and is met with suspicion and hostility; what did they expect, with a name like Frieda? **(BBC 1)**

THE MEMORY OF EVA RYKER (Walter E. Grauman 1979). Wartime shenanigans of a different sort: Natalie Wood went loony, apparently, after the sinking of a luxury ocean liner; a crime writer investigates, uncovering — gasp! — MURDER. Made for TV. Boy, you can sure tell when it's summer. **(BBC 1)**

HESTER STREET (Joan Micklin Silver 1974). Micklin Silver's first (and best) feature, a disarming re-creation of a Jewish immigrant ghetto on NY's East Side at the turn of the century. Fine playing from Carol Kane and Steven Keats, striking period detail, and luminous photography by Kenneth Van Sickle. Unfortunately, this is all to no avail since it's scheduled opposite *Bilko*. Thanks, Beeb! **(BBC 2)**

Monday June 22
THE PURPLE PLAIN (Robert Parrish 1955). More loonies: Gregory Peck goes round the bend in Burma during WW2. Nothing much happens, to almost hypnotic effect. **(ITV London)**

Tuesday June 23
THE ALPHA CAPER (Robert Michael Lewis 1973). Henry Fonda, Larry Hagman and Leonard 'Big Ears' Nimoy lead routine made-for-TV thriller. For Chrissakes, will somebody put up the TV licence fee? Better still, why don't they show *The Disappearance* again? **(BBC 1)**

Monty Smith

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SAT. 4th JULY 7.30
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17th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

31st July, 1st & 2nd August, 1981
Cherryhinton Hall, Cambridge

Artists appearing (subject to contract and work permits): John Sebastian, Donovan, Steeleye Span, The Chieftans, The Roches, Jake Thackray, John Cooper Clarke, Byron Berline, Dan Crary, John Hickman, The Home Service, Peter Rowan, Dave Van Ronk, Fred Wedlock, Spider John Koerner, The McCalmans, Allan Taylor, Ossian, The Old Swan Band, Rab Noakes, Robin Dransfield, Derek Brimstone, Andy Breckman, Jenny Beeching, Dave Peabody and Bob Hall, Tom McConville and Keran Halpin, The Champion String Band, Waterfall, Fallen Arches, Eric Fransden, Fool Moon, The Radio Cowboys, Peta Webb & Webbs Wonders.

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Saturday 20th June £1.50
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Tuesday 23rd June £1
PARK AVENUE

Wednesday 24th June £1
CHUCK FARLEY

Thursday 25th June £1
SUNFIGHTER
+ Eddie The Cat

Splendid Isolation
Gambetta Cliche

Thursday 18th June
The Kings Club
Kings Arms
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THE BROADWAY S.W.19

CPX presents

VARDIS

PLUS SUPPORT

7.00pm
FRIDAY 26 JUNE TICKETS £3.00; £2.50; £2.00
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---

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill
Tel 01 223 8309

Thursday 18th June
RUBBER JOHNNY
+ Duxhill Dance
Friday 19th June
THE GATECRASHERS
+ Nettie Blue
Saturday 20th June
THE ACT + The Patrol
Sunday 21st June
RELEASE DE BEAT
+ Prime Suspect
Monday 22nd June
BRUISED LIPS + The Line
Tuesday 23rd June
JUMP SQUAD
+The Blackouts
Wednesday 24th June
MISCHIEVOUS DEEDS
+ The Empires
Thursday 25th June
BRIAN NIGHT
Now open at lunchtime

WINDSOR CASTLE

309 Harrow Road, W9
Bands On Stage 8.30pm

Thursday 18th June Free
DAVE ELLIS BAND + The Stop Band
Friday 19th June 50p
ARRIGANT + Miles over Matter
Saturday 20th June 50p
TITCH TURNER'S ESCALATOR
+ The World Service
Sunday 21st June Free
FABLE + Support
Monday 22nd June Free
12th KNIGHT + Support
Tuesday 23rd June Free
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ Support
Wednesday 24th June Free
TITCH TURNER'S ESCALATOR
+ Support
Thursday 25th June Free
DAVE ELLIS BAND
+ LARRY MILLER BAND

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW and KILTORCH present
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THE TEARDROP EXPLODES.

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+ Free Hand

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RED BEANS & RICE
+ Wipe Out

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THE OUTPATIENTS
+ Eat at Joes

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KIM BEACON
+ Karl Wallinger

Wednesday 24th June £1.50
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+ Dummies Don't Talk

DJ SLY FOX

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Thursday 18th June £1
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Friday 19th June £1.25
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Saturday 20th June £1.25
THE METEORS

Sunday 21st June £1.25
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June 26 to July 1 BOB DYLAN

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17 Spirit
18 UK Subs
19 Teardrop Explodes
20-22 The Tubes
21 Shock
22 Cramps
23 Judie Tzuke
23-28 Sammy Davis Jnr
25 Bauhaus
26 Vardis
26 The Kinks
26 – July 1 Bob Dylan
28 The Slits
28, 29 Kraftwerk
29, 30 Peter Tosh
29, 30 Joe Jackson

JULY
1 Split Enz
2, 3 Kraftwerk
5 The Damned
8, 9 Randy Crawford
9 Duran Duran
10 Diamond Head
11 Heath Brothers
11 Iggy Pop
12 The Staple Singers
12 John Sebastion
13 Black Uhuru
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz
19 Monochrome Set
24 Siouxsie & The Banshees
25 Def Leppard
26 Killing Joke
29 Ian Dury
30 Mike Oldfield

AUGUST
1 Black Sabbath/Motorhead
8 Thin Lizzy
18 Barbara Dickson
22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult
28–30 Reading Rock Festival

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees

OCTOBER
17 Sheena Easton
24, 25 Saxon
30, 31 The Shadows

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MONDAY 22nd JUNE 7·30pm
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THE Venue
160-162 Victoria St.
London SW1
Tel. 828 9441
Opp Victoria Tube Station

Tuesday 23rd June
SPIRIT
+ FELT
Tickets £3.50

Thursday 25th June
DALEK I LOVE YOU
OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING
GODOT
Tickets £2.00

REGGAE NIGHT AT
NER MERLINS CAVE
Margery St, WC1 with
BLACK MARKET
Sunday 21st June
8.30 pm :: 80p

ZEITGEIST
WILL PLAY THE
'AMNESIA CLUB'
LEEDS
Thursday 18th June
Admission only 50p
New Single 'Touch'

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE DAMNED
RUTS D.C.
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
VICE SQUAD
LYCEUM
STRAND WC2
SUNDAY 5th JULY at 6.30
TICKETS £5.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 2371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245; OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL. 485 5088.

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+ SUBWAY SECT + BIRTHDAY PARTY
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Tickets £2.25 in advance, £2.50 on door
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Final Solution Present
THE SLITS
Ras Angels
The Carpets
D.J. Don Letts
7.30-11.00 PM, Sunday, June 28Th
Venue
Advance Tickets £3.00 From, The Venue, Rough Trade, Small Wonder, Honky Tonk, Bonaparte Premier Box Office and London Theatre Bookings

FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT
A GAYPRIDE WEEK BENEFIT
IN AID OF PHILIP FOTHERINGHAM WITH
SECTOR 27
POSITIVE NOISE
THE BREAKFAST BAND
in Heaven
8.00 PM-2.00 AM
MONDAY
JUNE 22ND
OVER 18's ONLY. HEAVEN IS UNDER THE ARCHES AT CHARING CROSS. WC2. TICKETS £3.00 (UNEMPLOYED £2.00) FROM SMALLWONDER, ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK, BONAPARTE (KINGS X) & PREMIER BOX OFFICE OR ON THE NIGHT

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JAZZ ROCK SPECTACULAR
HIGH TECHNICOLOUR
Fri 19th June, New Walk Centre, Leicester
Major New work by Neil Ardley, 8 Channel surround Sound Dancers & special effects by Stephen Cripps
☆ **ALL STAR BAND** ☆
IAN CARR — Electric Trumpet
GEOFF CASTLE —
DAVE LAWSON — Keyboards
BILL LIVESEY —
CHUCHOO MERCHAN — Bass
NICK FRANCE — Drums
NEIL ARDLEY — Synthesizers
Plus
A LEICESTER JAZZ SUITE by DAVID HARGREAVES
performed by **EARS**
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TOLWORTH RECREATION CENTRE
FULLERS WAY NORTH, TOLWORTH, SURREY (391 0684)
Friday 26th June at 7.30pm
GORDON GILTRAP
AND BAND
+ Support
Tickets £3.25 (Adv)

TBA INTERNATIONAL
PROUDLY PRESENT
IGGY POP
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:-
Telephone and Guests
Rainbow THEATRE
FINSBURY PARK N4.
SAT. 11TH JULY
NEW IGGY ALBUM 'PARTY'
TICKETS £4.00-£3.50
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MCP *presents*
DEF LEPPARD
+ Special Guests
MORE **IRON MAIDEN**

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Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
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BIRMINGHAM ODEON
TUES. JULY 14th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 021 643 6101

IPSWICH GAUMONT
WED. JULY 15th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel:

DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
THUR. JULY 16th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25
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R.E. Cords Derby and Select a Disc Nottingham

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
FRI. JULY 17th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 0274 32513

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SAT. JULY 18th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 0632 20007

EDINBURGH ODEON
SUN. JULY 19th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 031 667 3805

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
MON. JULY 20th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 0742 735295/6

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE
WED. JULY 22nd 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 051 708 7411

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
THUR. JULY 23rd 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 061 273 1112/3

WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
FRI. JULY 24th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25
Available from b/o Tel. 28482

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SAT. JULY 25th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
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BLACK MARKET

Asgard presents
THE
STAPLE SINGERS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SUNDAY 12 JULY, 8.00pm
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OUTLAW and KILTORCH present
SPLIT ENZ
LEE KOSMIN
SIAM
WEDNESDAY 1st JULY 7.30pm
TICKETS £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

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Thursday 18th June
PRICK UP YOUR EARS
TYMON DOGG
EUROPA LULA
THE POPE
PLUNDERSQUAD
RIMSHOTS
£1.50

Friday 19th June
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MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
ZEITGEIST
£2.00

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LONDON NW1
IS AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE HIRE
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Friday 19th June
NEW SINGLE: FISH NEEDS A BIKE
CW THIS IS MY ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR
OUT NOW ON ARMEGGEDON RECORDS

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Thurs 18th June (50p)
STAGE STRUCK (Rock Show)
Friday 19th June
MAINLAND (Rock)
Saturday 20th June
EN ROUTE (80's Jazz Blues)
Sunday 21st June
DEUCE (Rock)

Monday 22 June
BLACK MAMBA (Rock)
Tuesday 23rd June
REGULO FIVE
Wednesday 24th June
To Be Announced
Thursday 25th June (50p)
STAGESTRUCK (Rock Show)

LAGER 65p — WINES 60p — SPIRITS 50p

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE
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01-261 6153

REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St, London W1
Thursday 18th June
TWO SUPER BAD TOASTERS
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB
Tuesday 23rd June
ANTI PASTI
+ ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE
Special Adm. Price £2.00

Alec Leslie Ents. Ltd. presents
OLDFIELD MUSIC
Tim Cross Rick Fenn Mike Frye
Mike Oldfield
Morris Pert Maggie Reilly
with guests THE BATTLEFIELD BAND
RAINBOW THEATRE
Thursday 30th July at 8pm Tickets £5.00 £4.50
Available from the Box Office, Rainbow Theatre, Finsbury Park, N4 01-263 3148 and usual agents

---

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9 BELOW ZERO
June 25th 7.30 pm
The Paddocks, Long Road, Canvey Island
£2.50 Adv £2.75 on the night
Tickets available from Downtown, Golden Disc

ON THE ROAD
VARDIS
THE WORLD'S INSANE HEAVY MENTAL TOUR
+ Wooden Forge
June 27th at the Corn Exchange, Ipswich
Tickets available from Box Office and usual Record Shops £2.00

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JUNE
Thursday 18th June
SINISTER DEXTER + UB'z
Clarendon Hotel W6
Thursday 18th June
TEMPER
Rock Garden WC2
Wednesday 24th June
DOLLY MIXTURE
+ Dean St. Babies
Greyhound W6
Wednesday 24th June
NAKED LUNCH
+ A Flock Of Seagulls + Zeitgeist
Upstairs at the Clarendon W6
Thursday 25th June
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Rock Garden WC2
Thursday 25th June
DOLLY MIXTURE
Wooden Bridge, Guildford
Friday 26th June
TEMPER + Stiffs
Basement Bar, Clarendon W6
Friday 26th June
DOLLY MIXTURE
Half Moon, Herne Hill
Contact Grimtone 01-806 4737

(01-261 6153)

HAMBRO TAVERN
Uxbridge Road, Southall

Friday 19th June
MEGATON (H.M.)
+ Support
Sunday 21st June
FALSE ALARM
Tuesday 23rd June
LITTLE ROOSTERS
(R&B)
+ Support
Wednesday 24th June
60's DISCO
Thursday 25th June
SIAM
+ Support

REMIPEDS
TOUR OF TRUMPTON 1981
JUNE
Thursday 18th
THE TRAMSHED, WOOLWICH
Friday 19th
ROCK GARDEN
Monday 22nd
THE MOONLIGHT
Wednesday 24th
GOSSIPS
Thursday 25th
CANTERBURY COLL OF ART
Friday 26th
REDFORD COLL (NUS ONLY)
JULY
Sunday 5th
HALF MOON HERNE HILL
REMIPEDS INFORMATION
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AGENCY Simon Low ITB 439 8041

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Thursday 18th June
GEOFF WILKINS & THE CATS
Friday 19th June
KEITH SMITH'S HEFTY JAZZ
Saturday 20th June
THE FROG ISLAND JAZZ BAND + LONDONS WEST END STOMPERS
Monday 22nd June
SKETCH (Jazz Rock)
Tuesday 23rd June
BRIAN KNIGHT BLUES BAND
Wednesday 23rd June
ROOT JACKSON with THE G.B. BLUES CO.
Thursday 25th June
KEN COLLYERS ALL STARS
(No admission after 11 pm)

Electric Stadium
01-599-1533
8pm – 12pm
ADMISSION £1.00
(£1.50 Fri and Sat)
Thursday 18th June
T. BOYS
+ Tangeant
Friday 19th June
HEAVY ROCK
A II Z
+ Brunel
Saturday 20th June
★ IAN MITCHELL BAND ★
+ Support
Sunday 21st June
HEAVY ROCK
HANDSOME BEASTS
Monday 22nd June
FIFTY'S FLASH ROCK & ROLL & ROCKABILLY SHOW
Tuesday 23rd June
SIAM
+ The Crack
Wednesday 24th June
60's NIGHT
SMALL WORLD
+ Downbeats + Flat 19

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900 HIGH ROAD,
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ESSEX.
NEAREST B/R GOODMAYES OR CHADWELL HEATH
N98 NIGHT BUS TO CENTRAL LONDON

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West Hampstead NW3
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+Le Cliche
Friday 19th June £1.50
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+ Whizz Kids
Saturday 20th June £1.50
GAFFA END PRODUCT
+ Struggle Brothers
+ Brendon Kidulis
Sunday 21st June £1.50
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Monday 22nd June £1.50
THE WHY + Roulette
Tuesday 23rd June £1.50
THE STOOP + Shadowfix
Wednesday 24th June £1.50
THE MOOD + The News
Thursday 25th June £1.50
TITCH TURNERS ESCALATORS
+ Red Star Belgrade
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CINEMAS AND THEATRES

For details of Advertising Ring

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PHOENIX
OPP EAST FINCHLEY STATION 01-883 2233
LATE SHOW 11 pm
Friday 19th June
Sharman's **THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW** (AA) &
de Palma's **THE PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE** (AA)
Saturday 20th June
Hooper's **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE** (X) & Greis' **HELTER SKELTER** (X)
Friday 26th June
Friedkin's **THE EXORCIST** (X) & Cohen's **IT'S ALIVE** (X)

PARIS PULLMAN
Drayton Gardens, SW10 01-373 5898
LATE NIGHT SHOW 11 pm
Thursday 18th June
Demme's **CRAZY MAMA** (AA) & Pressman's **DYNAMITE WOMEN** (X)
Friday 19th June
Gilliam's **MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL** (A) & Roeg's **THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH** (X)
Saturday 20th June
Pasolini's **THE DECAMERON** (X) & **THE CANTERBURY TALES** (X)
Sunday 21st June
Speilberg's **1941** (A) & Milius' **BIG WEDNESDAY** (A)
Thursday 25th June
Schaffner's **THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL** (X) & Freidkin's **CRUISING** (X)
Friday 26th June
Ross' **PLAY IT AGAIN SAM** (AA) & Lucas' **AMERICAN GRAFFITI** (AA)

"Brilliantly acted ... neither 'Marriage of Maria Braun' nor 'Tin Drum' affected me as much as this film" *Guardian*
"A totally absorbing film" *Hampstead & Highgate Express*
Germany - Pale Mother
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HANK WILLIAMS *The Show He Never Gave*

STALLS FROM £2.90 BOOK NOW
'Carl Chase is deliciously mean as the sneering, drawling, yodelling songster' — Financial Times
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A Change of Seasons AA
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Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30.

2 THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES
SUPERMAN II A
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Progs: 12.45 (not Sun), 3.15, 5.45, 8.20

3 **THEATRE CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS**
REOPENING SOON

4 **THEATRE CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS**
REOPENING SOON

KINGSTON
GROVE TAVERN, WASHINGTON RD.
FLESH HABIT
+ CL2
7.30 THURSDAY 18th JUNE £1
ENQUIRIES 01 733 5764

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)
Wednesday 24th June: **JOHNNY STORM**
Thursday 25th June: **Q TIPS**
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

JAMMIN! FANZINE PRESENTS...
Sunday 21st June
'YOUNG BLOOD'S' NIGHT WITH
THE APOCALYPSE
THE VARIATIONS
DALI'S CAR
JAGGED EDGE
+ EDDIE STEADY GO as compere
africa centre
38 KING STREET, LONDON WC2
«7·45-11·00 £1·50»
LEICESTER SQUARE/ CHARING CROSS TUBES

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St, SW6
REGGAE FEATURING
BLACK MARKET
Thursday 18th June
8.30 pm :: 80p

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
BAUHAUS
+ VIC GODARD'S SUBWAY SECT
7.30 Sunday 21st June
£1.90 Adv., £2.50 door
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

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A ROMAN POLANSKI FILM
'TESS' A
70MM Released thru Columbia-EMI-Warner Distributors
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RITZ LEICESTER SQUARE
The body count continues...

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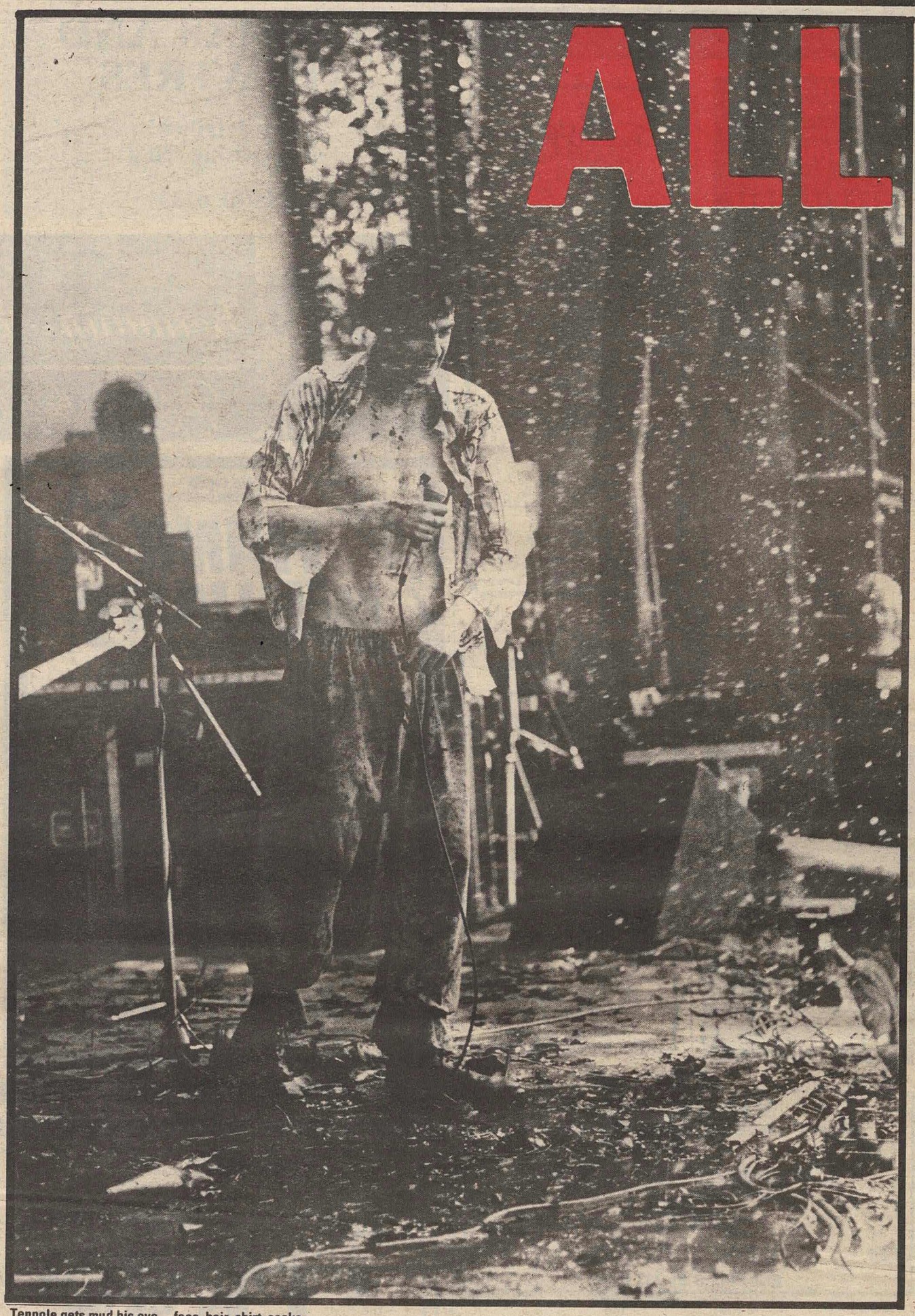
SYLVESTER STALLONE
NIGHT HAWKS X
A MARTIN POLL/ PRODUCTION COMPANY PRODUCTION

PLAZA 2 OFF PICCADILLY
THE FAN X
The final act is murder.

PLAZA 3 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS
A HAND MADE FILMS PRESENTATION
Starring BOB HOSKINS HELEN MIRREN in
THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY X
HAND MADE FILMS (Distributors) Ltd

PLAZA 4 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS
4 ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS
Ordinary People AA

LIVE!



Tenpole gets mud his eye ... face, hair, shirt, socks ...

Summer In The City

Crystal Palace Bowl

ABOUT THE weather . . . the weather was a clear turn on, which I had nothing to do with. I would have liked it to rain. Silly white clouds and all that blue and a sun piercing enough to get me panting for some shade and some liquid. The miracle of the weather put up quite a barrier between me and the performed music, and the music is what it's all about. Right?

So: sorry. Summer in the city, a pop concert in an English country garden, and the sun shined on and Madness wished and Sponooch undermined and Ultravox . . . you expect me to be kind? Let's find a drink: and a few.

The heat cheats the reviewer of the standard outdoor moan: there was no mud. Although, the reliable Derek Johnson informs me, there were those staggered enough by Tenpole Tudor that they dredged up mud from the depths of the Palace moat and hurled it at the eyepole. Hoorah hoorah hoorah hey!

Oh. There's Phil Lynott, just outside the Chrysalis courtesy tent. I'm in the backstage enclosure: well, where else is there to be? There seems to be more people here than out front. Then again, the water in front of the stage got quite full during Madness' stiff afternoon hobble. Let's give Lynott a brush off. Ouch, Hazel O'Connor's looking tatty. Jake Burns is not looking natty. Scabies is looking ratty. And Walters, the old fatty, is going to buy me a drink. Do you know Walters? Peel's former shadow, replaced him the other week.

I'll have a lager: it'll last. No lager?! Bitter?! A PINT; of bitter! Will a pint be enough to give me a pot belly? Oh well. I drink my first ever pint of bitter. Damaging stuff. It's like losing your virginity I say. "What, it leaves a nasty after-taste in your mouth?" At least it doesn't hurt.

Two hours later someone — the Duchess Of Kent or Tina Turner or somebody — knocks the remaining deteriorating half pint of liquid out of my hand. Lots of apologies, but I'm bowled over with gratitude. Trouble is, bitter seems to have hallucinogenic properties no one told me about. A tree in the middle of the backstage enclosure turns into Steve Strange, a thickly brown and orange contusion leaning on a cane. I spit at it — it wouldn't let me into The Club For Heroes anyway — and wander off to ask someone what I'm doing in this vivid green field. Should I have brought a pen? Certainly my little headphones.

AAH, THERE'S Mrs Devoto, with elegant companion, charging her lust at the sight of the real Kim Wilde. Mrs Devoto tells me that she fell for Wilde before her husband Howard. I believe this. Of all the top pop people present at this investiture / gathering / exhibition, Wilde signs the most autographs. The half-man she's with is apparently a member (I use the word advisedly) of Tenpole Tudor's group. (He must be paid a lot). Mrs Devoto approves of Kim Wilde's companion. He's so greasy this surprises me, but apparently a qualification for joining up with the crude pole is that . . . well . . . think of tentpoles and jiggle around a little.

There's Tenpole himself, a shapeless mud sweat stalking the backstage enclosure obviously possessed with shame at the scandal of the outdoor pop event. Hang him out to dry.

Mrs Devoto's companion fetched me some wine from the Chrysalis tent. Chrysalis must understand that the dry white wine was loathsome: can they honestly expect a favourable review for their Ultravox delivering up such disgusting wine? A cake baked and iced in Ultravox's honour was demolished in seconds. What it was used for I can't begin to explain.

What's that noise? Music? Cabaret Voltaire! This is entering paradise. New Order? Let's talk about Yellow Magic Orchestra. Maybe one of these are the replacements for Teardrop Explodes, who pulled out because they were too stoned/couldn't get a helicopter to lift them off the stage/hoped it would rain. I leave the alcohol tent and go and look at the stage. It's been empty since Madness left it hours ago. The poor people not in the backstage enclosure are stuck in the heat with their hot dogs and Coca Cola. A hidden DJ plays them Cabaret Voltaire to cheer them up. Maybe Hazel O'Connor is the replacement for Teardrop. Or Kim Wilde. Or Stiff Little Fingers. Oh no chance says Jake Burns who at least talks to me (and drank his wine without ice!) — no more outdoor do's for the fluffy finger. Burns is more sensible than his haircut would suggest.

THE POLECATS went on promptly at one and their publicist told me they were "in amazing form". Tim spent the rest of the afternoon canoodling in a shady corner. Tenpole followed too quickly for me and no one could force themselves to speak about his act. Madness played what was possibly the worst outdoor set in the ignoble history of popular music outside events. The sun, the sea, the sand destroyed the close joy of their teeny-pop: they melted in slow agony. Madness were not made for the open air.

I viewed Madness through a sad haze of sanity. I took off

Crass. Photo: Peter Anderson

JUST CRASS

Crass
Poison Girls

100 Club

SO IT has already come to this. For all their brave battering away at conventions Crass pull the punches where it matters most. Having cocooned themselves within a powerful cult following of hardcore punks they realise they have only one real sphere of infuence and cowardly consolidate it by feeding it the obvious.

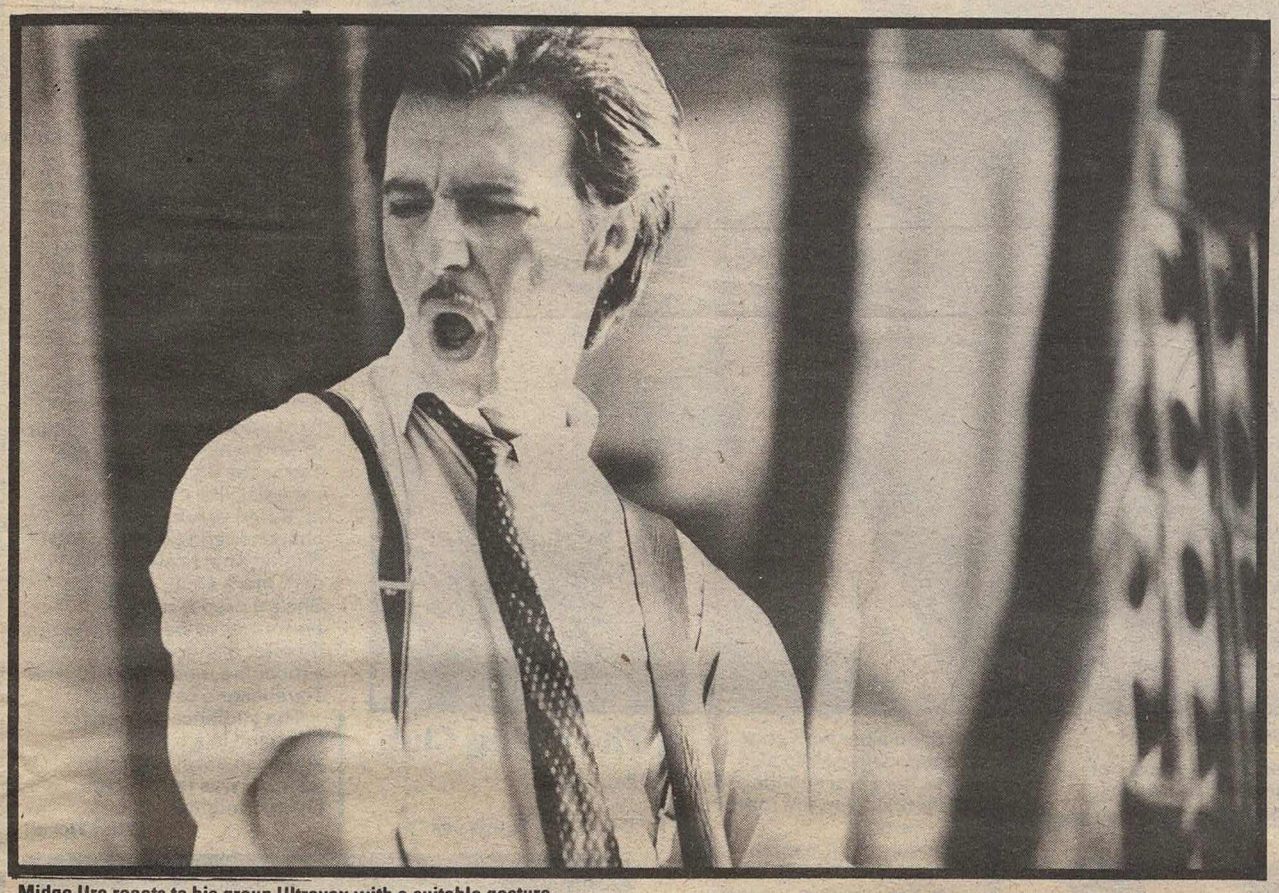
It's too early for them to argue that their fabulous record offer ploy in the teen magazine *Loving* has won them a new audience, thus justifying the continued use of old tactics at the expense of their personal development. The people they're playing to remain resolutely the same — those who have grown up with and got used to the Crass methodology. By now it has become so stultifyingly familiar to both factions to render it profoundly ineffectual. What was once intended as — and succeeded as — provocation has become through repetition a wet, weedy shock incapable of startling anyone outside the Sunday gutter press into asking "What's it all about"?

Their followers, one presumes, know already, if they've been attending Crass lessons closely. Crass in concert should be a stimulant, a spur taking them onto the next step — just as they should be looking for it themselves.

Their deliberately crude playing might have once offered a way out of rock's restrictive standards,

IT'S BACK TO '75

Paul Morley watches the new generation grow old, pose and generally make an absurd spectacle of themselves. Pix David Corio.



Midge Ure reacts to his group Ultravox with a suitable gesture.

my suit of armour and got out my riot control spray. I always wanted the outdoor life.

Of course Ultravox didn't want to be upstaged and I can understand this. Maybe they politely told Teardrop to pull out. But there were a couple of Boycott centuries between Madness drooping and Ultravox finally appearing in the sunshine. Somewhere in the middle of this the repulsive Sponooch did stupid things to wooden chairs and bared their bodies even though no one could really see except the bouncers at the side of the stage. One look at a viciously split crotch and I was bored out of my hallucinating mind. Sponooch danced, I think, to things like old Roxy. There were far more outrageous and watchable things happening in the backstage enclosure. I could tell you what Mrs Devoto was up to, but you're expecting details about The Music so forget it . . .

As Stravinsky said, it is impossible to write ABOUT music, but I need the money. What can you say about Madness encoring with 'Vienna' and Ultravox encoring with 'Baggy Trousers' — admire the fact both groups wanted to honour the other? For Ultravox's hugely, highly, homely professional recital Hazel O'Connor sat at the side of the stage amidst the bouncers and the photographers, dancing and drooling. She wants the world to think that she and Midge Ure are partners in love. Of course the world knows that Midge Ure isn't interested IN THE SLIGHTEST.

I WAS bored looking at the static Ultravox — once Midge has hold of that guitar only his moustache moves — after ten minutes and moved to a place where I could talk to friends. At the heavenly Heaven the last thing I wanted to do in this heat was concentrate on the stage. Listening to music outside is wonderful: to watch is not so wonderful.

As I was ignoring Ultravox as graciously as possible — they'd understand — the chap from *Melody Maker* verbally attacked me. I relieved him of his drink and told him what to do with his parts. He interpreted my way of enjoying myself as some kind of shirking of duties. The sap from *Melody Maker* expected me to be critical - like the page from *Sounds* scrawling a ridiculous amount of notes — about the Ultravox performance. In this heat? In this open air? With all this free drink? A detailed description!!! I carried on drinking.

They didn't finish with 'Vienna'. There were no inflatable pigs floating through the sky. A fatigued Rusty Egan ran past me, declaring that Ultravox are the best. This was how much a non-event the garden pop concert was. As soon as it was over — right on 8 — I taxied to the Venue for a (dis)appointment with Defunkt.

So that was Summer. I passed (on).

Pamela Stephenson and the Burgess weren't there.

providing both themselves and listeners with a key to upset the mechanism, but to allow it to become a newly established order is lazy and damaging: today their incompetence only trips themselves up. Lousy singing means that only those accustomed to Crass product are allowed into the circle — and most people are only along for the thrash anyway. Their visual clout is equally hackneyed live — unlike their much better photo-montage sleeves and posters — though their entrance is admittedly impressive.

All dressed in black, they spread themselves in front of the imposing Poison Girls/Crass flags and are flanked on either side by two videos and a small film screen. The impact is quickly undermined once they resort to their singleminded path, while the cliched juxtapositions of glamour pix and Hollywood shots with military hardware, destruction and horror don't teach you anything you didn't know already.

Because they're largely inaudible the only people benefiting from the Crass diatribe is the Crass tribe. The words that do get through don't enthrall with their insight: *"The bomb dropped on Hiroshima and killed 200,000 people. That's what I call obscene, so you can stuff your morality."*

Elsewhere their analyses are sharper, the presentation of horror and suffering more poignant, but don't go expecting to hear them at a Crass concert.

For the most part they state the obvious and what's more they're totally humourless about it — the one good joke they played on *Loving* notwithstanding. Humour and humanity is something they could learn from the infinitely more effective Poison Girls, whose jibes, wit and versatility lends them the mobility that Crass patently lack.

The Poison Girls score with this audience just as they could score with any other. Vi Subversa is an engrossing singer who deserves the sort of exposure accorded to Hazel O'Connor via *Breaking Glass*. Her theatrical mugging is great, lending as it does a fittingly absurd edge to Poison Girls' songs that slash away at the predetermined role playing of the sexes. Their word plays are funny and pointed — *Do you know what you want/Or do you want what you're told?* — and only rarely lapse into the off-putting preachings of well-meaning social workers.

Poison Girls give the impression that they're in a constant state of flux; Crass that they've reached a stasis. Poison Girls bare themselves to the world — it's a two way communication. But Crass plainly attack it. Devoid of new ideas or inspiration their provocations fall flat on their smug faces. In their own way Crass have become just another station on the accepted rock routes.

Chris Bohn

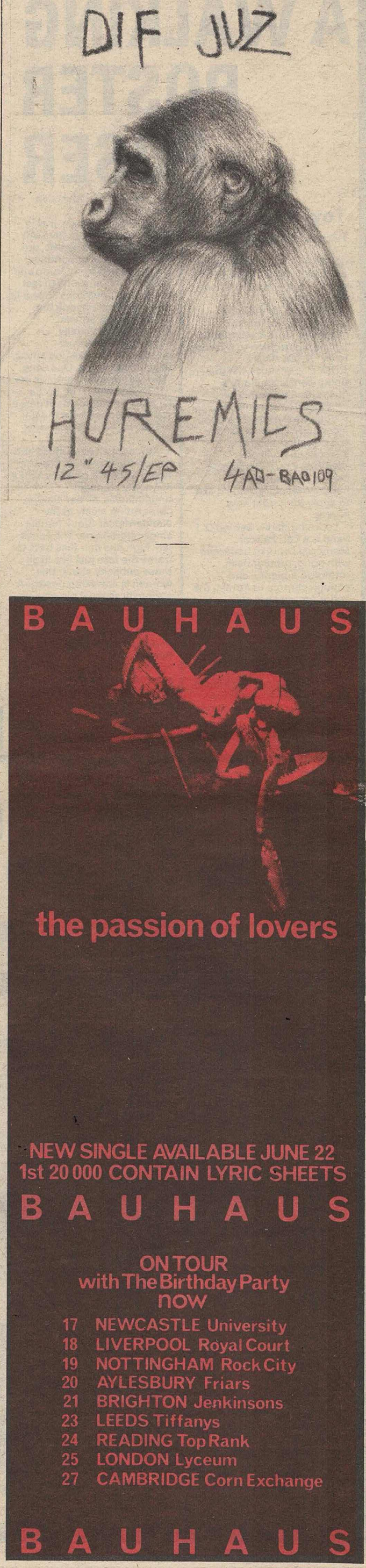
Light Of The World Innervisions

Hammersmith Odeon

WHILE JAZZFUNK is fine late at night with the volume low, it's a strictly background sound to my ears, and so tedious live. Take Innervisions, a band that were competent, tasteful, yet somehow had the knack of making the minutes pass like hours. They remind me of vacuous cocktail parties or hip supermarket muzak, a bland and soulless proof that good musicians do not necessarily make good music.

No such doubts about Light Of The World though. Under their own name and those of

CONTINUTES OVER



A WALKING POSTER POSER

Toyah

Hammersmith Odeon

JUST WHAT, I'd like to know, am I doing here? More to the point, what is/are D J Kane doing here?

What they're doing is playing the kind of dull, "raunchy" music apopleptic vocalists are given to referring to as *"ROCK AND ROOOLLL!!"*, but what they're doing *here* is anybody's guess. Cannot someone be employed to strangle musical visions such as theirs at their inception? The post, which will be called Aesthetic Executioner, will be subsidised by the state and carry a consequently handsome salary, and I'd like to apply for it right now. Please.

Looming darkly behind D J Kane is a Carl Palmer Memorial Drumkit bedecked with gong, tubular bells, rototoms-a-plenty, and enough chrome to furnish the entire American motor industry with grilles and fenders for a fortnight. This belongs to the drummer with Toyah, a band which is competently anonymous, uninspired, and thunderously loud, and judging by hairlines, a little older than me. From this morass of skin and metal churns a hearty rabble-rousing tribal Antbeat, a finely-fitting factor in the biggest extravaganza I've seen since Styx.

For modern music, this is alarmingly conservative. All Toyah's songs, it seems, are various shades of bombast; most proceed from pomp and portent intro sections to fast thrashes, sometimes strobe-lit (the only time anyone but Toyah herself moves onstage), and usually accompanied by vast wreathes of smoke and smart, spectacular lights. One song, 'The Marionette', reminds me of The Strawbs' 'The Battle'. Its mere announcement gets a warm response from the full house. Is *this* what it's come to?

Amongst all this smoke and brouhaha, the will o' the wisp figure of Toyah prances with a strangely compact ungainliness, all her actions conforming nicely to the standard post-Sioux female singer stereotype. The knees jerk high, the hair flies back to frame the face just like in all those publicity shots: this woman is a walking poster! A curiously asexual pin-up, maybe, but these *are* decadent days. (Whoops! Wrong woman! There's not that much to choose, is there?)

Toyah is a trouper deluxe; there's no denying her work-rate, or the fact that a large part of her support's derived from being perpetually on the road or in the public eye in one way or another. This alone is not enough. It places her just about on a par with your average navvy, who also works hard and spends a lot of time working on the road. I want *more!*

Her success is simple, almost pre-ordained: she feeds her audience what they want to hear, dealing in the common currency of youth rebellion — not as in street-fighting spirit of '68, but the cosier perennial option of generation-gap politics. She derides parents (the *enemy!)* constantly, and, introducing a song called 'We Are', dedicates it to all those poor souls who've been laughed at in Oxford Street on account of their clothes. These are the issues that matter, obviously. Toyah unwittingly — or efficiently, depending on your point of view — defuses rebellion in time-honoured "spectacular" manner, and soaks up the last seeds of revolt with a dilute mixture of pop mysticism and fashionable alienation. 'Neon Womb' indeed!

The flimsy "souvenir programme" gives plenty of information on how to obtain Official Toyah Merchandise. What a rocky little concert this is! I'm not surprised, mind; the only thing I can't figure out is what I'm doing here. I'm off.

Andy Gill

Toyah by Adrian Boot

The Flying Club

Moonlight

"DANCING IS this year's concept" announce Strangers In The Night, who like a joke between numbers. This particular quip, in its weary irony, almost suits their music. They're a white soul band who frequently cross the funk brink. This means that they have problems with authenticity, struggling as they do to reconcile Dexys' expansiveness with Contortions' ingrowing cool. The outcome isn't happy, just more white blacks who don't get people moving and who confuse style with self-consciouness and tension with tenseness.

Encouragingly, though, individual parts of the band are seen to work, including sparse but bright guitar and vocals noble in a soul Bowie way. Mind, the brass section could be warmer, especially with one of them looking like Rolf Harris in one of Sun Ra's Egyptian dressing gowns.

The Strangers' beat just isn't big enough, but The Flying Club's is. Theirs is a funk thing, too, but more confidently anglicised, in the same part of the compass as The Au Pairs and Gang Of Four. The band use synth in the way in which they use guitar: sharpening, cutting. Notes hang briefly in the air, creating space, before the punishment starts up again, harried along by bass and big big drums.

Although 'Do Something' is quintessential FC — a hard-edged white assimilation of funk which shows Bush Tetras the door — the slower material, like the hint of ballad in 'Running Away', has more character and gives vocalist Debbie King (sister of GO 4's Jon) more soulful scope. She's a prepossessing performer whose theatrics are precise: all her gestures have a meaning, nothing to do with Toyahesque cavortings.

The audience danced for this band in a prickly, aggressive way. Distort yourself was the concept: Flying tonight.

Paul Tickell

Debbie King by Clare Muller

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Incognito and Beggar and Co, they have already produced some classy, no-nonsense dance music, and will now split three ways to go on as separate bands. This was all a farewell gig should be, a sad occasion, but also a celebration from a band who are still in their prime. It was a party, and from the second they crashed onstage with an extended version of 'Time', there was no excuse for anyone to be a wallflower.

The presentation is theatrical, almost becoming pantomime as an ominous figure in an overcoat and pointed helmet enters stage right. Boos and hisses from the audience try to warn the brass section, but too late! . . . they are done for SUS. Cue 'The Boys In Blue Are After You', a song about our wonderful police force that is followed by their funky rendering of 'I Shot The Sheriff', poignantly dedicated to its writer.

Light Of The World have a sense of humour, an awareness of the world outside the disco that a lot of Yankee funksters seem to lack. Then there are the white boys who have got bored of reggae and are now busy 'discovering' funk, but the difference is that this band understand the rhythm, get the bass and drums right.

Dry ice apart, they also have style, and as if to emphasise the contrast, on come Spandau Ballet. Linx stroll on too, Dave Grant and Sketch looking as sharp as their photographs and helping lead an audience singalong while the Ballet gang play about with the bongos and show that they can dance after all. I can forgive them a lot after this, though, and Linx I love already; the best of Britfunk on one stage!

The encore, inevitably, was 'Help Me Out', the audience almost drowning out the PA and refusing to go home even after the house lights had come on. Eventually, the band were forced to return and explain why they could not play on, throwing badges to the clamouring hordes and promising three new albums under their new groupings.

If they are as good separately as they are together, I can't wait.

Sheryl Garratt

THE WEDDING RECORD

THE BALLAD OF LADY DI

THE HON. NICK JONES & IAN MACRAE

WED 1

ON STIFF 'AUSSIE' RECORDS & TAPES

STIFF

Pink Floyd's The Wall

Earls Court

PART ONE

BY NOW Pink Floyd's miserable misanthropic driving force Roger Waters must be asking himself just how far he has to go to alienate the blindly sycophantic following that obviously disgusts him. Building a massive wall between themselves and the audience last year had seemingly little effect, as everybody has come back again to re-enact this cosmic farce for the sake of a movie camera.

It would be easy to argue that the two factions deserve each other. For all their — or at least Waters' — professed distaste with the false and uncommunicative showbiz relationship between consumer and megastar, they're obviously not prepared to de-scale the myths to establish a more valuable link. On the contrary they do their utmost to illustrate the gap.

They obviously — and surprisingly — relish the privacy of their position, otherwise they'd go out more. The only way to bridge the gap would be to play live more often and thus demystify the Pink Floyd enigma. Short term engagements on this scale just reinforces their contempt for their audience, just as 'The Wall' is a measure of its extent. Pink Floyd build the wall, play behind it, bolstering the whole thing up with a surrogate band and the audience applaud them all the way. As is the case with demi-gods, Pink Floyd have their cake and eat it, too.

Waters clearly hates his conceit to be taken seriously, but under such circumstances it's impossible to view it as such. Going in relatively blind, I don't learn much about it. While it's difficult not to be impressed by the sheer monstrous spectacle of it all, it ultimately leaves a bitter aftertaste. Gerald Scarfe's animations and giant puppets are as contemptuously vile as Waters' characterisations.

Even so they don't so much enhance the piece as distract the viewer's attention. And for all its faults, 'The Wall' is too complex to benefit from such distractions. Its co-mingling of themes merges Waters' bitter reminiscences of an apparently personal childhood conditioning with a general hackneyed statement preparing kids for their upcoming roles. These standards are worked into the broader tapestry of adulthood in which the ruling mother figure is replaced by a wife, and rock success is also brought into the picture.

The revelation is slight, but its effect on Waters apparently profound. The whole wall building process is a psychic protection against the outside world and an attempt to depict the barrer between band and audience. As it has been pointed out, Waters' conclusions are disturbingly misogynistic; but then he has to blame his illnesses on someone other than himself, and the women in his life — or at least in the life of the narrator — are easy scapegoats.

The music is at once portentous and pedestrian, only a few touching songs — like 'Comfortably Numb' — sticking after the show. For the rest, 'The Wall' is a parody of a parody. It's a double bluff that backfires aesthetically as strongly as it succeeds commercially. Waters is undoubtedly crying all the way to the bank.

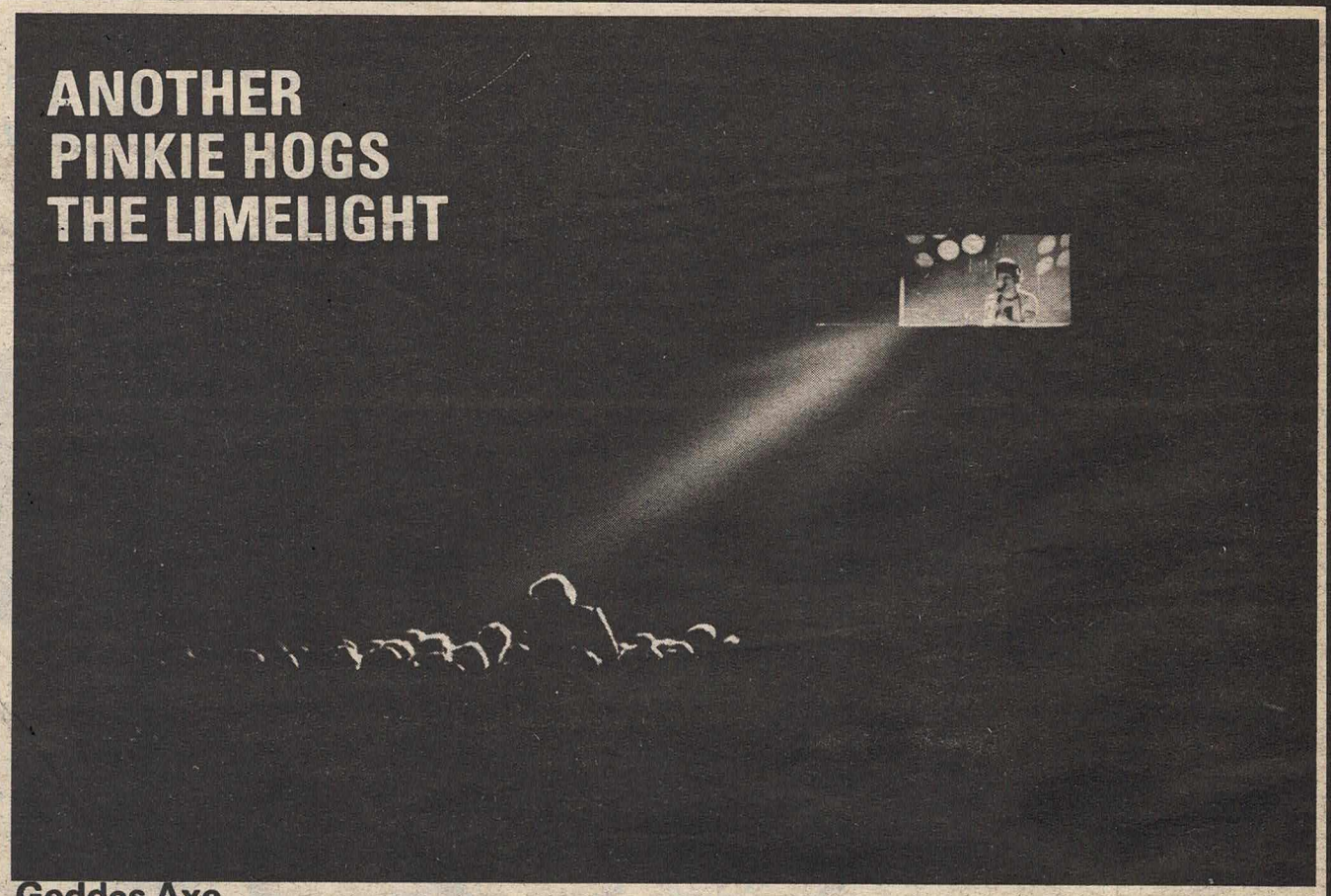
PART TWO

Dear Roger,

"The Wall as such is totally unimportant. Don't talk so much about The Wall. Establish through self-education a better morale in mankind and all walls will disappear. There are so many walls between you and me." (Joseph Beuys)

Get well soon.

Chris Bohn



Geddes Axe
Vardis
Angel Witch

Lyceum

WE didn't convince anyone at the Lyceum that we were bona fide reporters for this heavy metal event, so they kicked us out before it started. In the pub next door, however, we convinced one of the band's publicity minded managers and we got in just as Andy Millard, vocalist for the second band, Geddes Axe, was winding up. Rubbing the stem of the mic' stand against his hemmed-in balls he waved goodbye to the denim and leather bodies (not much leather, though) convulsively headbanging at the front.

The reception for Vardis was warm. Steve Zodiac displays some grit alright on lead guitar/vocals and was proof enough that Vardis deserve the limited success they've had to date. With his long, blonde hair tangled around the microphone and in his mouth, he's a denizen of the heavy metal kingdom: *"We know what you're doin'/We know what is wrong/We know what you're doin'/We are God all one."* Confidence, indeed.

The band's publicist says the music is 'high energy rock', rather than straight heavy metal, but the sounds from Zodiac's "machine-gunning" guitar are rapid and blast out in a solid flow of noise — this *is* heavy metal.

Angel Witch's backdrop painting with a figure that looked like a cross between an angel and a goat, with a pair of the 'right size' tits thrown in, glowed menacingly. We were ready for some arse-busting, liquid hot music. But we didn't get any.

Dave Dufort on drums lowered the skill he has to a nauseous monotony, and Kevin Riddles, bass/backing vocals, came across as another of those nice blokes from South East London who loves headbanging, while Kevin Heybourne, lead guitar/lead vocals, came across as one who didn't!

Heybourne writes most of their stuff and he's got a penetrating voice, but if you choose to look nice and play banging music, you've got to at least grimace when you hit the climactic, ear storming bits, haven't you?

It didn't matter much to the dizzy brained 200 at the front, who occasionally saluted Heybourne's guitar solos with the customary victory / peace / far-out V-sign. Unfortunately, there were others making another type of V-sign and they were leaving before the theatrical flares went off for the last song. They certainly weren't intoxicated by anything. In fact, they looked totally pissed-off.

Joe Collins

P.S. Is it out of order to have Freddie Fuck Knuckle as a pen-name?

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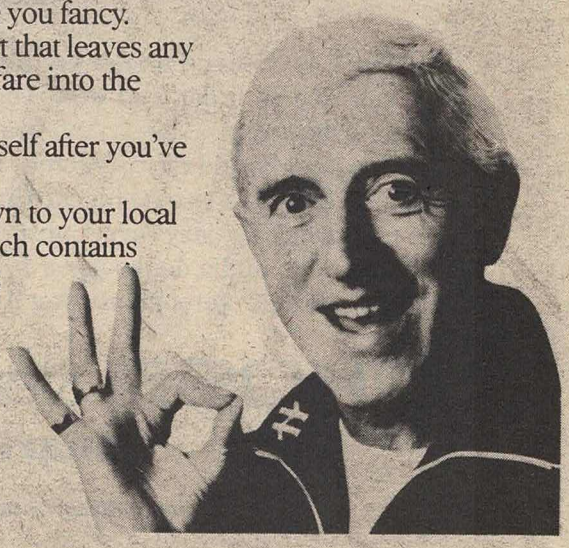


This is the age of the train

VAN HALEN
Fair Warning (WEA)

THE worst thing about labels is their sticky side. But the next worst thing about them is that they attract flies, and that can put a consumer right off his or her natural, subjective curiosity about music of a specific 'genre'.

'Fair Warning' is the fourth LP from American heavy metal quartet Van Halen — the successor to their critically-acclaimed 'Women And Children First'. It's an album with a clear concept of style, coherently purveyed through a clean production job that aims for a live sound. There are few overdubs, and at moments David Lee Roth's vocals (alternately rasps and whoops) are juggled about in aural space as if he *were* onstage, hitting and missing the mike as he parades his full rapist-as-tall-as-the-HOLLYWOOD-sign pose.

The image is of course the one Van Halen ascended into when Led Zep stepped down (or moved over or fell off or whatever) in America. And there can be no doubt that this *is* a full HM pectorals and power-trio band; Roth's vocals are the last item on their shopping list, mixed in well behind Eddie Van Halen's guitar heroics. But as they made the climb from a popular Pasadena, California bar band who hand-lettered their posters, booked halls and managed themselves, to superstars whose contract rider specifies Smarties *with all the chocolate ones removed* backstage at every gig, Van Halen have taken some liberties with their genre.

The main one is subtlety — these guys do architect actual and varied *songs*, from 'Fair Warning's stinging 'Sinners Swing!' and vivid 'Mean Streets' to the hyperkinetic 'Unchained'. Nor is it any accident that Eddie Van Halen topped this year's Best Guitarist polls in both *Guitar Player* and *CREEM*. This LP's best numbers (the above, plus a discoidal 'Push Comes to Shove' in which Roth raps between Fast Eddie's special sinuous runs) are constructed around his whip-you-with-electric-eels showmanship and buoyed up by brother Alex's Oblique Strategies drumming — which lashes the cymbals, varies the support system and attacks from behind instead of coming down on top of the rhythm in traditional HM thump and grind fashion.

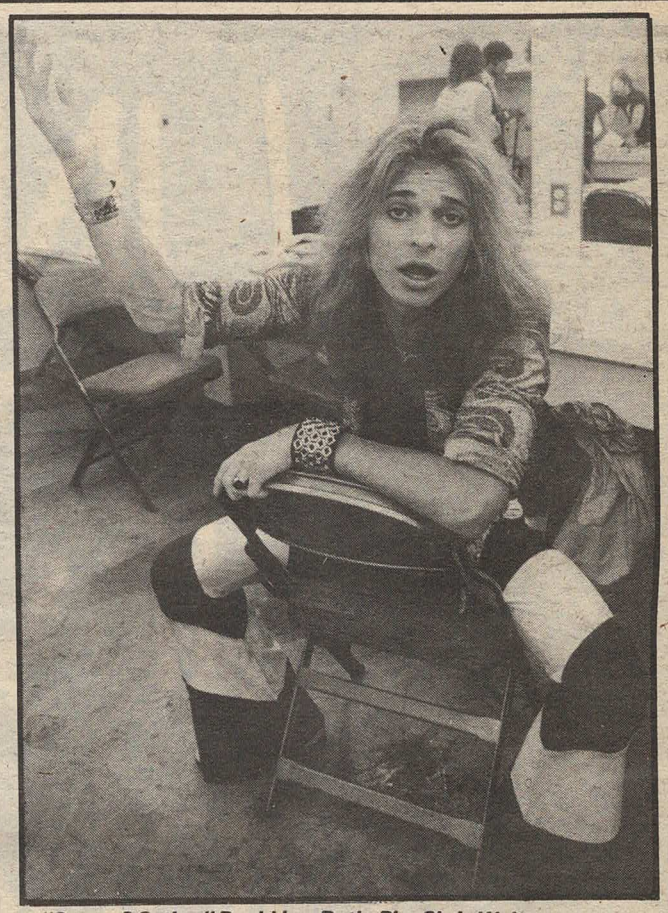
'Fair Warning' makes it explicit that Van Halen have become a triumph of Form over Content, only it's satire and not cartoon. Most heavy metal uses metaphors that promise what it can't possibly musically deliver — a sonic apocalypse, a moment of ultimate machismo, a real climate amped up to X zillion decibels. The climaxes that Van Halen do actually deliver thanks to tight musicianship and self-circumscribed aims have everything to do with entertainment — ie 'art' — and little to do with *reality* (for instance, sexual politics).

Let he who has never listened to them wonder why stylish-kinky fashion lensman Helmut Newton shot their last LP's foldout poster of David Lee in bondage, or from whence cometh the sheer unbelievable obnoxiousness of the band's sartorial gambits. Perhaps doubters should consider Adam Ant, whose liberally applied slap never hides how basically *uncomfortable* he is in his secondhand Georgette Heyer universe. Where Ant's "war whoops" sound like an outtake from *Shriek Of The Mutilated*, Davy Lee whoops the BIG LAUGH (at himself) and screams like an exhaust pipe after an all-day Demolition Derby.

Yes, 'Fair Warning' can be funny and 'Unchained' is a great number to get anyone's ass in gear anytime. There's also the reflective guitar work which leads into the echoing tunnel visions of 'Hear About It Later' (a strong melodic chorus filters in and out of Eddie's aural crossword puzzles), the ping-pong beat of 'Sinners Swing!,' and The HM parody 'Dirty Movies', which begins with a sparkling seashore tune and recedes into neon guitar shapes as a coed reaches the city and questionable celluloid fame. Only a muddy 'Hear About It Later' and a pedestrian 'So This Is Love?' (did I hear *cowbells??)* fail to repay reasonable scrutiny with reasonable sophistication.

Now that they've made the megabucks, Van Halen aren't too serious about anything this side of showbiz, yet they are one of the few HM bands who through their particular style come close to broaching the unspeakable but logical HM question of whether men's interests and women's interests might not be actually opposed rather than merely different. How awe-ful if Liberal Thinking had hidden such a truth from us for years, only to have four blokes in Spandex strides reveal it! Eh?

Cynthia Rose.



"See . . .? Satire." David Lee Roth. Pic: Chris Walter.

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Words to tell you what to do
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Eat your words
But don't go hungry
Words have always nearly hung me

Ram sam sam a ram sam sam
Kuni Kuni Kuni Kuni ram sam sam
Ayka ye yoopi Ayka ye
Aroo Aroo a ni ki chi

What are words worth
What are words worth
Words

Words of nuance
Words of skill
And words of romance
Are a thrill
Words are stupid
Words are fun
Words can put you on the run
Mots presses
Mots senses
Mots qui disent la verité
Mots mots dit
Mots mentis
Mots qui manque le frit d'esprit

Ram sam sam a ram sam sam
Kuni Kuni Kuni Kuni ram sam sam
Ayka ye yoopi Ayka ye
Aroo Aroo a ni ki chi

What are words worth
What are words worth
Words

Ram sam sam a ram sam sam
Kuni Kuni Kuni Kuni ram sam sam
Ayka ye yoopi Ayka ye
Aroo Aroo a ni ki chi

What are words worth
What are words worth
Words

Words can make you pay and pay
Four letter words I cannot say
Panty toilet dirty devil
Words are trouble
Words are subtle
Words of anger
Words of hate
Words over there
Words out there
In the air and everywhere
Words of wisdom
Words of strife
Words that write the book I like
Words won't find the right solution
To the planet earths' pollution
Say the right word
Make a million
Words are like a certain person
Who can't say what they mean
Don't mean what they say

With a rap rap here
And a rap rap there
Here a rap
There a rap
Everywhere a rap rap
Wrap it up for the common good
Let us enlist the neighbourhood
It's okay
I've overstood
This is the wordy rappinghood
Okay

Ram sam sam a ram sam sam
Kuni Kuni Kuni Kuni ram sam sam
Ayka ye yoopi Ayka ye
Aroo Aroo a ni ki chi

What are words worth
What are words worth
Words

Repeat Fade

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ISLAND

THE FLYING LIZARDS
Fourth Wall
(Virgin)

THE Elgin Marbles are ancient sculptures taken (or I should say stolen) from Athens to London in 1806 by Thomas Bruce, 7th Earl of Elgin. They consist of the Parthenon frieze and part of the Erechtheum and are now in the British Museum.

Artistic plundering of this kind is one of the strong features of the second Flying Lizards LP, Fourth Wall, which is a strange museum with a lot else in it besides.

The name The Flying Lizards, of course, is a front for the recorded work of David Cunningham and the musicians he chooses to work with. On Fourth Wall this includes the magical voice of Patti Paladin, formerly a member of Snatch, who sings like a chipmunk from New Jersey and gives the album its human dimension.

'Lovers and Other Strangers', the album's latest single, places Patti's pouting, cute but sensuous voice over a Disneyesque melody full of whistles, dogs barking, doors slamming, a few bars of Yankee Doodle, and a siren. It produces a bright bizarre feeling like the day-glo Aztec figure on the cover and is irresistably catchy.

Their version of Curtis Mayfield's 'Move On Up' transposes the soul classic from the Street to the cocktail bar. Mayfield's passionate advice is urbanely reduced to a few frivolous gestures from someone in furs intoning *"Bite ya lip/'N' take uh trip"* to synthetic steel drums.

An important development from the first Flying Lizards LP is that Cunningham has become interested in the layering of taped extracts of speech and ethnic music over a rock backing as Can, Holger Czukay and Byrne-Eno have done before, with success.

On Fourth Wall these taped extracts are abrupt, coy sprinklings of strange sound, that are used more as colouring than as essential parts of the compositions.

As any art student will tell you, a collage is objects taken from various contexts and arranged to create a new one. These *objets trouves* do not quite do that, instead are heterogeneous objects violently yanked together: definitely chic, and a pleasure, but I question the morality of sheer plundering.

Other tracks, like 'Cirrus', 'An Age' and 'New Voice', are reflective electronic pieces like compacted Eno yawnathons. There are two brief appearances from Robert Fripp.

The title, Fourth Wall, is a mystery to me. I submit as a subtitle, The Girl in the Strange Museum.

Edward L. Fox

Plundered . . . the cover

THOMPSON TWINS
A Product Of . . . (T)

A PRODUCT of . . . what? Why, of participation, answers the back cover — below the pic of a line-up that's already mutated since they stood still long enough to have it taken. The Thompson Twins, you see, are great collaborators. Even the front cover, witty and picturesque, is a major team effort, and the music inside is likewise. And 'A Product Of . . .' is a success — proof that with enough common purpose, this participation business can really work.

After a few mundane 45s, it's good to see the TTs put together an album that does some justice to their (very) live show. Everywhere the accent is on riddum, with an appealing you-can-all-join-in indiscipline dancing round that central axis. Not that they can't write a good chewn or two, too — so the results are never as boringly indulgent as they might be in less inspired hands.

The Twins' original nucleus of Tom Bailey (main voice, bass and keyboards), drummer Chris Bell, guitarists John Roog and Peter Dodd, is assisted here by Joe Leeway (congas, percussion) and Jane Shorter (sax), plus several others — including Blackbeard Bovell who also takes a share in the production credits. In all probability they've got the lad who makes the tea in the mix as well, chipping in with mug and spoon.

'When I See You' *("it's just like taking some kind of drug")* is the first and maybe the best instance: a terse, excitable kind of song, driven along with infectiously urgent momentum. 'Politics', the follower, is similarly brisk, with the added ingredient of bracing, un-commonsense lyrics. 'Perfect Game' on side two, displays a more melodic side to their nature, although the words are, again, less than comforting.

The LP's two non-TT compositions must merit special note. 'Oumma Aularesso (Animal Laugh)' is, to use the current jargon, ultra-tribal — traditional Sierra Leone, no less. Not too sure about this one, myself: selectively ripping off other cultures is, artistically, a wholly valid pastime, but outright *impersonation* is more dubious. They have slightly more luck with the final track: it's a funny nasal drone, done in the manner of Japan or Clapham or somewhere, of an old Gregorian chant, 'Vendredi Saint'. (If I slipped in some effortlessly elitist remark like 'Actually, I preferred the original', would anyone be convinced? Oh well, worth a try.)

The ethnic day-trips aside, The Thompson Twins' long-play debut is stuffed full of fun and interest. I like it. But catch 'em alive and let them convince you themselves.

Paul Du Noyer

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BILL SHANKLY
Shankly On Soccer Vol. 1 (Technical)

"A newspaper reporter said to me, 'football is a matter of life and death to you'. 'No,' I said, 'it's more important than that'." For those with tastes a little more *advanced*, shall we say, than tuneless Argentinians having a knees-up with Chas And Dave, this double-LP is fair value at over two hours for £5.49. No songs, fortunately, but a lot of wisdom.

On the whole, probably the finest record ever made, in the history of the entire universe.

Paul Du Noyer

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
Teen Anguish (Charly)

20 TRACK compilation of early Pips recordings, including two of Ms Knight's finest moments: 'Every Beat Of My Heart' and 'Letter Full Of Tears'. The third, 'Midnight Train To Georgia' dates from a later era and is not featured.

Penny Reel

EMPIRE
Expensive Sound (Dinosaur Discs)

EMPIRE is built on the rubble of Generation X. The band consists of Bob Andrews, Mark Laff and Simon Bernal, the first two big Generation X's former guitarist and drummer. From punk devils to austere guitar band: this is not regeneration but revisionism. Andrews sings in a London accent and plays metalwork guitar: sheetmetal chords and wire solos rivetted together by Laff's drumming. The lyrics are contemplative and opaque. The strong point is the tunes, which have charm, and raise it above bearable bleak noise. This is a restrained debut in contrast with Generation X's first LP, with none of its dazzling promise. It's OK, but it doesn't sound expensive.

Edward Fox

GRACE
Grace (MCA)

REFINED raunch and soft-rock melodicism; Grace are a six-piece whose music puts the emphasis on quality and care — incredible to consider they're from the same Clay Records stable as Stoke counterparts Discharge. In the end, though, it's hard to see a market for them here. They're just too 'nice', too old-fashioned. Lakers to America might be the wisest move.

Paul Du Noyer

SADANE
One Way Love Affair (Warner Bros)

So you can't judge a book by it's cover eh? Well prove the pundits wrong by first checking out the sleeve and then listening to the album.

Lloyd Bradley

TREK W/QUINTRONIC
(Biplane Records, Lansdale Pennsylvania)

TREK and Quintronic are two electronic instrumentalists from Pennsylvania. Each track takes you to a pitch of techno-age hysteria and then brings you down again none the better for it. The drum machine produces brittle rhythms and the songs always ease away from rewarding complexity. Trek, who cannot have been christened with this name, sings in a fake English accent, and tags "man' onto the end of many of his lines. The synthesizers produce overall a black, unvaried sound with little manipulation of timbre. The rationale behind this kind of music, one supposes, is that a small doses of catastrophe immunises you against a bigger catastrophe. They do a cover of Eric Burdon's 'When I Was Young', in which icky vocals are recorded over a gridlocked rendering of the original angry song. Played loud though, as the cover suggests, 'Trek/Quintronic' at its best gives a bittersweet pleasure of electronic bombardment.

Edward L. Fox

SPARKS
Whomp That Sucker (RCA)

FIZZY pop gone flat from the once witty Mael brothers. Not even Russell's baby face or Ron's baleful glare can disguise the fact that their frothy confections have dissolved into sweet nothings. Distinctly un-Sparkling, in fact.

Lynn Hanna

A.D.C. BAND
Brother Luck (Cotillion)

A.D.C. bland

Lloyd Bradley

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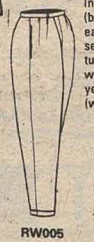

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In Poly/cotton. Colours: White, red, yellow, blue, black. Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL. Price: **£13.99.** RW007

UNISEX PIRATE WAISTCOAT
In leather, hip length, fastened at front with leather tie. Colours: Black, brown. Price: **£24.00.** Sizes: S, M, L. RW008

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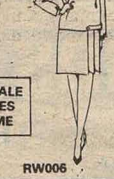
In grey, yellow and red stripes. Sizes: 34 to 40. **£20.00.** RW0011.

RW001

PINAFORE DRESS
with shoulder button opening style features low waist line on to knife pleated skirt. Low armholes so dress can be worn with low armhole blouse. In cotton. Colours: White, red, yellow, blue, black, also green tartan. Size: 10 to 16. Price: **£12.99.**

MINI SKIRTS
In cotton or Polyester with two back patch pockets. Colours: Blue denim, white, yellow, red, black, lt blue, green, pink. Sizes: 8 to 18. Price: **£7.50.** RW009.



RW006

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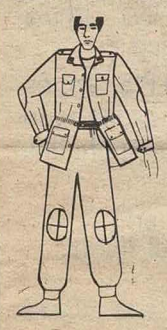

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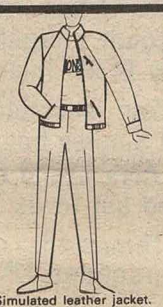
Belt **£1.99** (p&p inc). Army Combat Trousers 28-40 **£4.95 + 65p** (p&p). Also Army shorts 28-40 **£4.50 60p** (P&P). Tukka boots girls 3-7, guys 5-10. Colours black, grey, burgandy, khahki **£19.99** (p&p inc).

Bomber jacket S M L XL. Navy, army green, **£9.99 + 90p** (p&p). Lonsdale sweatshirt. In colours. Grey, wine, mid-blue, navy. XS S M L XL. **£8.99 + 45p** /p&p).
STA PRESS
Black, cream, grey, sky, blue, white, 26-34, 32 leg. **£8.99 + 70p** (p&p).



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Denim jacket S M L. Girls state dress size guys chest size. **£14.99 + 01.00** (p&p). Also in butcher blue stripe to match with butcher blue stripe trousers. **£9.99 + 80p** (p&p). Grandad shirt in light stripes of black, navy, blue, lt blue, mauve and grey. **£2.99 each or 4 for £10.00** P&p 30p for all amounts. Denim skirt mini 20" long £7.99 + 50p /p&p). Also in 27" long **£9.99 + 50p** (p&p). Tukka boots **£19.99.** See figure 1 for sizes and colours.

Hawian shirt S M L **£7.99 + 30p** (p&p) Grey, wine and cream, Bowies **£14.99 + 60p** (p&p). In black, wine, white and grey. State leg. Tukker boots **£19.99.** See figure 1 for sizes and colours.

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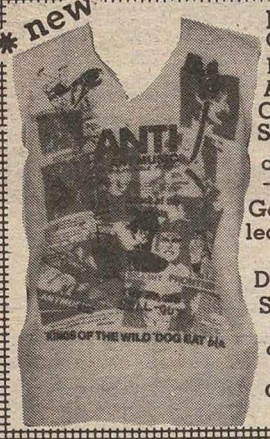

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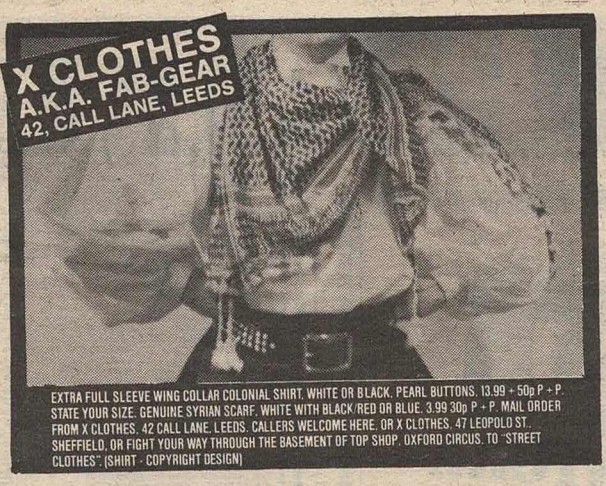

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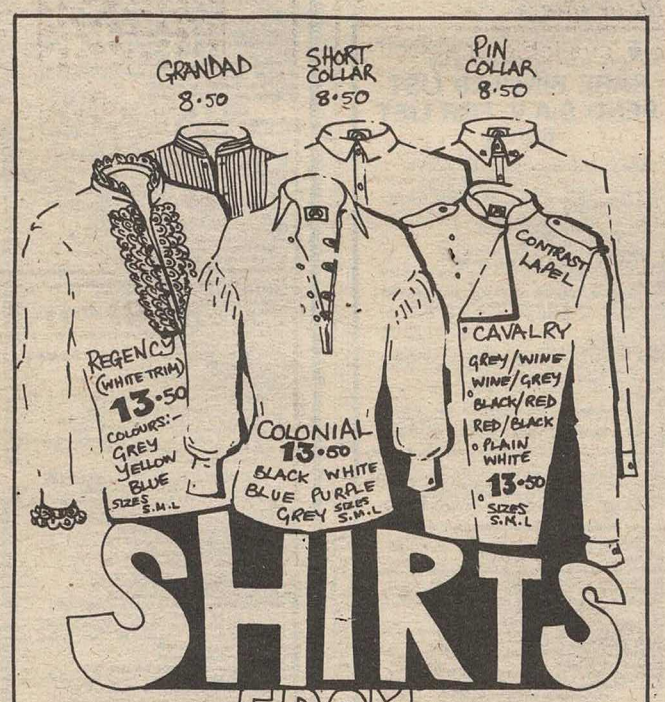

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THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES

DISCHARGE Cassette only. Lie at Lyceum 24th May 81. (official bootleg) 25 tracks. (only 2000 made - each on is numbered)(also has pic insert with pic of bond)..... 3.25+50p P&P (overseas £1)
12" PSYCHEDELIC FURS Pretty in pink/Mack the knife/Soap commercial (+ free T-shirt - Ltd to 5000)..... 2.50
12" RAINBOW Diff to cure/Can't happen here/J lover I)(P) .. 2.99
7" TIMON DOGG Lose this skin (members of Clash play on)(P) 1.15
12" B SPRINGSTEEN The river/Born to run/Rosalita (7.02)(P) 1.99
LP JON LORD Gemini suite (+ Ashton, Glover, Plaica)(I) 5.49
LP JON LORD Sarabande (I)..... 5.49
LP IRON MAIDEN Killers (+ extra track Twilight zone)(I)..... 5.49
LP BOWIE King of Gay Power (2 rec) (I)..... 6.99
12" BEAT Doors of your heart/Drowning (dub version)(rude pic!)..... 1.25
LP UB40 Present arms (+ free 7", instread of 12")(I)..... 3.99
LP FOCUS At the Rainbow (I)..... 5.49
LP FOCUS House of the king (I)..... 4.99
7" PIL Pil (original newspaper pic)..... 4.99
7" ELVIS COSTELLO Red Shoes (Buy 15)..... 3.99
12" BOWIE Up the Hill Backwards (I) (+ Stamps)..... 3.45
7" HEROES + ANGELS Hi Diana (Pic Disc of Charles + Diana) 2.99
12" SPECIALS Ghost Town (8.06) — Why - Friday Night..... 1.50
7" JUDAS PRIEST Heading out to the highway/Rock forever (live)/Hellbent for leather (live) (Good pic) (I)..... 1.50
7" ABBA Ley all your love on me/On & On (I)..... 1.20
LP BOWIE Scary monsters (Gatefold sleeve) (I)..... 4.50
7" MOTORHEAD Ace of Spades (Jap I + lyrics) (P)..... 2.50
7" ROLLING STONES Emotional rescue (Cardboard record with pic on it ... in pic sleeve) (I)..... 5.99
12" MADNESS Los Palmas-7/In the rain/Swan Lake/My girl/One step/Baggy trousers (large pic label) (Jap I + lyrics)..... 5.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Twilight zone/Wrathchild (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" BLONDIE Rapture (Jap I + lyrics) (P)..... 4.49
7" JOHN LENNON/PLASTIC ONO BAND Watching the wheels; Mind games; whatever gets you through; Happy Xmas; Power to the people; Instant Karma; No 9 dream; Woman is the nigger; Give peace a chance; Cold Turkey; Be bop a lula (All Jap imports +lyrics + pic inserts)..... each 2.50
10" BOWIE I'm not losing sleep/I dig everything/Can't help thinking/Do anything you say/Good morning girl/And I say to myself (really good pic)..... 2.49
12" BLONDIE Gems; Presence dear; Sunday girl; Atomic; Heart of glass (All pic) (All British)..... each 1.99
7" MOTORHEAD Over the top (PIC DISC) (This record is NOT released until the 10th July. In line with our fair trading policy we will not offer it for sale before release. As there are 100,000 being pressed, we will have ample stocks on the release date)..... 2.99
7" ABBA Dame, dame, dame (Gimme in Spanish) (I) (P)..... 1.99
7" ABBA Chiquitita (sung in Spanish) (I) (P)..... 1.99
7" RUSH Tom Sawyer / Witch hunt (I) (P)..... 1.25
(P & Packing — 50p (Overseas £1) — any quantity
SORRY — We cannot accept any more orders for the NEW ORDER and WARSAW EPs.
(Slightly smaller biggies in other sections)

MEGASTARS MEGASTARS MEGASTARS

LP STATUS QUO Star Discotek; Spare parts; Quotations; Pop gold; In my chair; (all I) + Golden hour (Dustpipe)..... each 4.49
LP MONKEES Instant replay; More of; First; Birds, bees; Pisces Aquarius; Headquarters. (all Jap I+lyrics)..... each 6.99
7" MONKEES Daydream believer/Last train to C. (I)(P)..... 1.99
12" CLIFF RICHARD Expresso Bongo EP (2) (4 tracks)(K)(P)..... 3.49
LP BEATLES Tell all; Song & pictures of; Rarities (butcher sleeve); In Italy; 20 golden hits; Introducing. (all I)..... each 2.99
LP J LENNON Double fantasy (Jap I + lyrics)..... 6.99
LP JAM Sound effects (+ 7" promo G underground)(I)..... 4.99
LP MARILYN MONROE Some like it hot (s'track)(I)..... 5.49
LP MARILYN MONROE Rare recordings (nude pic)(I)..... 5.49
12" POLICE De do do do/Don't stand so close (pic disc shaped like a police badge)(I)..... 7.99
LP KINKS Celluloid heroes; Soap opera; Schoolboys (All I)..... each 5.49
7" ADAM & ANTS Stand & deliver (Limited poster sleeve)..... 1.15
7" ADAM & ANTS Don't be square / Ant music (I)..... 1.20
12" SEX PISTOLS God save the Queen; My Way; Holidays; P. Vacant; Stopping stone (All import) 3.25 each or set of 5 = 15.75 + £2 P&P (U.K.)
LP BEATLES Timeless (includes Beatles & others + interviews) (Pic disc) (I)..... 7.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Whip in my valise/Zerox; Ant music; Car trouble; Y. Parisians; Dog eat dog; Kings of wild frontier (all pic)..... each 1.15
7" TUBEWAY ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dble single) (P)..... 1.60

GOOD THINGS GOING

LP TOMITA Space fantasy (I)..... 5.49
LP JAPAN Quiet life; Adolescent sex; Obscure alt; Gentlemen prefer (all superior Jap pressings plus lyrics)..... each 8.95
7" SQUEEZE Up the junction (lilac vinyl)(P)..... 99p
7" SQUEEZE Pulling mussels from a shell (red vinyl)(P)..... each 99p
7" DICKIES Fan mail (red vi)(P); Gigantor (yell vi)(P)..... each 50p
7" UNDERTONES Jimmy Jimmy (British pic)..... 1.50
LP PINK FLOYD Dark side of the moon (Pic disc)(I)..... 4.99
LP AU PAIRS Playing with a different sex..... only 2.99
LP EXPOSED (dble) 22 tracks, 2 by Adam & Ants, 2 by Judas Priest (gatefold sive with rundown on each band)(I)..... only 3.50
7" PHIL COLLINS Leaving me is easy (+ poster)..... 1.15
10" SHAKIN STEVENS Marie, Marie + 3 (good pic)(I)..... 3.50
LP TODD RUNDGREN Runt (I)(1976)..... 5.49
LP D D D B M T If music be the food of love (I)..... 5.49
LP OLIVIA N JOHN Live in Japan (gatefold sleeve + lyrics + poster) (I)..... 8.99
LP DAMNED Damned Damned Damned; Music for pleasure (Vogue test pressings)..... each 10.00
LP JUBILEE (S'track) (Has 2 Adam & Ants tracks)..... 3.99
LP VANGELIS La Fiesta Salvaje (I)..... 5.49
LP UFO High level cut (Jap I + lyrics)..... 8.99
LP MOUNTAIN Climbing; Flowers; Nantucket sleighride; (All Jap I + lyrics)..... each 8.99
LP MONKEES Dolenz; Jones; Boyce & Hart LIVE concert in Japan (Lots of hits, all live + Poster + lyrics) (I)..... 8.99
ABBA COLLECTORS ITEMS Set of 9 Albums by the Hootenanny Singers featuring Bjorn from Abba. Full set £48 (Plus FREE ABBA Japanese promotional poster . . . large) (Further details in our latest catalogue)
7" SKIDS Yankee dollar (gatefold) (dble single) (P)..... 2.99
7" TV21 Snakes & ladders + 3 (dble single) (P)..... 1.20
LP KRAFTWERK Man machine (sung in German) (I)..... 5.49
LP KRAFTWERK Radioactive (sung in German) (I)..... 5.49
LP JAPAN Quiet life..... only 2.99
LP JAM Sound effects (Jap I + lyrics)..... 8.99
LP JAPAN Obscure alternatives; Adolescent sex..... each 4.99
LP STRANGLERS Black & White (Grey & White vinyl) (I)..... 4.99
7" U.K. SUBS Keep on running / Perfect girl / Party in Paris (French version) / Ice age (4 track e.p.) (P)..... 2.99
LP FOCUS Focus on Focus; Focus 2 (Both I)..... each 4.49
12" POLICE (Pic Disc, badge shaped) Message In A Bottle (studio & live versions) (I)..... 5.99
7" PAT BENATAR Treat me right (clear vinyl (P)..... 1.15
7" JAM Start/When you're young (I)..... 1.20
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I)..... 1.25
7" POLICE De do (in Spanish)/De do (in JAPANESE) (I) (P)..... 1.25
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I) (Diff. P from British)..... 1.25
7" SLADE — I'm A Rocker/Ginny Ginny (I) (P)..... 1.50
10" POLECATS — John I'm/All night + 1 (Pink Vinyl) (P)..... 1.25
7" BRITT EKLAND Do it to me (Nude PIC DISC)..... 1.99
7" O.N. JOHN Magic (PIC DISC)..... 1.99
7" SEX PISTOLS Holidays (with original banned British pic)..... 1.50
Cassingle G HARRISON All those years ago (P)..... 1.20
Cassingle SPANDAU BALLET Glow (8.10) / Cut a loog story / Freeze (P)..... 1.99
Cassingle BOW WOW WOW C30, C60, C90 (back in stock) (P)..... 1.20
Cassingle KRAFTWERK Pocket calculator (E) (P)..... 1.20
Cassingle MADNESS Gray Day (P)..... 1.20
Cassingle BOW WOW WOW W.O.R.K./C30 (in Spanish) (P)..... 1.20

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

LP BOWIE Beginning vol 2 (diff P to Brit LPs)(I)..... 3.99
7" BOWIE Up the hill (same pic both sides)(German I)..... 1.50
7" BOWIE Joe the lion/John I'm only dancing (I)(P)..... 1.99
7" BOWIE S oddity/A song (diff P to others)(I)..... 1.99
LP BOWIE Rock galaxy (Hunky Dory & Ziggy as double album) (Blue gatefold sleeve unlike any other available) (I)..... 6.99
LP DAVID BOWIE (re-issue of 1st L.P. with original pic) (14 tracks) (Splendid collector's item) (I)..... 4.99
LP BOWIE Wr kinder Vom Bahnhof Zoo (New pic sleeve) (Has 6.08 version of Heroes/Helden combined) (I)..... 3.99
LP BOWIE 20 Bowie classics (Yellow sive. with pic of Bowie on his side. All early tracks) (I)..... 5.49
LP BOWIE Another face (14 early tracks) (New sleeve)..... 3.25
12" BOWIE Scary monsters (5.10) / Because (I) (P)..... 2.99
LP BOWIE (I) CHAMELEON (12 track Best of . . . Diff to any Brit)(Fantastic sive . . . Bowie's face split into 4 phases)..... 5.99
LP BOWIE Ziggy Stardust (gatefold sleeve) (I)..... 5.99
BOWIE BADGES (French) Low, Man who sold, John I'm, Ashes (clown)..... 1.50
Scary Monsters (P&P 14p any quantity U.K.)..... 25p each
12" BOWIE Ashes to Ashes (long vers) A Song (good pic)(I)..... 2.99
LP BOWIE 1980 All Clear 10 tracks fromverios albums. Rare promotions LP (Good pics on sleeve)(I)..... 13.99
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CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45

7" KRAFTWERK The Robots/T Europe (Jap I + lyrics) (P)..... 2.50
7" KRAFTWERK The Robots/Sh dummies (Jap I + lyrics) (P)..... 2.50
12" GRACE JONES Pull up the bumper (ext remix)(P)..... 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX Rocket still (E)/After Klar/Keep talking (P)..... 1.99
12" KID CREOLE & COCOANUTS Me no pop I (P)..... 1.99
12" BAUHAUS Bela Lugosi's dead (White vinyl) (P)..... 2.20
12" HEAVEN 17 Fascist groove thing / Decline of West (7.00) (P)..... 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX Vienna (4.50) / P. Reply / Harrs (P)..... 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX P. Strangers / Face to face / Kings lead (P)..... 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX P. Strangers / Face to face (I) (P)..... 2.50
12" DRAMATIS (Numan's band) Exhums Scientie (P)..... 1.25
12" SOFT CELL Memorabilia (E) (P)..... 1.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire State Human (P)..... 2.25
12" HEAVEN 17 I'm Your Money (dance mix) (P)..... 1.49
12" JOHN FOXX Burning Car + 5 tracks (Pic label + lyrics) (I)..... 5.99
10" KILLING JOKE Follow the Leader (E)/Tension (P)..... 1.75
12" SIMPLE MINDS I travel/Celebrate/Changeling..... 1.99
7" VISAGE Fade to grey (Jap I + lyrics) (P)..... 2.50
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12" JAPAN Art of parties (6.41)/Life without (6.40) (P)..... 1.25
7" JAPAN Art of parties (fold out pic)..... 1.15
12" JAPAN 2nd that emotion/Europesn son/Life in Tokyo/Stateline/Ad. sax (re-recorded) (I) (P)..... 3.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Sound of the crowd (Voc & Inst.) (P)..... 1.15
12" CURE Primary/Descent (P)..... 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Transmission (P) (+ Free flexidisc)..... 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (+ Free flexidisc)..... 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Love will tear (Diff. P from 7" + flexidisc)..... 1.99
12 NEW ORDER Ceremony (E) (P) (+ Free Joy Div. flexi)..... 1.99
12" JAPAN (Live in Japan) Devotion/Obscure alternatives (6.05)/In vogue (6.10)/Sometimes I feel low (I) (P)..... 3.49
12" P.I.L. Flowers of romance (long version) (P)..... 1.99

12" COLLECTABLES 12" COLLECTABLES

12" MADNESS One step beyond (in Italien) +3 (I)(P)..... 2.75
12" TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS Ossie's dream (souvenir blue vinyl : good pic of team)..... 2.50
12" ELTON JOHN Funeral for a friend EP (20 mins)(P)..... 1.99
12" S WINWOOD Night train (vocal + inst)(P)..... 1.99
12" SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES Spellbound + 2 (P)..... 1.75
12" ANGELIC UPSTARTS I understand (P)..... 1.99
12" CAN I want more/Silent night + (I) (P)..... 1.49
12" ELTON JOHN Las Avaux/Donner pour donner (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" FOCUS Sylvia/House of the king + (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" UB40 My way/Dream a lie/Earth dies (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" YOKO ONO Walking on thin ice (+ 12" lyric sheet) (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" CLASH Mag. 7 e.p. (same as U.S. but with pic sive.) (I)..... 2.99
12" ENO & BYRNE Jezebel spirit / Regiment / Very hungry (P)..... 1.99
12" HAWKWIND Hurry on sundown (6.50) / Sweet mistress of pain (5.20) / Kings of speed (4.25 live) (P)..... 1.99
12" LANDSCAPE Norman Bates (P)..... 2.25
12" UB40 Don't slow down (E) / Don't let it pass (E) (P)..... 1.99
12" PLASTIC ONO BAND Give peace a chance / R. Love (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" JOHN LENNON Working class hero / Imagine (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" TALKING HEADS Houses in motion/Air/Houseas (live).(P)..... 1.25
12" ENO America is waiting/Regiment (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" PHIL COLLINS In the air tonight (4.57) (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" ROXY MUSIC Jealous guy (I) (P)..... 2.99
12" MAGAZINE All about weather (E) / In dark / Operative (P)..... 1.99
12" TEARDROP EXPLODES Treason (remix) (French) + 1 (P)..... 1.25
12" BOOMTOWN RATS Banana republic (P) (+ lyrics) (I)..... 2.99
12" ECHO & BUNNYMEN Rescue +2..... 1.20
12" ECHO & BUNNYMEN Crocodiles +3 (P)..... 1.99
12" CLASH Mag. 7/Mag. dance (remixes) (Clash bag + stickers)..... 1.60
12" ABBA Chiquitita/Lovelight (I) (P)..... 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Angel eyes (I) (P)..... 3.99
12" ABBA Winner takes it all/Elaine (I) (P)..... 3.99
12" DEVO (all live) Freedom of Choice/Whip it/Girl you/Gates of stea/Be still/Planet Earth (I) (P)..... 3.49
12" SPANDAU BALLET Musclebound/Glow (P)..... 1.99
12" TOYAH I.E.Y.A. (8 minute version) (P)..... 1.99
12" PHIL COLLINS I missed again (P)..... 1.39
12" DURAN DURAN Planet earth (P)..... 1.99
12" LANDSCAPE Einstein a go-go..... 2.25
12" VISAGE Mind of toy / We move / Frequency 7 (dance mixes) (P)..... 1.99
12" LYNYRD SKYNYRD Freebird (9.08) + 2 (P)..... 2.20
12" MADNESS Los Palmas/Swan lake live + 1 (+ comic) (P)..... 1.70
12" ROXY MUSIC Angel eyes (Extended version) (P)..... 2.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Freeze (6.30 remix) (P)..... 1.99
12" ORCHESTRAL MANOEVRES Enola Gay (P)..... 1.99

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★★★★ All records etc. are sent in strong, top quality protective packaging.
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MAGAZINES & FLEXIDISCS

JOHN LENNON Magazine — A Legend (photos etc)..... 85p
JAM Magazine — Extra Special (photos etc)..... 75p
JAM Pin Ups + story poster (opens into poster)..... 38p
POLICE — Star Club (photos etc)..... 60p
POLICE — 1981 Calendar postermag (opens into calendar)..... 60p
ADAM + ANTS Poster No 3 (Stand and deliver, different to one with 7")..... 50p
7" BAD MANNERS Flexidisc No respect (Blue v.) (+ Flexipop mag)..... 60p
ADAM & ANTS Msg. Triba Rock special (Info + pics)..... 75p
ADAM & ANTS Poster No. 2 (Facts etc. Opens into poster)..... 50p
7" SELECTER Flexidisc Ready mix (Clear v.) (+ Flexipop)..... 60p
7" B. RATS Flexidisc D. Loughaire (Yell. v.) (+ Flexipop)..... 60p
7" CRASS Flexidisc (+ Toxic Graffiti mag.)..... 50p
7" ADAM & ANTS Flexi A.N.T.S. (Blue v.) (+ Flexipop)..... 60p
7" JAM Flexidisc Pop art poem/Boys up town (remix) (Blue or Yellow vinyl) (+ Flexipop mag)..... 60p
7" PRETENDERS Flexidisc What You Gonna Do/Stop Your Sobbing (Demo version) (Orange vinyl) (+ flexi-pop)..... 60p
P&P 50p any quantity. Overseas £1.

DON'T STOP THE MUSIC

12" RANDY CRAWFORD You might need somebody/Last night (P)..... 1.99
12" WHISPERS I can make it better (E)..... 2.25
12" EAST SIDE CONNECTION You're so right for me (E)..... only 25p
12" STRIKERS Body music (E)..... 1.99
12" THIRD WORLD Dancing on the floor (E)..... 1.99
12" JERMAINE JACKSON You like me don't you (E)..... 1.99
12" PRINCE Stop messin' about/Wanna be your lover + I..... 1.99
12" LYNX Throw away the key (E) + 2 (P)..... 1.99
12" KOOL & GANG Take it to the top / Celebration (in Spanish) (P)..... 1.99
12" EVASIONS Wikka rap (E)..... 2.20
12" ODYSSEY Going back to my roots (E)..... 2.25
12" IMAGINATION Body Talk (E)..... 1.99
12" KELLY MARIE Love trail (E)..... 2.25
12" S. MILLS/T. PENDERGRASS Two Heats (E)..... 2.25
12" AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW (Disco Mix '81) (9.20)..... 1.99

***7" JAP IMPORTS (All picture inserts + lyrics) 7"**

7" DURAN DURAN Planet earth..... 2.50
7" PHIL COLLINS In the air/I missed again..... 2.50
7" MOTELS Anticipating; Days are OK..... each 2.50
7" KISS Talk to me/Easy as it seems..... 2.50
7" SPECIALS Hey little rich girl/Int jet set..... 2.50
7" O N JOHN/ELO Xanadu..... 2.50
7" O N JOHN Suspended in time; Sam; If not for you; Jolene; I honestly love you..... each 2.50
7" ROD STEWART Give me wings/Somebody special..... 2.50
7" B RATS Elephants; B Republic; Mondays; S Looking..... each 2.50
7" BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN I wanna marry you; Prove it all night; Born to run; Hungry heart..... each 2.50
7" ABBA Super trouper; Eagle/Thank you for the music..... each 2.50
7" ROXY MUSIC Jealous guy; Over you; Dance away; Angel eyes; Same old scene..... each 2.50
7" CLASH The call up..... 2.50
7" ULTRAVOX Passing strangers / Face to face..... 2.50
7" PAT BENATAR We live for love; Hit me with your best; You better run; Heartbreaker..... each 2.50
7" MADNESS My girl; Baggy trousers; Embarrassment..... each 2.50
7" JOHN LENNON Woman; Imagine; Stand by me; Mother; Starting over..... each 2.50
7" STRAY CATS Rock this town; Runaway boys..... each 2.50
7" JAM That's Entertainment (Dif pic. from German)..... 2.50
7" JAM Strange town (Diff. pic from Brit)..... 2.50
7" JAM When You're young (P)..... 2.50
7" JAM Start (Diff. P); Eton rifles (Diff. P); Going underground; Sats. kids/Heatwave; David Watts/A. Bomb..... each 2.50
7" STRANGLERS (All deleted.) Duchess; Nice 'n' sleazy; Walk on by; No more heroes; Something better; Sometimes/Go Buddy; 5 mins/Out Tokyo/Death & Blood. (7 in all)..... each 2.50
7" POLICE De do do (in Japanese)/My camel (Diff. P)..... 2.50
7" POLICE Don't stand (+ poster); MEssage; Waking on moon/Visions of the night; Roxanne/Can't stand losing..... each 2.50
BLONDIE BLONDIE

BONAPARTE MAIL ORDER

NEW BONAPARTE SPECIALS

Joy Division — Long Awaited Double LP 'Still'. One album live, one album studio. Double LP, Only.....£3.99
Josef K — First LP. Only Fun In Town.....£3.99
Crass — New LP. Penis Envy. Special price.....£2.25
Department S — Going left, Going Right. 7" (Pic) (Brilliant).....99p
Bauhaus — The Passion of Lovers / 1, 2, 3, 4. New 7" (Pic).....99p
Magazine — Magic, Murder & The Weather LP.....£3.99

NEW — ROCKABILLY REBELS — NEW

Meteors — Radioactive Kid. New 7". (Pic).....99p
Polecats — Rockabilly Guy. 7" (Pic).....99p
Polecats — John I'm Only Dancing. 7" (Pic).....99p
Polecats — LP Rebels With A Cause (New).....£3.99
Shakin' Pyramids — Skin Em Up LP (Latest).....£3.99
Stray Cats — Rock This Town. 7"(Pic).....99p
Stray Cats — Runaway Boys. 7"(Pic).....99p
Stray Cats — Stray Cat Strut. 7"(Pic).....99p

GREAT NEW RELEASES

Jam — New Single. 2 brand new tracks. Fanera! Pyre/Dingaiess. 7", great pic cover.....99p
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UB40 New Album Present Arms (+ Free 12") (Long awaited 2nd LP).....£3.99
Echo & The Bunnymen — 2nd Album, Heaven Up There (Excellent).....Only £3.99
Positive Noise — Heart Of Darkness. LP + Free limited 7".....£3.99
As Pairs — Be the first to get the album of the year — The As Pairs new LP — Playing With A Different Sax + Free T-Shirt Sticker Only £3.79
Siouxsie & The Banshees — Spellbound 12" + extra track not on 7", special cover.....£1.99
Throbbing Gristle — Discipline. 12" (Pic).....£1.99
Grace Jones — New LP Night Clubbing.....£3.99
Boss LP — Who open (Brand new).....Only £1.99
Metant Disco LP — Various New Funk (incl Kid Creole, etc)....£3.99
Exploited LP — Punks Not Dead.....£3.99
Magazine — About The Weather / In The Dark / 12" + extra track, The Operative (not on 7") (Pic).....£1.49
Killing Joke — Follow The Leader, 10", extra track not on 7" (Pic).....£1.49
As Pairs T-Shirt — exclusive, colour LP design 'Playing With A Different Sex.....£2.99
Medium only
Talking Heads — Houses In Motion New version, 3-track 12" (Pic).....£1.05
Teardrop Explodes — Treason/Treason 12" (French) + Use Me (Pic).....Only £1.10
Byrne/Eno — Regiment/America Is Waiting, Imp 12", great colour cover.....£2.99
Bow Wow Wow — W.O.R.K. (Remix) C30, C60, C90, Go 12" (pic cover) (Sang in Spanish).....£1.99
Pauline Murray — Searching For Heaven/Animal Crazy/The Visitor. 10". Very limited (Pic).....£1.99
Psychedelic Furs — Dumb Waiters. Playable flexi sleeve. Very Ltd (Pic).....99p
Dangerous Girls — Stop Out 3-track, excellent new single (Pic)99p
Police — Don't Stand So/De Do Do. Badge pic disc with picture of band on record. Very limited.....£2.99
Flexi-Pop + Free Motorhead Flexi.....60p

CASSETTES

Discharge — Live cassette. Ltd edition.....£2.99
Raincoats — Odyshape cassette LP (on Rough Trade).....£3.99
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CLASH

● *From page 15*

when you look at it. We picked the bands that opened for us, so, supposedly, we liked them and we wanted to turn the crowd onto something. They're too narrow-minded to open up to something new."

It seems that there is a hard core at the show who simply see The Clash as just another macho rock band and, if they are even aware of it, look on the band's political stance as just another gimmick — like the Stones' drug taking, Alice Cooper's monsters or Nugent's big game hunting. Mick Jones has a fix on this breed of Yank.

"They're like little kids with roller skates and Walkmans on their heads. I don't think our influence gets through to them at all. It's really cushioned here. It's the mass hypnotism."

He flips a hand toward the TV. A sickeningly cute child is telling us that he's going to be a top class basketball player by the time he's 18 because his mom feeds him on Wonderbread.

The cushioning of America is probably one of the most scary symptoms of the current malady. America (and that goes for a good deal of kids as well as the middle-aged) is still on its honeymoon with greed and Reagan. The cuts in welfare, aid to the old and education have yet to be felt. The serious unemployment has yet to come. Alexander Haig has not yet been allowed to start his escalating brush-fire war. The draft hasn't happened and neither has the polarisation of the racism that lurks just below the surface of the Clash audience. Overt fascism will only emerge from the swamp when America starts to hurt. Right now it hasn't even begun to care.

"On one level we're the same as them. We're just as irresponsible. On the other level, our stage performances, the records we make, the statements we make — we try and be responsible. Maybe not objective, but responsible and I don't see anything wrong with that, if you have information, to offer it as advice."

He looks for an example.

"Say you got to register for the draft, don't register and see what happens."

He suddenly grins.

"In fact, your high school turns you in. That's what happens."

The flip side of The Clash's coin is, of course, the situation in England. The US fan may want The Clash but not understand them, but if a mix of rumour and media are anything to be believed, there is at least one part of the English audience that seems to understand The Clash and not want them anymore. I put this to Mick Jones who seems concerned but not overly worried.

"We haven't played in England for a long time. I think when we do, everyone will see that there are plenty of people who still want to see us."

You don't think there are a lot of people with the attitude of fuck you, you abandoned your roots?

"I think there are some writers saying 'Fuck you, you abandoned your roots'."

You don't think that the very fact that you're making it tends to alienate some sections of the original fans?

"I don't worry about making it, I worry about not making it. If I don't make it then all the kids who are watching can say to themselves 'well shit, they didn't make it, they didn't get out, what hope is there for us to make it?' If *we* make it, then those kids know that *they* got a chance too."

I enquire if he could see The Clash taking over the old Rolling Stones slot of global bad boys into which the Americans seem so anxious to slide them.

"We don't really want it."

IT WOULD seem fairly certain that, barring accident, The Clash are on the verge of some sort of major breakthrough in the USA and, even in these depleted times, it is still the land of the big money and big exposure. They are a direct, almost traditionalist, four piece rock and roll band, and, in that, they are eminently acceptable in all areas of the country. It's their political attitude, their ethics and principles and their single-minded determination to use rock and roll as a mass medium, a means to hand out their very personal view of the conflicts in the real world, that sets them apart.

Not only are they on the verge of a breakthrough, they are, by very definition, on the verge of a whole set of problems. The role of a political band is about as relaxing as a brisk saunter through a minefield.

For The Clash it will be made doubly difficult because whatever breakthrough they make will coincide with the building of resistance to Reagan's right wing policies. They could even find themselves figureheads and anthem writers for a particularly bitter conflict.

They will find themselves not only a target for flak from the bad guys but also from some who are supposed to be allies. There is always the sniping of the ideologically pure and the inverted elitist who thinks that you can't have a valid idea unless you're in penury and rags.

They will have to avoid the traps that eventually brought down The Doors and The MC5. They will find themselves at war with their record company (although this is nothing new for The Clash — all through the stretch at Bonds nobody from Epic seems to have shown their face) and at odds with a major section of the rock media who will never be satisfied with their efforts. They will also have the problem of simply maintaining their realworld perspective while being seduced and massaged by the trappings of stardom.

I doubt if I'd bother with The Clash except I still hold with the innocent belief that rock and roll music is a means of mass communication not yet totally in the hands of bankers and corporations, and that it still has the power to influence society as a whole — maybe not to the degree that I fondly imagined in the '60s, but that it can exert an influence.

I also believe that, of all contemporary rock and roll bands, The Clash have gone further in using this medium on a mass, politically-based level. As I'm writing this, the TV is telling me that Israeli strike planes have levelled an Iraqi nuclear plant which may or may not have been manufacturing atomic weapons.

I figure I'm going to need all the help I can get to survive this bloody decade.

SINGLES

■ *From page 17*

THOMPSON TWINS
Animal Laugh (T)

Why should a group consider an obscure native chant to be the perfect thing to crack the 45 market? This outlandish though boring bit of pap originates from Sierra Leone apparently. Sierra used to direct all those spaghetti westerns I believe and this plaintive tale tells of his long and tireless wanderings in search of an animal that laughs. If my translation is accurate, he eventually discovers a small specie of highland gnu that fits the bill but slaughters the beast on discovering it only considers funny the first three transmissions of *Punchlines,* and very little else. Moral: No gnus is good gnus.

THE KINKS
Better Things (Arista)

Ray 'Quincy' Davies continues to whine the group's hopeless blunders in public. Solid as rock washed by the new wave! (The management lower huge banner emblazoned with the word 'Satire' to coincide with second sentence).

TOM GRIBBEN
Guns Of Brixton (Country Road)

Only when the fiddle breaks and Tom's gravelly throat booms the title am I reminded that this isn't just another tale of a law-abiding town in the old west threatened by a band of mean hondillos but a C&W version of Paul Simonon's trumpy number from London's Calling (No.48 in the Clash Firearms and Incarceration Tunes listing). Surreal stuff I offer. Why, Tom? Although the more I think on it, I wonder whether Tom's interpretation is *that* far from the old punk rockers' way of thinking. (Mr Gribben is currently looking into the scope offered by a banjo and squeeze-box reading of Gary Numan's 'Remember I Was Vapour').

NAUTYCULTURE
Someday Sunday (Charisma)

Dry rocket pop sounds like the filler track on a 'Rare Cuts from Edison Lighthouse Vol 2' style compilation. Wheezy vocalist too.

PRINCE

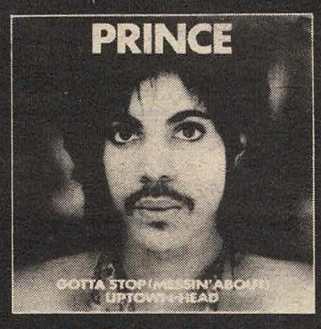
"A dazzling display, deliciously dirty, daring and danceable"
Betty Page–Sounds

"Lewdness cleansed by art" has been one assessment of Prince. "Fornication and filfth filtered by funk and humour" is more apt.
Geoff Brown–Melody Maker

"Prince's British debut on Tuesday night was received with delight by an elite crowd"
Richard Williams–The Times

"Prince of course, almost literally, tends to ram it down one's throat"
Geoff Brown–Melody Maker

The Album ● Dirty Mind ● K56862
Also available on cassette



3 track 12" single ● LV47
Gotta Stop (Messin' About)
Uptown ● Head
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CLOCKDVA

NEW SINGLE

OUT NOW ON FETISH RECORDS
FET008
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4 HOURS

distributed through rough trade pinnacle and spartan

also out now BUSH TETRAS boom/das ah riot FET007

RELIGIOUS OVERDOSE
control addicts
25 minutes
single out now
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004

GASBAG

NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1

COCONUT RAP

Don't be square, just be bold
And sus the rap you behold
To play the game of hippity hip
You gotta know just what is 'IT'
So take heed, yes indeed
And then read whatever you need
Dig the hit, get that zip
Here's a tip for what is hip:
Kid Creole's the one to know
'Cos all the critics, they say so
But watch out for the fickle shits
They want to remain elitist tits
And so they'll change what is 'IT'
And you gotta sus to be real hip
And so the game goes round and round
Till a paranoid president living underground
Feels the need to flex a finger
Presses the button, and starts to snigger.
Paranoid Parrot (Poliakoff), Patagonia
My God, how depressing! — M.S.

It will not have escaped your attention that Andy Hernandez's 'Que Pasa' is devotedly modelled on Edmundo Ros's seminal 'Laughing Samba', nor indeed that The Special's 'Ghost Town' is endearingly indebted to the tinker's dream sequence in Nino Rota's score for *Amarcord*. So it should not be long now before they reopen Bagatelle and Philips reissue the Marino Marine ouevre.

In the meantime I for one do not mind my appetite being teased by Kid Creole's fake cha-cha-cha.
Signed in Xavier Cugat's absence, Manchester.
The backlash begins here, evidently. Penman will be most put out — MS

SITUATIONS VACANT

We are a group of small businessmen who would like to use your letters column to endorse wholeheartedly the sentiments expressed by Ray Lowry (*NME* May 21), to pledge our utmost support for the "Peoples' March for Jobs", and to thank all the pop groups involved in this admirable venture.

As one of the excellent "Peoples' March" posters goes, "Unemployment destroys the youth and Britain's tomorrow". How true! Without the youth of today, suitably disciplined, full of the work ethic and inspired by your ideas and ours, where will our profits come from when the economy re-emerges from the recession?

Again, as another poster so rightly proclaims, "Unemployment leads to the break-up of family life". Without the family and the humble labour of women in the home, how would our workers, present and future, be clothed, fed and cared for so that they can give us a good day's work for a fair day's pay?

We are happy to join our friends on the left in this "United Front" — keep up the good work!
Capitalists for the Right to Work, Birmingham Chamber of Commerce.
All donations for CRW, Fat Arse Towers, Birmingham (crisp fivers only please) — MS

I have just read Andrew Tyler's report of the Rock For Jobs concert, and find it the most accurate and factual report of any kind that I have read for a long time. Not being a regular reader of *NME* and having bought this particular issue hoping for some good pictures of the concert I was very pleased to read your story.
Bob Lochore, Treasurer, Corby Trades Council

Can I be permitted space to point out that I said Left bookshops are full of . . . publications about N.I. (*Gasbag* 6.6.81), I mean, I'd hate to have people walking into W H Schmudts or wherever thinking they're going to emerge enlightened.
Ray Lowry, Manchester
You're kidding, Ray. Where else but Schmudts can you get copies of *Health & Efficiency* that don't have their spines broken? — MS

I recently flicked through a copy of *Fiesta* at work and paused to gaze at an advertisement for Status Quo's 'Never Too Late' LP. Does this mean that all Status Quo fans are wankers?
Sundown Wally, Birmingham
Not necessarily, but that in all probability you are — MS

WANKING(CONT.)

So this is an example of Crass's 'anarchist subversion', is it? Conning little girls into sending for one of their records and thus, presumably, giving them an opportunity, despite themselves, to hear what Crass believes is good for them.

These are, of course, exactly the same tactics employed by the National Front — not directly dishonest and not directly illegal. The world trembles in anticipation of the new order which will be achieved by such means! (Well, at least the *News of the World* was shocked.)

But here, of course, the end justifies the means, eh 'Rimbaud'? Despite this device being ethically no different from any other cheap advertising trick, you no doubt believe that because *you know* what's good for the kids it doesn't matter how you get them to hear your enlightened message.

And you didn't directly lie, did you? Your much vaunted 'integrity' remains unscathed, doesn't it? And anyone who thinks that this might have been a cheap publicity stunt for your new record just doesn't understand how honest you are, do they?

One day our comfortable country Black Hand Gang are going to get their little botties smacked.
Konrad S Marlow, London SE27
I'd consider it a privilege to buy this man a drink — MS

It worries me that there are not as many committed Christians on the *NME* staff as there are on the many other weekly British journals. As we live in a Christian-orientated culture, perhaps something like a regular 'Dylan column' might help you to capture a large proportion of your massive untapped market. You paper's obviously an important influence on the minds of at least some of this country's youngsters and this would seem to indicate that you do have some responsibility to, at least, hint occasionally that man can achieve eternal life.
R W Penniman, Reading
Well, don't stop there, dammit. Let us in on the secret, for Chrissakes — MS

THE SAME OLD AMPONG

At late '60s the rumours circulated of rhythm guitar player with legendary Beatles band, Paul McCarthney is dead. This time people are saying it is proved by covers of the albums: Double White is said to be representing of milk he was pouring on cornflakes at Hamburg while talking of stiffs; Abbey Road show zebra crossing he speak of at Brian Epstein's funeral. I have now uncovered further evidence which are adding weight to theories mentioned already. All you need is (love — har har) (a) ¼" drill, (b) sleeve of Unfinished Music No 1/Two Virgins LP and (c) the gramophone. Just follow simple instructions:

1 Use of (a) to make the hole through Yoko Ono's belly button on (b).
2 Place (b) on (c) flatly.
3 Turning volume of (c) right up.
4 Needle gets positioned on right testicle of legendary Beatles band drummer John Lennon on (b).
5 Rotate circular table of (c) on 78rpm.

Now listen at uncanny sound resembling motor accident. Surely this prove McCarthney dead as car crash?
O P D-Accam, Seloh Foaes, Kent

Would it not be a wonderful idea if your staff reviewed music in the same vein as Paul Benson writes about hi-fi: "Forget the trimmings and all the other useless crap. If it sounds good, buy it."
The Para-Cynical, Brighton

I would just like to point out to Paul Benson (*Don't Touch That Dial* 6.6.81) that readers of the *NME* are not necessarily above anything; even writing pointless letters like this one.
D Din, Llandysul, Dyfed

UNSOLICITED MAIL

Congrats on the new layout of the mag. It's great.
Jimmy, Elland, W Yorks
This was actually addressed to *Shoot* but I came across it and thought "What the hell . . ." — MS

I recently attended a comic mart in London and they had for sale old *NME*s from the early '70s. The layout then seemed very similar to today's *Melody Maker.*
Ray Coleman, Chairperson, Sheena Easton for St Pauls on July 29 Campaign, Bolsover

Re: present pop trends.

If looks could kill, I'm going to die laughing.
Hieronymus Anonymous, Middlesbrough
Plus ca change, plus c'est le meme chose — MS

MOVIES — ER, SORRY — FILMS

Great idea to have Paul Rambali do a piece on spaghetti westerns. When's Paul Du Noyer doing his bit on the films of Jean Paul Belmondo?
Marcel Pagnol, Marseille
Never 'eard of 'er, said Paul DuN. — MS

Would it be correct to describe James Dean's attitude to life as motorist?
A Hedonist, Knightwick.
This correspondence is now closed (until the next letter). — MS

If you think James Dean was bad, you haven't met James Fernley!
Mark (where's my eyeliner?) Chaloner.

You little git! I was the first one to wear eyeliner!!
David Spiers

Basically, I would like to say that *I* was the first to wear blusher and lipstick.
James Fernley

You little git!!
Mark and Dave

I was!
James

No, *I* was!
David

It was me!!
Mark

It wasn't!
James

Ooh, you are a liar!
David
Girls, girls — please! I realise this is your page, but let's have a modicum of decorum. — MS

In a recent issue of *NME* I noticed some letters concerning the burning musical question of the late Montgomery Clift's sexuality. Your habitually churlish 'last words' (purportedly quoting director Nicholas Ray) denounced him as 'a notorious pillow-biter' as well as 'a crummy actor'. What age of reader remembers Clift anyway? So what if sodomy was his scene? That was his business, wasn't it?

Of course, you'd never dare to print such libellous statements about any living person, would you? Personally, I'd have thought any man who won the affections of Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor should be envied.
John Huston (age 19), North Belfast.
You're obviously not aware of Monroe and Taylor's awful eating habits. As for not daring to print such things about living persons, hold on to your hat: Max 'Nelly' Bell is notorious for his enthusiastic pillow-biting. S'easy. — MS

As the grandson of the one and only William 'Bill' Bullett, I deeply resent the smear against 'Big' Bill in your so-called *Picture Parade* section (13.6.81). Whoever this Montana 'Smith' is, he she or it is talking through their saddle. 'Big' Bill was always kind to Indians and who the heck this Rory Calaboose is I don't know. If you want a proper article done on one of the forgotten greats of Hollywood I suggest you ask a proper film critic like Margaret Hinxman to do the true story of 'Big' 'Bill' Bullett, who could shoot the top off a whisky bottle from three feet.
The last of the Big Bulletts, Chelmsford.
It's true, I changed Rory's name, but only to protect the innocent (Mr and Mrs Clint Calaboose, 2347 Wilshire Blvd, LA, California). Who's Margaret Hinxman? — MS

Norman Bates was provoked!
Jamie Lee Curtis, Haddonfield, Illinois

LITTLE ONES YOU SAVE TILL LAST

My God, you can tell that Julian Cope comes from over the water. Any true scouser could tell you it's CORRO, not Corry. And you can tell Paul Morley it's CROZZIES, not Crossy. Pah.
The Exile, Limoges, France
That's that settled. No more, please (you do say please, don't you, you ill-mannered bastards?) — MS

C 81 cost me nearly eight bucks Canadian. Did I still get a good deal?
Jay Gilbert, N Vancouver, B.C.
Yeah, sure (heh heh). — MS

I spent a long time reading the *NME* last week, but it was worth it. I discovered that Elvis Costello is playing in Belgium, Quentin Crisp is going to Manhattan, and Julie Burchill doesn't like the new Dennis Waterman single. I also found out that Peter Blanker's 'Het Is Moeilijk Bescheiden Te Blijvin' has made the Top 10 in Holland.
Mike, Boredsville, U.K.
Is there any way I can get my 30p back?
No. — MS

So Ian Dury is a royalist? Off with his blockhead!
Willie Hamilton, Scotland.

Look Farren, just leave Ozzy alone. So what if he is a graceless, boring, talentless buffoon? Nobody's perfect!
Jock, Bozos Liberation Front

The number of letters in *Gasbag* that begin with 'I' surely indicates something about your readers, and hence your paper. Am I right?
Mark Dowie, Sheffield.
Aye, lad, reckon. — MS

Edit this.
Hugo, Clifton, Bristol
I'd rather be in Philadelphia (© Ronald Reagan Thigh-slappers). — MS

Edited by Monty Smith

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

Y'KNOW there's not much to get a gossip columnist in a lather at this time of year. The Wimbledon tickets have arrived of course and the trip to Nassau is still on the cards (**God** and the record company willing) but somehow England in June seems to be a hellish little backwater, doesn't it? Can't even be bothered to get out of bed and take a gander at **Bob Dylan** anymore. No one can in fact, the poor chap probably can't sell out five nights on the down line at Earls Court anymore. Columbia are worried. . .

Back in the 'pool the new **Wah!** LP is called 'Nah Poo The Art Of Bluff'. The group will put on showa with **John Maher** (former **Buzzcock)** on drums . . .

Snap: **PiL's Jeanette Lee** is set for the cover of *Soho News* in a fashion spread. Better nip down to the newsagents sharpish, eh? . . .

WAKE UP! Right, that's better. Did you know that **Bette Bright's** upcoming single 'When You Were Mine' was originally recorded by **Prince?** Neither did we. Can't say we're all that fussed either . . .

Julie Andrews, fed up with her demure English rose image in such hoary old potboilers as *Mary Poppins, The Sound Of Music* and *Citizen Kane* bares all for hubby **Blake Edwards'** *S.O.B.* "I've got a nice body, as it happens," says Julie in a remarkably frank account of her life and loves in next month's *Scuzz* . . .

Another human being who looks smashing in a pair of tights is our old chum **Cris** 'Is That All There Is' **Tina.** She's back in the news this week with a coupla brand spanking new tooneroonies, 'You Rented A Space In My Heart' and 'Love You More Than When You Were Mine'. **Bobby Palmer** produced. The latter song was penned by **Prince.** Can you say *deja vu?* . . .

Aztec Camera need a new drummer, interested parties (are there any others?) can contact the band through Postcard on 041 332-5655 . . .

Top Of The Tops have asked **Dead Kennedys'** management for a copy of 'Too Drunk To Fuck', the controversial ditty that's captured a nation's hearts. One record store in Witney, Oxon, was pestered for — ooh, five minutes by the local parson, youth club leaders, teachers and the Co-op milkman in an effort to dissuade them from selling the disc. One irate dad even threatened to come round and thump the store owner if he persisted in polluting the minds of his kids . . .

Soft Cell rang in to say they are nothing to do with the **Classix Nouveaux** tour and never will be . . .

Clockwork Orange, **Stanley Kubrick's** pertinent adaptation of **Anthony Burgess'** vision of future youth shock in Great Britain, is mysteriously unavailable for screening here, the subject of a government ban apparently. Sinister? You're damn tootin' it's sinister . . .

Would we make a Greek look a geek on purpose? NO. So, apologies to **Hambi Haralambous,** inadvertently referred to as Harasomethingelse in last week's **Hambi and the Dance** feature. Haralambous is Greek for 'flash of joy', by the way . . .

Tom Robinson phoned the organisers of the projected Ringwood Music Festival, to offer his services for the bash which was in aid of charity. When told to come and audition like everyone else, Tom gave the sort of rebuff you won't find in the *OED* and hung up . . .

Gang of Four's Andy Gill annoyed at the implications of last week's ICA art exhibition which suggested the Gang's early art-work was the work of **Bob Last.** "Bob Last has a habit of expropriating other peoples' ideas but it was all our own work"...

And so say young **Honey Bane** and **Richard Jobson** of their new play *Demonstration of Affection.* "It's a very adventurous play with lots of sex and violence, and a number of scenes of a sado masochistic nature," gasped Honey. And what's more — "The sex is for real. It's not faked." Well, well, well. What a sporting young girl you are, Honey . . .

Cordial greetings for **Sterling Morrison** from **John Cale** who grabbed slices of salami and rubbed them into his face when he found him onstage at Club Foot in Austin Texas ...

The **Legendary Stardust Cowboy** has stopped selling cars and headed off for Fort Worth to make a live LP after receiving a phone call from **God.** Just like **Moses** and the **Yorkshire Ripper** before him . . .

Steely Dan's Don Fagen composing the soundtrack for *Heavy Metal* the cartoon feature film based on the cult American rock and science fiction comic . . .

THIS WEEK'S Worst Possible Taste *T-Zer* concerns one **Bob Dylan,** late of the parish of Bearsville, NY. Seems that rich Bob, in the wake of the **Lennon** killing, has hired a bevy of former Israeli soldiers to act as his personal bodyguard. "They're the best in the world," said Lonesome Bob, 63, who's not yet believed to be launching a pre-emptive strike against people he suspects of having the capacity to carry out assassinations . . .

Another Bob, the even richer **Robert Stigwood,** arrived in London the other day (Monday) on his £600,000 *(The Times)*/£800,000 *(Daily Mail)* yacht *Sarina* for a two-week working holiday, whatever that is. Ex-vacuum cleaner salesman Stigwood (estimated annual lunch-money: £5.6 million) shelled out a cool £1,500 to have Tower Bridge raised to let the yacht through, a pretty rare occurrence these days, by all accounts. . . .

Meanwhile, over in Amsterdam this weekend; high foreheads from the four corners of the earth **(Sid & Doris Bonkers)** will meet for the first international conference on popular music at the University of Amsterdam. In between the cheese and wine parties, serious young men and women with goatee beards and glasses will discuss such vitally important issues as "God, Modality and Meaning in the recent songs of Bob Dylan". Should be a barrel of laughs . . .

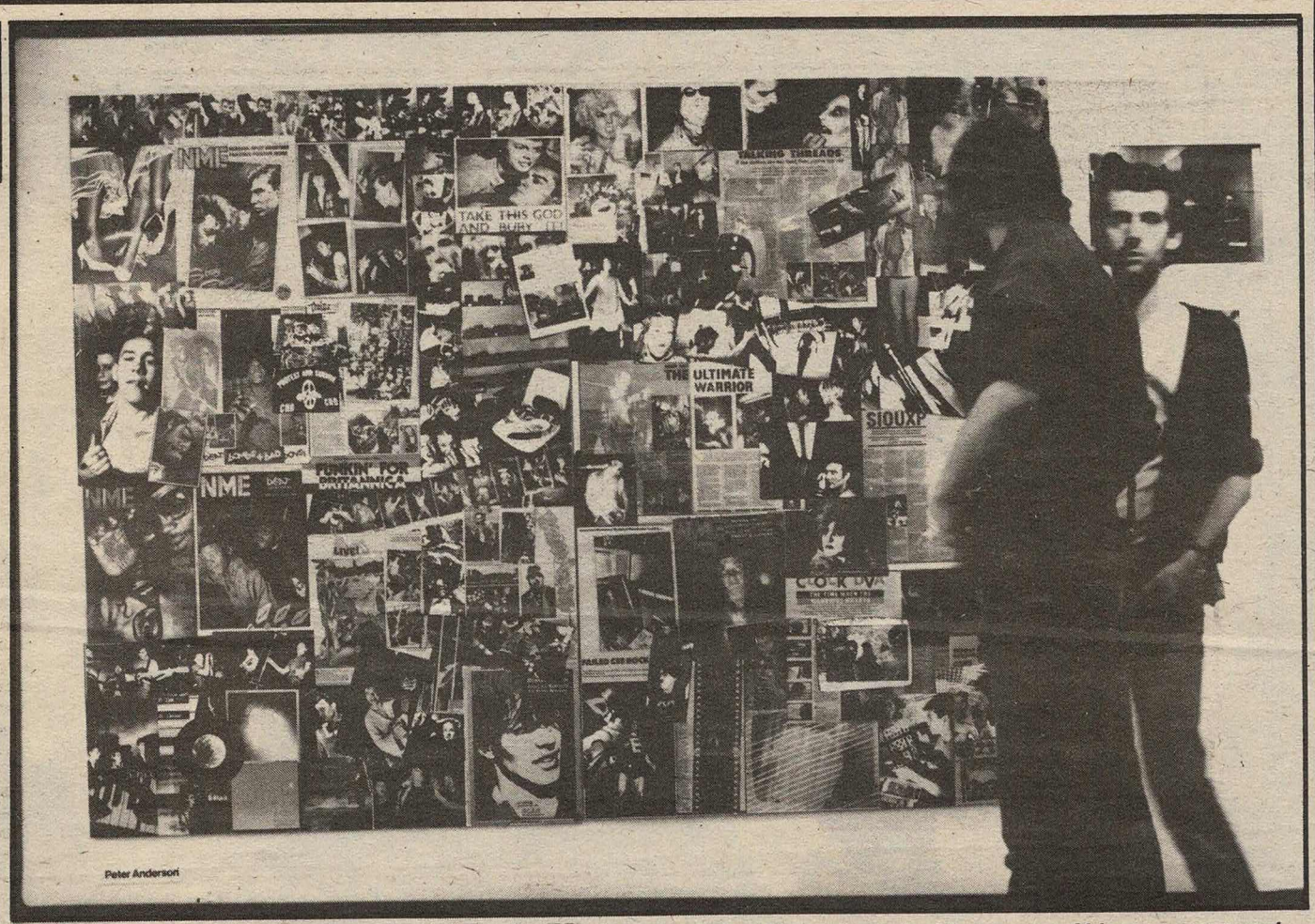
Almost as much fun, in fact, as *The Pop Songbook,* an educational divertissement brought to you by the same groovy cats who publish the *OED.* Compiled by a **music teacher** (natch), this illustrious tome includes the words and music to a number of hot pop smashes of yesteryear, each followed by an educational "exercise" to keep the kiddies' brains a-boiling. F'rinstance, after discordantly chanting some old chestnut like 'Mull Of Kintyre', they'll be asked "Where is Mull of Kintyre? Find it on the map." Must we fling this pop filth at our kids? . . .

At the **Defunkt** Venue gig on Saturday stars in attendance were aplenty although the gig itself, reports our man in palm tree tie and panama hat, was (contextually) infinitely inferior to their Embassy Club bash . . . **James Chance** made an unprecedented public appearance, wandering ghost or **Norman Wisdom** like (depending on who you talk to) — well weird, anyway — through the carpetted corridors, after descending from his taxi with the disgruntled cry of "Huh, it's damned absurd that I should have to que . . ." (the 'gig' was well attended). Second biggest surprise of the night was the spotting of (ex) *Coronation Street* heart-throb **Martin Cheveski** propping up a balustrade. Although only one fairly Bacardi-and-grapefruit juice influenced sighting and southern comforted confirmation were logged . . .

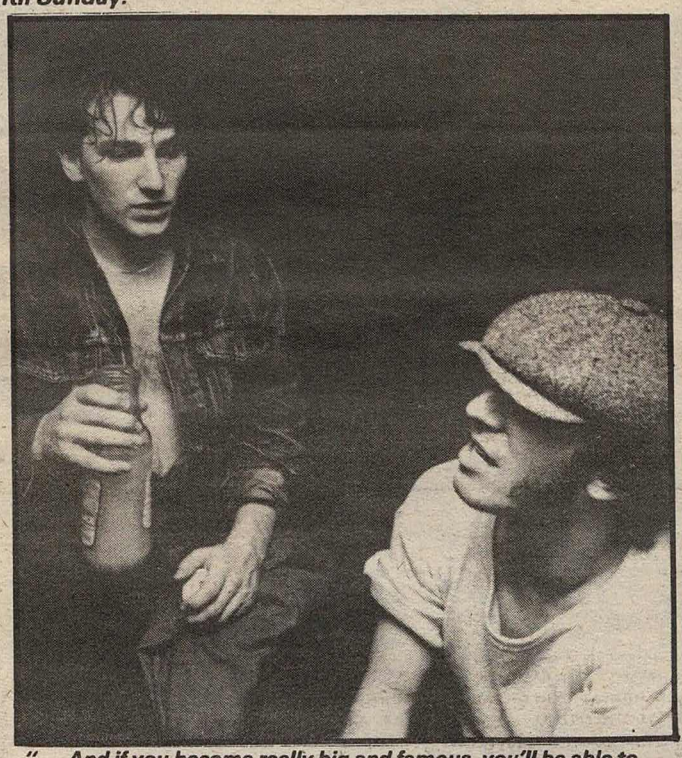
After which **Howard Devoto's** be-hatted cameo appearance as an **Elvis Costello** look-alike comes as quite dull fare, doesn't it?

This could be the last *T-zers* — you have been warned — again . . .

Last week's dewy-eyed cover boy **Jules** dealt the Crystal Palace Bowly thingy a body blow when he decided he couldn't cope and wiped his **Teardrops** off the festival billy. The reason given was exhaustion plus the fact that the band had another gig that same night in Norwichy. **Midge Ure's** headliners might have been breathing sighs of relief, too, at the Droppies' withdrawal. Cope & Co's mooted stunt of helicoptering themselves offstage would have been sure to upstage the shallow futurists ...



Errol G., in his ceaseless quest for new talent, donned his beret, waxed his 'tache and with a sweep of his cape sauntered off to the Royal College of Art this week where a group of young beau monde are showing off — sorry — exhibiting their Master's Degree work. Our man was stopped in his carefully paced tracks by a stunning montage offered by a lensman named* Peter Anderson M.A. *(clever git). We must use some of his stuff sometime. For those of you who want to try their hand at out-posing THE poseurs, the exhibition is at the RCA until Sunday.



". . .And if you become really big and famous, you'll be able to afford silly peaked hats like me." Bruce Springsteen meets Bono Vox of U2 after last week's performance by the latter at Hammersmith Palais after he expressed admiration for the group and returned an earlier visit from the band who came to see him after Bruce's final Wembley Concert. (Phew! Wow! What a scorcher!!).

Who is that ashen-faced figure looking longingly from a distance at gorgeous Kim Wilde (whaddya mean the pic's too small?). Why! Look rightwards for the mystery man — wow, coo etc., Garageland garrotter Paul Morley. Jake Burns claimed his £5 and bought a rare pint. Morley bought his own. This could be the last Paul Morley picture in* NME. *We've had a meeting. David Corio took the pictures at the Palace.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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